PENTHOUSE

PENTAGON SHAME: BLAMING GULF-WAR VETS FOR THEIR ILLNESSES

JULY 1996

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1996

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July 1996

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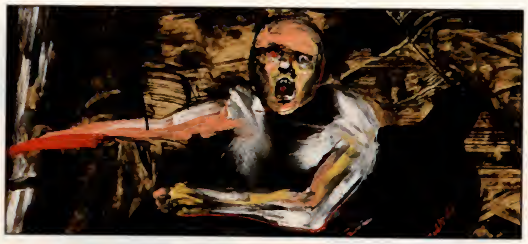
JULY**HOUSECALL**

This month's highlights: an investigation into a Pentagon cover-up, an interview with a C&W rebel, and a profile of the toughest fighter in the world.

Our Government's Shame

Almost one year ago **Gary Null, Ph.D.**, told *Penthouse* readers about illnesses mysteriously afflicting Americans who had served in the Persian Gulf War. Thousands of once-healthy men and women had started suffering headaches, memory loss, respiratory problems, muscle pain, rashes, vomiting, and rectal bleeding. What's more, an alarming number of their children were being born with birth defects. So what was our government's response? In this issue journalist **Lisa Collier Cool** follows up with a shocking report. Instead of addressing the causes of what has come to be known as Gulf War Syndrome, the Pentagon, Cool tells us, has gone to great effort to conceal the truth and even to blame sick vets for their illnesses. By perpetrating this cover-up, government and military bureaucrats have not only continued to cover their asses, but they are also preventing the victims and their families from getting the medical treatment they need—and deserve.



Rebel Yell

Travis Tritt couldn't have picked a worse time to break into country music. When he released his first single in 1989 his competition included **Garth Brooks, Clint Black,** and **Alan Jackson**. Tritt nevertheless distinguished himself early with his grits-'n'-gravel voice and his blend of "outlaw" Southern rock, traditional country honky-tonk, and rhythm and blues. Now, at 33, Tritt looks every inch the blue-collar star. Yet his musical style is surprisingly diversified, thanks to his work with such decidedly non-country phenoms as **Patti LaBelle** and **Keith Richards**. Although Tritt's unparalleled talent has paid off, his outspoken attitude toward the business side of entertainment has made him enemies in that incestuous world. Music columnist **Alanna Nash** met with Tritt in a Nashville hotel to interview this rebel with a cause.

Tough Guy

Before the end of the year you're going to be hearing a lot about Ralph Gracie, a rugged 25-year-old who's probably the toughest 159-pound fighter in the world. That's *fighter,* not *boxer,* explains sportswriter **Larry Linderman** in his profile of the fearless Brazilian whose no-holds-barred, man-to-man combat has made him a star of the controversial new sport Extreme Fighting. In the U.S., fans have seen Gracie on Battlecade's pay-per-view TV events. In Rio de Janeiro, Gracie's birthplace, his family has dominated the freestyle fighting that's called *vale tudo* for nearly 75 years. And, Linderman notes, American martial artists and actors such as **Mel Gibson** and **Chuck Norris** have trained with Gracie's family to learn the subtleties of a sport that some U.S. politicians have characterized as "human cockfighting."

Tabloid Tattlers

Supermarket tabloids are a major force in the media; about 20 million Americans are addicted to checking out at least one per week. The gossip sheets (and who doesn't keep up with them?) bring the latest exclusives on U.F.O.'s, diet crazes, and, more important, the sex lives of movie stars. Are the stories true? In this month's "Advise & Dissent," **Georgiana Havill**, a veteran tab reporter, tells all. She takes us on her fast-paced, funny, and sometimes frightening adventures where the goal is simple: to get the goods on people like **Sharon Stone, Robert Duvall,** and **Mike Tyson**.

Beach Days

This month our Unrepentant Voyeur, **Ralph Gardner, Jr.**, celebrates the joys of summer beachside vacations, where men can indulge their favorite fantasies—and sometimes more than fantasies—brazenly trying to secure a memento of their Venus on a half-shell. Trying to ensnare these mostly unclad damsels, he says, "is far more entertaining than reading a John Grisham novel." But if you do want a good story to read, check out this month's erotic fiction, "Pornophobia," by **Michelle Stevens** (excerpted from *Herotica 4* (Plume/Penguin Books), which tells how things start heating up when an anti-porn feminist actually *looks at* the magazines she's been protesting against.... It's no fiction that, on the beach or at home, *everyone* starts sizzling when our Penthouse Pets strut into sight. And their July pictorials are no exception ... they're certain to generate fireworks on this Independence Day—and every day.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Quite a Turn-on

"Let It Rain," by Blake C. Aarens, in your March issue ["Bedtime Stories"], was, in addition to being extremely well written, very erotic and quite a turn-on. I hope that I can look forward to reading more stories by this intriguing writer in future issues. I am a longtime reader, and of course occasionally look at the lovely pictures in your magazine. Keep up the good work; I enjoy the quality product that you put out every month.—*R. B., Illinois*

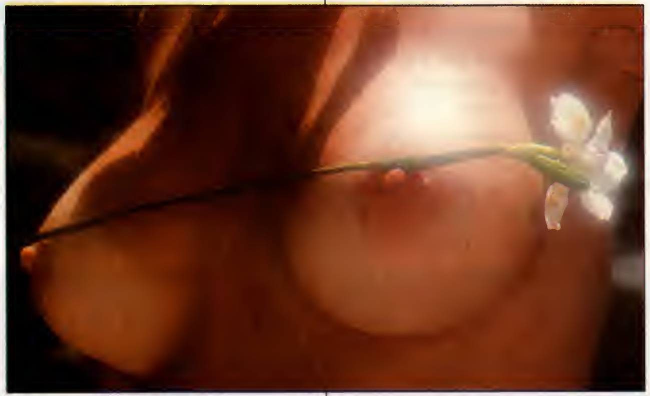
To sample more of Blake Aarens's work, check out the books Herotica 2 *(under the pseudonym Cassandra Brent),* Herotica 3, Best American Erotica 1993, Virgin Territory, Herotica 5, *and* Switch Hitter, *due to be published later this year.—The Editor*

Killer Sex

I have personal experience with the "deadly aphrodisiac" written about in February's "Men's Health & Fitness." As you say, gamma hydroxy butyrate, or G.H.B., is not a good thing. My boyfriend and I heard about it and decided to try it. We thought it was legal. We took it before going out, or just at home to turn us on more than normal.

I threw up most of the time when I tried it. One time my boyfriend started to vomit and he wasn't waking up, so I had to pull him up to keep him from choking. On another occasion he was taking cold medicine and G.H.B. at the same time. He slept so hard he wet the bed; and when he finally got up, he ran into the wall and fell on the floor.

I never did G.H.B. very much; it made me sick. I remember my boyfriend passing out while he was eating lots of times, and once he was passed out and there was no waking him up. I could have suffocated him and he would not have known it. I dragged him to bed lots of times because I couldn't carry him and he wouldn't wake up.



Anyway, about three weeks ago he decided to stop taking it, and he went through severe withdrawal symptoms. He can't remember the first three or four days of the withdrawal. He was taken to the hospital because he was severely dehydrated. He went through six bags of fluid overnight. A day later he was sent back to the hospital, and the doctors said that his heart was beating way too fast and if it went on like that any longer, his heart was just going to stop.

Since then he has been doing a lot better, but he has had two seizures. Please publish this. I want people to know how dangerous this drug is. It is addictive. And if you do take it, *please* don't take it alone. Take it with someone who is not on anything. For that matter, if you ask me, it didn't make the sex much better. It wasn't worth it.—*H. H., Kansas*

Holy Hypocrisy

I thoroughly enjoyed Edward Sorel's "The God Squad" in the March issue. It's about time someone brought into the spotlight the realities of many religions. I'm so sick of the hypocrisy of these people who have their so-called Holy Book that preaches unconditional love with a bookmark that reads "Onward Christian soldiers."

These people are so brain-

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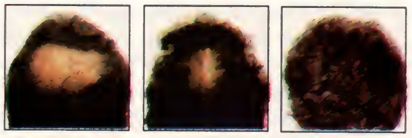

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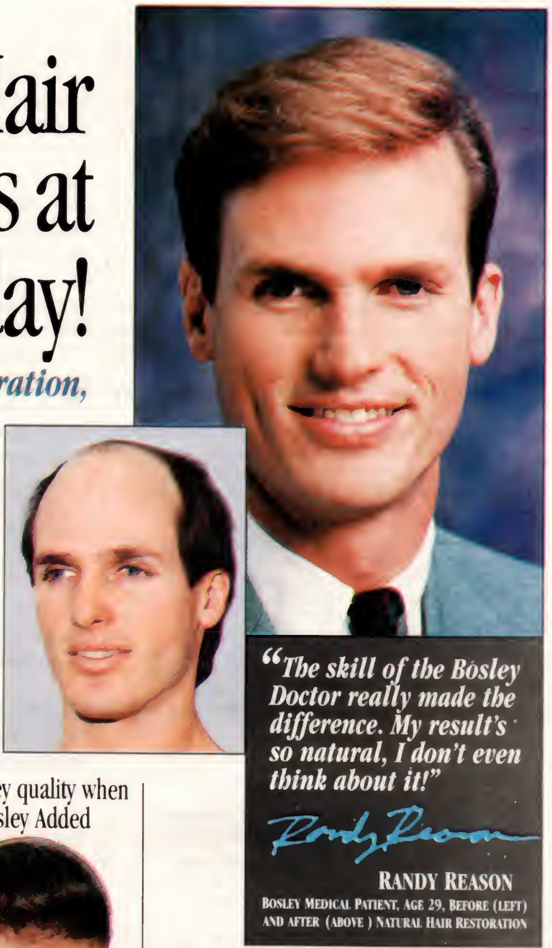

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BOSLEY MEDICAL PATIENT, AGE 29, BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER (ABOVE) NATURAL HAIR RESTORATION

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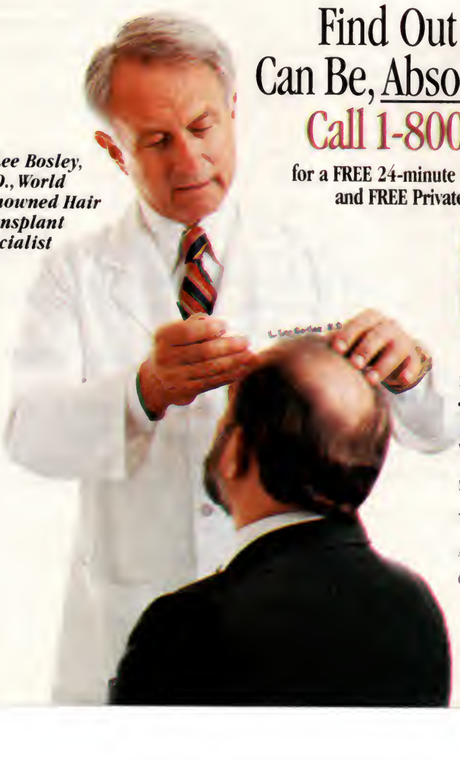

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JULY

washed, they will do anything to prove their ideals right, even if it means blowing up the world to make the Armageddon myth come true. They stay on television or other media and preach till their faces turn blue about "moral degradation" while worshiping a desert demon dedicated to murder, torture, and bigotry. Some of the documented tortures of Christianity are force-feeding with poisonous serpents or pouring hot embers on the bellies of victims.

Satanic slayings, Muslim warmongers, Catholic pedophiles, Christian killers—where does it stop? How many more atrocities will these people paint on the world's door while they pretend to be disgusted at such forums as *Penthouse*? Some of them in debate claim that the killers in their ranks are not "true" Christians, Jews, Muslims. But I doubt they would have any problem breaking bread with their murderous brethren, so long as the latter were a part of the same cult.—*M. L., Alabama*

FALWELLING TRACEY

Note: This narrative contains none of the seven dirty words you can't say on the Net.

Tracey came home from work in a lousy mood. She knocked her hat off the rack when she hung up her coat. This wouldn't normally have upset her, but today she yelled, "Oh, Gingrich," picked up the hat, and threw it into a corner.

"Bad day, darlin'?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm just all Robertsoned off about this Falwelling Communications Decency Act," she said.

"Refresh my memory," I said. She'd mentioned it before, but I hadn't paid much attention. She's the Net junkie in the family.

"It makes it a federal crime to say anything 'indecent' where a minor might see it, which of course includes the whole Net. And by the way, one thing that's 'indecent' is any information about abortion."

"Bullgingrich!" I exclaimed. "They can't do that."

"Well, they did," she said with a scowl. "Really slimy, too—they snuck it in as an obscure rider on a huge bill. Most of them didn't even know what they were voting for. And the President, that spineless Clinton, signed it in a big Falwelling ceremony." She was shaking with indignation.

"They'd never enforce anything like that," I assured her.

"Yeah, unless they want to get you for some other reason, or the local D.A. doesn't like you, or you're some uppity black or leftist who has Robertsoned off the government, or ..."

I drew her into my lap. "Relax, honey. Something like that, you *know* they'll find it unconstitutional."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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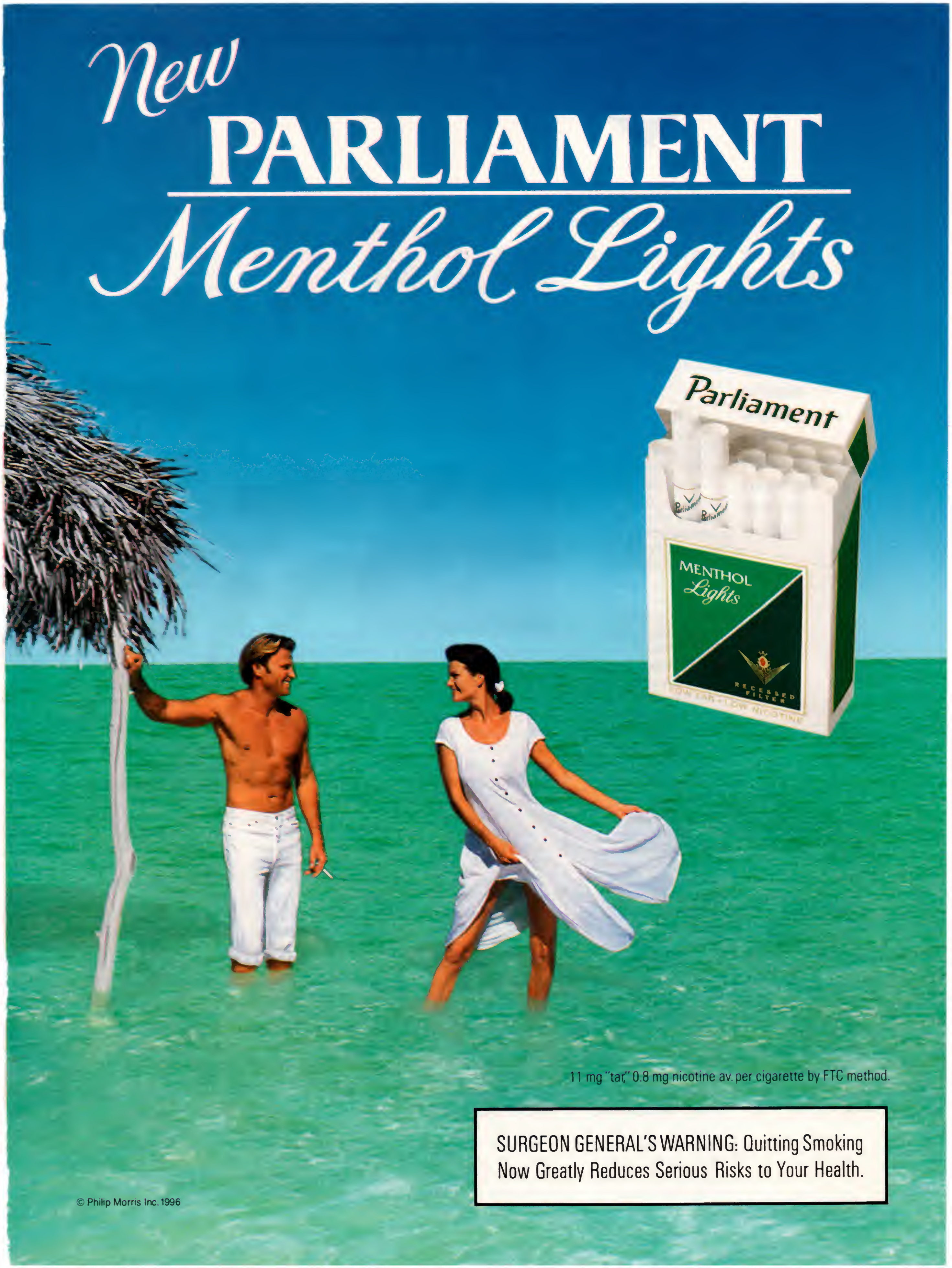
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CYBER SPACE

By Gerard Van der Leun

A new law means that millions of people who express themselves on computer networks have to fear arrest if some cop doesn't like their opinion.

"Okay, children, shut up! Playtime is over! Log out and shut off that damned computer! Shut up!"

That's what your daddies and mommies in Washington told all you little cyberspace boys and girls last February when they passed a big law making their rich friends richer while telling you all the words you can't say, the things you can't see, and the ideas you can't have in cyberspace. And you'd better do what the grown-ups say, or they'll spank you for two years in their jails and take lots of money out of your piggy banks.

Yes, Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives, male and female congresspersons—nearly all of them united to make some new rules for all you little kids with computers, no matter how old you are. These rules are found in the new Telecommunications Reform Act. Among them is one that promises a big jail spanking for saying or doing something ... violent? Nope. Obscene? Nope. Indecent? You got it.

What's "indecent" speech? You might well ask. Indecent means somebody somewhere doesn't like what you are thinking, doing, or saying. It means "the words you can't say on the radio," like "fuck," "shit," "cock," "cunt," and so on. But it may mean more. It can mean information about how to have safe sex. It can be information about how to get an abortion. Indecent can be a picture of a breast on *Penthouse* magazine's Web site, and perhaps a picture of a breast on a Web site for women with breast cancer as well—nobody's quite sure.

What it does mean, if the law stands, is that the Internet will become about as mature, educational, empowering, and interesting as a Methodist Sunday-school play group.

It also means that on a computer network you can't say, "I think the President is a hypocritical hunk of shit for again compromising his principles and signing this law."

That one little word, "shit," can set you up for a bit of chill time in the federal cooler. But I can say it here in this magazine. I can say worse, much worse.

As long as my words stay in printed form, you see, I can't get any shit from the fucking government. Once this column is on a computer network, as it will be, I could get a lot of shit from the fucking government. The words and sentiments will be the same, only the mode by which you read them will be different. But that's a key difference.

Why? Because the freedoms that we enjoy in print have been voided by this law when it comes to computer networks.

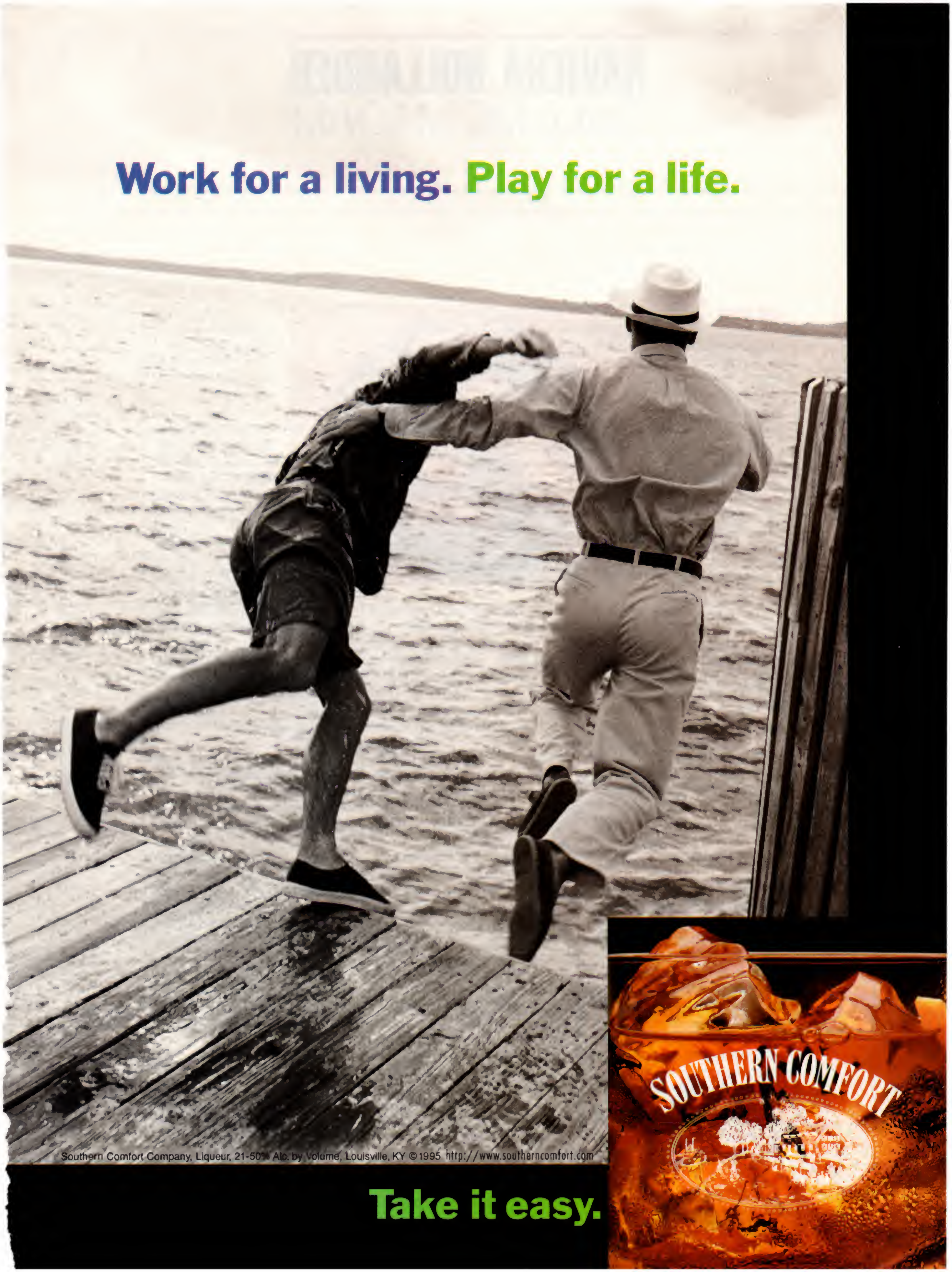
Why? Because your elected parents in Washington don't like computer networks.

Why? Because computer networks enable ordinary people to reach out and influence other ordinary people. You don't have to be a big-time publisher—or write for one—to get your ideas and thoughts and expressions out to the world. All you need is a computer, a modem, and a bit of ambition.

Mommy and daddy don't want their kids to be able to speak up when they want, to as many people as will listen. Too many free "kids" swapping too much information about the realities of money and power that feed the deeply dysfunctional Washington family might lead to real reform. It might lead to daddy and mommy being kicked out of the House ... and the Senate.

Maybe you want to whimper: "What about the Constitution?" Tough shit, kids. In case you haven't noticed, mommy and daddy in Washington locked themselves in the toilet with the Constitution years ago, and they're tearing it up because they need the paper.

Maybe you should just log on to a computer network, get the e-mail addresses for the White House and Congress, and tell all the mommies and daddies there to go fuck themselves with an atom bomb. Of course, if you don't want to commit a federal crime, you'd be better off telling them to "perform self-intercourse with a low-yield thermonuclear weapon."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SOAP OPERA

I am an avid reader of your column, and I have followed your advice religiously (when it applied), with excellent results. How about a little personal advice?

I am a 21-year-old white male, and I stay as sexually active as possible. I can get it up and keep it going all night long, but I've come across a problem. How do I keep it interesting? I've tried numerous positions and have even invented a few, the seahorse and the porch swing. I'm a big fan of oral sex, but there's still the problem of "ballooning" and a numbness for both parties after an hour or two of vigorous banging. I've even tried long, slow stroking, but that only adds half an hour or so before the sensation dulls. What would you suggest?—L. J., Louisiana

As an avid reader of my column you will probably remember that recently I quoted, "Long and thin goes too far in." This applies to lovemaking in general as well, because anything that is too long, or goes on too long, eventually becomes boring.

When Masters and Johnson were observing human sexual response, one of their findings was the time from penetration to ejaculation for the normal American male; this worked out to an average of two minutes.

My experiences between then and now have given me no reason to doubt this estimate, which I do not think has changed. When the shrink told the college graduate, "I'm sorry, I can't do anything about your premature ejaculation, but I can introduce you to a girl with a very short attention span," that girl was me. I'm joking; I love giving therapy to preemies. But "an hour or two of vigorous banging" I would go a long way to avoid.

Of course a two-minute session is much too short. I would suggest 20 to 50 minutes as an ideal length of time for a gourmet act of love. You start with a-huggin' and a-kissin', as the song says, and you go on to mutual orality. Before either of you starts to suffer from tongue strain, you get going on the old in-out technique, maybe changing positions once or twice, until you both achieve orgasm. Sometimes the girl needs a bit of extra clitoral stimulation to come along with you, which you can supply with delicate finger work, but remember—in the immortal words of Al Goldstein—sex is only friction, so if you go on too long, you get sore, or she does.

One of the things I enjoy most about a new lover is an activity described by a four-letter word ending in *k*, meaning intercourse. The word is *talk*. A normal, healthy young man does not need long to recuperate between shots, but depending on the recreational taste of your partner, you can make wonderful conversation, listen to music, or maybe eat or drink until you feel like more of the other.

Incidentally, what is "ballooning"?

In the *Kama Sutra* and other ancient sex guides it is sometimes suggested that the ultimate sexual experience is for the man to fuck all night without ever having an orgasm; there is also the technique where you insert your penis into the woman's vagina and then do not move at all. It is supposed to give spiritual satisfaction, but I am afraid it leaves me cold.

To keep it interesting, don't do any one thing too long. You can stop whenever you like, give it a rest, and start over.

CONFUSED

I came home early from work wanting to put a surprise in my daughter's room in honor of her graduating from college. When I walked in she and her best friend were sound asleep, cud-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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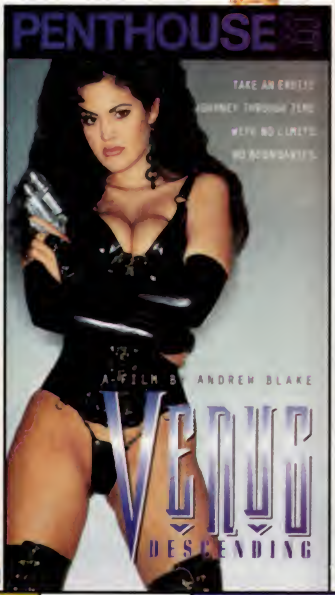
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P607

SUMMER STUFF By Gerard Van der Leun

RIGHT STUFF

INSTANT BOAT

Those who already own a personal watercraft (P.W.C.) and would like to turn it into a full-fledged boat in the blink of an eye should check out the new Shuttle Craft. Simply put, this is a 14-and-a-half-foot fiberglass boat that is powered by a P.W.C. Just pilot your P.W.C. into the "dock" at the back of the hull, engage the self-sealing mounting mechanism, and presto, your one- or two-person runabout is a boat, capable of carrying up to five passengers and all their gear.

JET CRUISER

The Cadillac of jet boats, the Yamaha Exciter offers speed, performance, capacity, and comfort found in few other models in its class. Twin Yamaha 110-horsepower water jet engines give it range and speed. It is also, because of its size, the only jet boat that can carry up to five people and large amounts of gear comfortably, all day long. Add a wide and stable swim platform, and you have features found in no other jet boat.

MUCHO MACHO

If your idea of fun on the water includes blasting out across the glassy surface of a bay or lake, leaving all others behind in your wake, you'll want to consider equipping yourself with the new Talon 22 from Talon Marine. This baby screams speed. And if you elect to have the Mercruiser 502 EFI Bravo One power plant, you get it. Talon says that in this configuration the boat will exceed 90 miles per hour. That's almost lift-off velocity.

WINDSKIMMER

Even if you've never sailed before, the WindRider from Wilderness Systems will make a mariner out of you in a couple of afternoons. The world's only one-piece protomolded trimaran combines the ancient designs of Polynesian multihulls and Aleut kayaks with modern high-tech materials to create a sailing craft of exceptional speed, stability, and maneuverability. The operator sits in a cockpit in the middle hull and steers with foot pedals while manipulating the sails. With an 11-and-a-half-foot beam and sealed outriggers, you have a craft that is virtually untippable and unsinkable.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

GOOD SPIN ON BAD PEOPLE

By Emily Prager

For some time we've been reading in *The New York Times* and elsewhere that public-relations firms are beginning to handle belligerent countries as clients seeking to soften their images. The other day we received the following press release in the mail. In the interest of the whole truth, we reprint it here.

For Immediate Release
PARDON & GLOSSOVER TAKES ON TYRANNY!

This New York–based public-relations firm announced the opening of its new Totalitarian Spruce-up Division, a management group created to serve the needs of aggressive, autocratic nations and factions in search of a new look.

"We are a very opportunistic group—we are always looking for new markets," said Don Pardon, Director of Marketing, Dictator Care Group. "Our success with Vietnam—transforming it from enemy into tourist mecca—convinced us there was new marketing potential out there, and that we should tap into it."

As evidence of its overall marketing strategy, Pardon & Glossover unveiled creative partnerships with the People's Republic of China, Hamas, Sinn Fein, the United States Christian Right, and Iraq.

"Our goal for 1996," said Phil Glossover, Creative Director of the Terrorist Revamp Campaign, "is to enhance name recognition by redefinition—essentially, to make a sow's ear into a silk purse."

Pardon & Glossover is taking political repression out of the interrogation room and putting it on display with a brand-new image and breakthrough consumer features. New 1996 diplomatic highlights include:

CHINA, with her innovative live-ammo war games, fits the bill for the world's most playful trading power. With her growing population and increased concern over the rights of individuals in a quality-controlled society, CHINA's responsible urging of abortions right up to the moment of birth, and non-stop entertaining of dissidents at her exciting network of detention spas, have instant appeal. CHINA's goal of ultimately partnering with Taiwan signals a trend toward expanding the CHINA family. And in a recent development, CHINA has been awarded the 1996 "Good-Buy Award" for pirated first-run movie videos selling at $1 per unit.

HAMAS: Out of the safe house and into the crowds and busloads of shoppers—when they least expect it. HAMAS's persuasive peacemaking products are at the cutting edge of practicality, featuring time-saving features and hand-held convenience. Toward fulfillment of an aggressive goal of ultimately capturing the Israeli market, HAMAS's unconventional style is taking peacemaking beyond the conference table, adding dynamism and urgency to Israel's changing lifestyle needs.

SINN FEIN/I.R.A.: Building on the time-proven recognition and strength of the detonated device, SINN FEIN has firmly established its name across Northern Ireland and around the world. Launching its 1996 line last February in London's Trafalgar Square, Sinn Fein placed itself in a unique position in regard to the Six Counties' demand for home rule. "They've got the Irish in 'em!" is SINN FEIN's upbeat slogan, turning a new page in Ulster's history.

CHRISTIAN RIGHT: Pardon & Glossover announces its launch of THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT, the Rainbow Coalition's Lightest Arc—a breakthrough, color-free, liberal-replacement group. THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT solves common consumer frustrations, offering innovative ways to completely eliminate the need for abortion clinics, as well as all gay people, for a neater countrywide appearance. Appealing to a broad spectrum of family-oriented Americans, THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT reviews hundreds of books, TV programs, school curricula, and political private lives every year, to save mission-driven individuals time and money.

Good public relations gives political repression a brand-new image.

IRAQ is celebrating a new era by revealing its aggressive 1996 plans for expansion in the worldwide marketplace. IRAQ is excited about the potential for her 1996 Kuwait campaign, and says, "We remain youthful, with our greatest potential just around the corner. Thanks to America's investment in our future, we can set our sights on additional market opportunities. IRAQ, America's Jewel in the Crown."

VIEW FROM THE TOP

Hot times can mean lots of action at the movies. Here's a preview of this summer's offerings.

FILM

By Marcia Pally

As the joke says, most people go to summer movies when their air-conditioning breaks down. So for those hot, sad nights or sultry Saturday afternoons, here is an overview of the summer's fare, which may be worth a look even if your air-conditioning at home is working.

- The first of the summer's action-thrillers is *Mission Impossible* (below), based on the TV series that hooked a generation, directed by **Brian De Palma**, back from his efforts in straight drama and comedy and doing what he does best—sculpting the kinds of thrills that made *Dressed to Kill.* This new thriller, about a former Russian spy selling on the black market the names of undercover agents, stars **Tom Cruise**, recovered from his fling with fey sarcasm (*Interview With the Vampire*) to reprise the earnest heroics of *The Firm.* If all else fails, at least Cruise sweats good....

- Turning from international to domestic intrigue, **Arnold Schwarzenegger** stars in *Eraser* as the one clean cop in a witness-protection program that is killing its own witnesses, or is it? **Vanessa Williams** has the answer, if Arnie can keep her alive long enough to tell him. Arnold, in his *Conan* mode ...

- And if only space aliens will do, try *Independence Day* (below). An invisible force of unprecedented strength has arrived to destroy the planet on the Fourth of July; the power of the flick lies in its techno-spectacle by the **Roland Emmerich–Dean Devlin** team that made *Stargate*....

- Also trying to destroy civilization is *Twister,* directed by **Jan De Bont** (who made *Speed*) and written by **Michael Crichton** (*Jurassic Park*), about two teams of scientists racing to be the first to get inside a 300-mile-an-hour tornado to report on its inner life. Special effects are by Industrial Light and Magic (*Jurassic Park, Terminator 2, Forrest Gump*). Steven Spielberg heads a small brigade of executive producers....

- In more of the fantastic, **Billy Zane** stars in *The Phantom,* based on the Batman-like comic strip by Lee Falk....

- **Robert De Niro,** who once broke your heart as a dying baseball catcher in *Bang the Drum Slowly,* returns to the intensity and madness of *Cape Fear* in Tony Scott's *The Fan* (above), where his obsession with a baseball star (**Wesley Snipes**) turns bloody. A real baseball star, Cal Ripken, Jr., was technical consultant. The punchline does not involve trying to get a date with Jodie Foster....

- Perhaps most menacing of all this summer is **Michael J. Fox**—and if you believe that, I have a script for you to invest in. In *The Frighteners,* Fox plays a ghostbusters update suddenly faced with a bunch of really bad ghosts, just so you don't take spooky movies too seriously....

Other comedies include:

- *Tin Cup,* wherein **Kevin Costner** returns to the humor of his *Bull Durham* days as a golf champ whose irons always end in the fire....

- Eddie Murphy's *The Nutty Professor,* a reinvention of Jekyll and Hyde—also of Jerry Lewis—where Murphy ricochets between blubbery egghead and Casanova....
- *The Cable Guy* (above), in which **Matthew Broderick** plays straight man to **Jim Carrey**'s overly enthusiastic cable rep, who's got more than a few wires loose....
- *Spy Hard,* **Leslie Nielsen** reprising his *Naked Gun* series goofs ... and
- *Kingpin* (by the makers of *Dumb & Dumber*), with **Woody Harrelson, Randy Quaid,** and **Bill Murray,** tracks a two-bit former bowling champ and his Amish protégé as they con their way to tournament stardom.

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

It is a staple of feminist rhetoric that rape is a crime of violence, like assault, mayhem, and murder. Yet while in most assault cases the victim is subjected to vigorous truth-testing procedures, rape-victim advocates do everything in their power to have complainants in rape cases treated otherwise. They insist that the name of the *alleged* victim not be disclosed, while the name of the alleged assailant is bandied about by the media. They insist on special and in certain cases extreme restrictions on cross-examination of alleged rape victims—restrictions that sometimes make it unfairly difficult to attack the credibility of falsely complaining witnesses. And now, in a new wrinkle, they have secured special legislation in New York that prohibits law-enforcement officials from subjecting rape complainants to lie-detector tests.

Under this law—which is being pushed as a model for other states—every other complainant in every other sort of case can be asked to submit to a polygraph, but a rape complainant cannot be. Even if the supposed victim's story is highly suspect and even if a polygraph would be helpful in assessing credibility, this new law bestows a special exemption on one category of complainant.

The premise underlying this law is that rape complainants just don't lie. That claim has become a mantra of the rape-victims movement. Indeed, conferences are held around the country entitled "Women Don't Lie," as if there were some sex-linked characteristic for honesty in humans.

But in fact rape complainants lie more frequently than complainants in other cases. According to Justice Department data, rape allegations turn out to be unfounded three times more often than allegations of other crimes of violence.

In signing this new law, New York Governor George Pataki claimed that "empirical studies show ... the emotional responses manifested by victims of sexual assault as they relive harrowing attacks during polygraph tests commonly result in false conclusions that they are lying." I wonder how those studies determine whether the subjects are actual victims or whether the conclusion that they "are lying" may, in some cases, be accurate. Moreover, I am aware of no studies comparing alleged rape victims with alleged victims of other violent crimes that also involve "harrowing attacks."

Another reason behind this special treatment of rape complainants is to encourage victims to bring charges against their assailants. It is true that too many rape victims are reluctant to come forward, and the criminal-justice system should do more to encourage them to file complaints. But it should also *discourage* false charges of rape—of which there are far too many.

The criminal-justice system should not make it easier for false complainants to get away with their lies. If lie detectors can help distinguish between true and false allegations, they should be used in *all* types of cases. If they cannot, they should not be used at all. But unless it can be proved that the polygraph is *uniquely* unreliable for rape victims, there should be no special prohibition against its use.

In many cases—particularly of alleged date rape—the truth lies somewhere between the claim of the alleged victim and that of the defendant. The alleged victim may have been more involved in the initial sexual encounter than she is now prepared to acknowledge, while the defendant may have used more force than he is ready to admit. Because the burden of proof is on the prosecution, the defense benefits from any successful challenge to the accuser's credibility, even if it does not go directly to the elements of the crime that was committed.

There are some rape-victim advocates who would go so far as to lower the standard of proof required for conviction in rape cases, or even shift the burden from the prosecution to the defense. Civil libertarians must be concerned with both the dangers of false accusations and the horrors of rape. The best way to strike that balance is to treat rape like other violent crimes.

Civil libertarians should care about the horrors of rape *and* the dangers of false accusations.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

GUERRILLA DATING

By Joe Bob Briggs

I am curious about why the human brain associates size with sexual fulfillment. Men—intelligent men—are hypnotized by the sight of large breasts. In many cases all the hubbub is over a pair of bags filled with saline. Yet shove these balloons under some female flesh in the right places and men become, well ... they become conspirators. Are all things in life really just an illusion? Forgive me for ranting, but I have a good excuse: My wife, after getting her implants, started doing soft porn, and is currently working for men's magazines. I love her dearly, but it seems that with her new attention-getters she no longer needs me. I hope they dry up! In short, I believe implants to be a big reason for the destruction of my marriage.—Greg H., New York

From the moment your wife decided: *I protrude, therefore I am,* she became an air-head bimbo.

Dear Greg:

I know you don't wanna hear this, but ... from the moment your wife decided: *I protrude, therefore I am,* she became an airhead bimbo. Cut her loose. Did you invest in those hooters? Did you pay for 'em? If you did, have your lawyer write a three-page paragraph about it in the divorce papers.

I'm 44 years old and have been divorced for five years. I am very shy around women, lacking self-confidence, I suppose. I found this watering hole close to my place, so I started frequenting it. The woman who tends bar there is perfect: 42, very pretty, two kids. When I felt the time was right, I asked her if she would like to meet me for lunch. Her reply was that she didn't have the time. Do you feel this is worth pursuing, or should I concentrate my time and energies on something else? It is difficult to talk to her when she is working—there is nothing private at a crowded bar. Whenever I go there I always ask when she has to work next and what her hours are. I make a point of stopping in to see her two or three times a week. I always tip well—$3 when I've had three or four beers.

BIG BOOBS
female flesh
soft pair of bags

I don't believe she's done a whole lot or been to a lot of places. However, she has mentioned Vegas several times. I'd sure like to communicate with her. I mean, if she would like to go to Vegas, I could take her there. I have the money and the means to do it. But how to tell her this without sounding like I'm bragging? I thought a lunch date would be low-key—a no-pressure, noncommittal kind of thing. Her answer of "I don't have the time" was a new one for me. Oh, by the way, I have never seen her with anybody who even appears to be a boyfriend.—John E., Texas

Dear John:

First thing you've got to do is stop giving off those nerd vibes. The reason she said she didn't have time is that you were so *durn* available and so *durn* desperate. You're trying too hard, bud. You got this Vegas fantasy thing going in your head, you're trying to impress her with tips (thank God the tips were so low that she probably didn't notice), and as soon as you started asking her what her work hours were, she knew she was being bird-dogged.

This one may not be salvageable. You're down by three touchdowns, and the fourth quarter is half over. You've already played your hand, so the usual option—getting *her* interested in *you*—won't work. If it were me, I'd use jokes at this point.

Grovel. Act pitiful. "*Pleeease,* hon, lemme buy you one lousy lunch." And then, if she gives in, be so goshdurn charming, make her laugh so much, she'll wanna be your friend. Start with friend stuff and try to build from there. But this one is gonna take a *lot* of work.

Joe Bob Briggs, the notorious drive-in movie critic of Grapevine, Texas, will answer your questions about dating in the nineties. You can write to him at P.O. Box 2002, Dallas, Texas 75221, fax him at (213) 462-5982, or e-mail him at the Penthouse *Web site at http://www.penthousemag.com or at 76702.1435@compuserve.com.*

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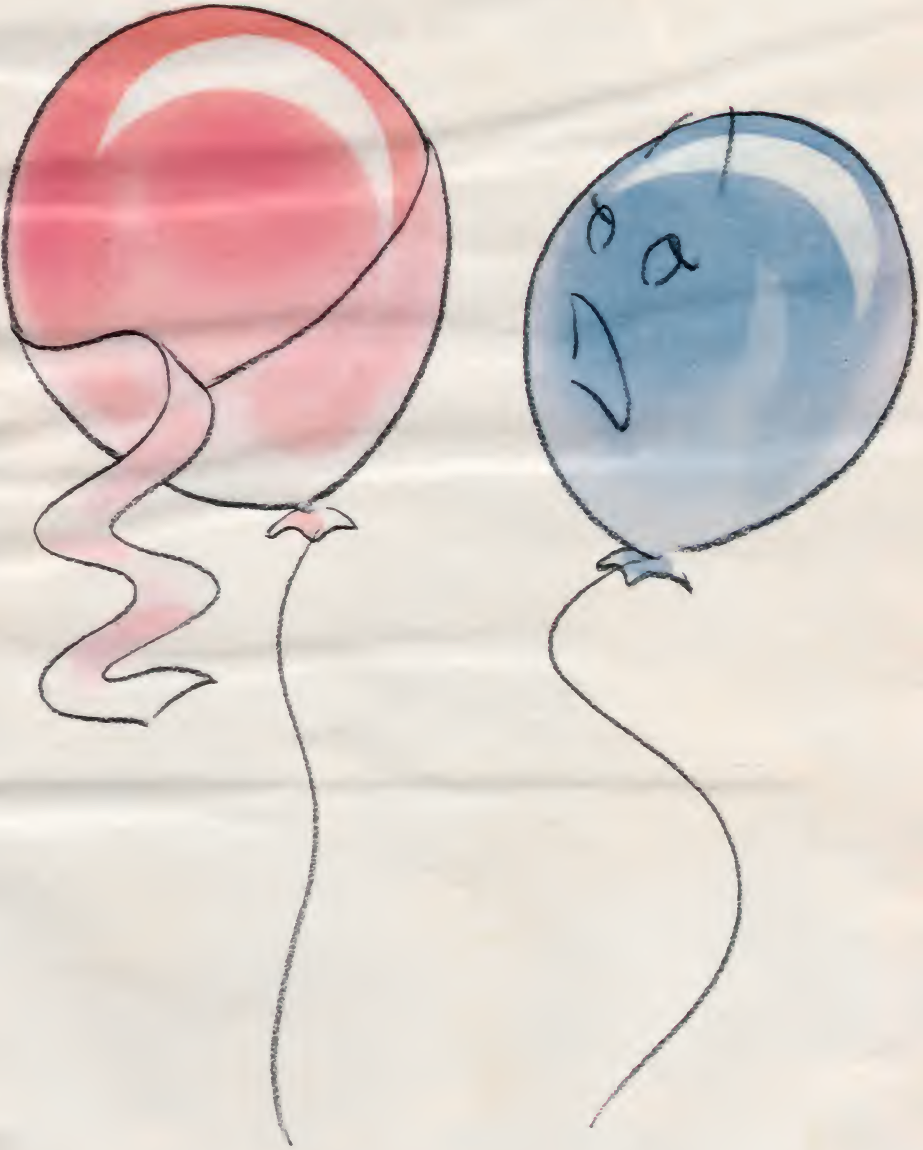

"Why don't you just stay out of the sun!"

Article by Lisa Collier Cool • Painting by Marshall Arisman

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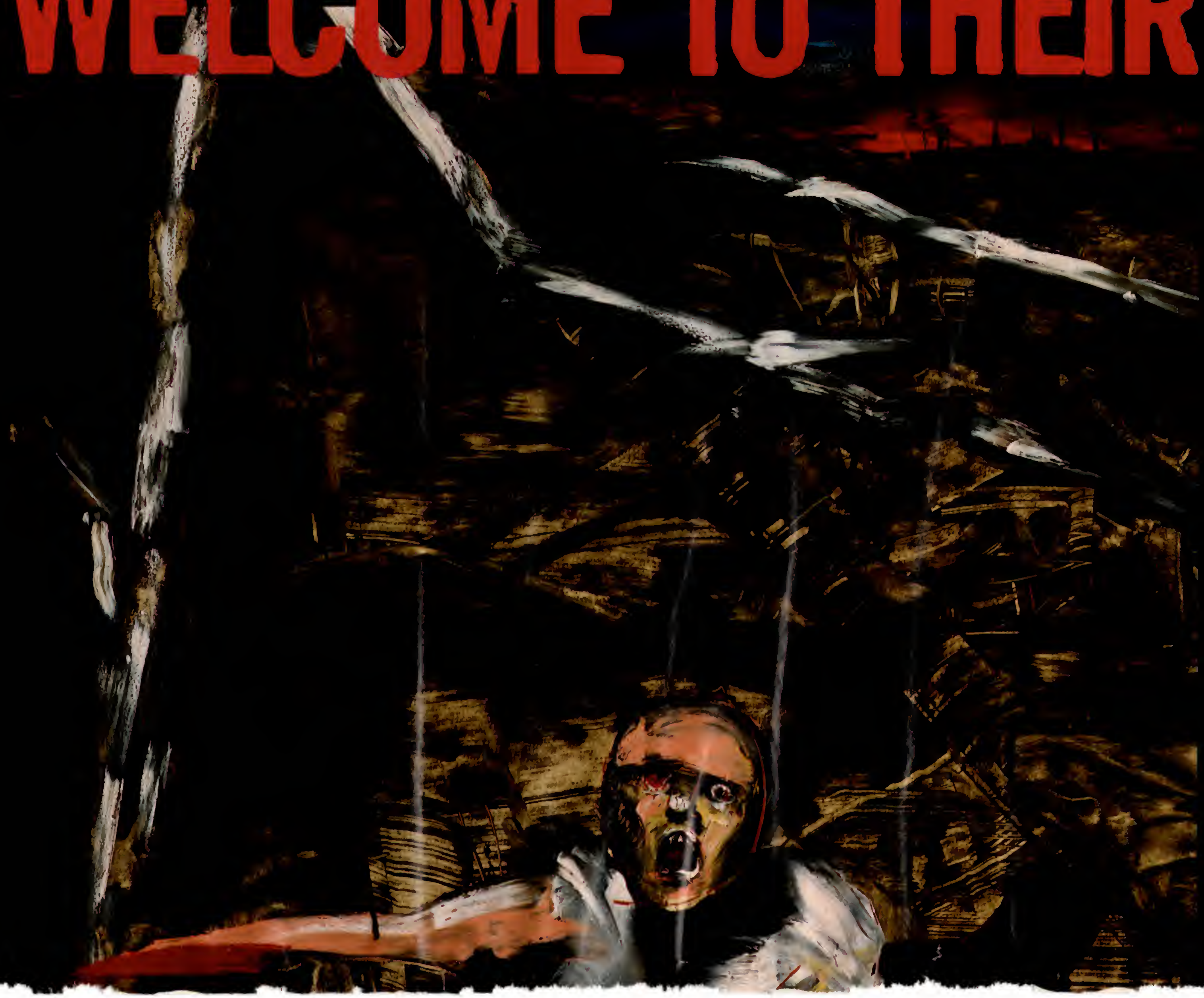

NIGHTMARE

The government's war on Persian Gulf veterans

The SCUD missile attacks stopped five years ago, but for some 75,000 American soldiers, about 12 percent of our Desert Storm fighting force, the Persian Gulf War isn't over—and may never be. After defeating Saddam Hussein and his million-man army, they're now under assault by two new enemies: an agonizing illness that's ravaging their bodies and ruining their lives, and self-serving bureaucrats in our own government who refuse to admit the truth about Gulf War Syndrome (G.W.S.), or even to acknowledge it exists.

It's not just anecdotal reports from tens of thousands of gulf veterans with serious—and so far unexplained—health problems that the Pentagon is ignoring, says investigator James Tuite, who directed the Senate Banking Committee's 1994 inquiry into Gulf War Syndrome and now heads the Persian Gulf War Foundation. (The Banking Committee regulates exports and imports, and had jurisdiction over prewar exports of biological materials to Iraq.) "The Department of Defense is still putting out fact sheets saying our forces weren't exposed to chemicals in the gulf, when it knows there were confirmed detections of chemical-warfare agents by the Czech government," says Tuite. "The Czechs don't just say these chemicals were in the air—they took samples and tested them in a laboratory."

"OUR GOVERNMENT OWES IT TO THE PEOPLE WHO RISKED THEIR LIVES IN THE GULF TO TELL THE TRUTH."

As proof that the Defense Department (D.O.D.) is deliberately disregarding data that may be critical to diagnosis and treatment of sick soldiers, Tuite has shown *Penthouse* military logs, classified documents, and a report he presented in June 1995 to the Department of Veterans Affairs' Persian Gulf Expert Scientific Committee. These materials disclose:

- Five days after the air war began, a Czech mobile laboratory made multiple detections of low levels of sarin—the same deadly nerve agent that terrorists used last year to kill and injure scores of Tokyo subway riders. Military logs for January 19, 1991, show that this was reported to Allied Central Command (CENTCOM), and remark that "hazard is flowing from [a] factory/storage area bombed in Iraq. Predictably, this ... is going to become a problem."
- On January 20 the Czechs found mustard gas—a blistering agent the Iraqis had in large quantities, and that American sensors are unable to detect—present for two hours. They reported it again—along with low levels of nerve gas—on the 22nd, the same day a Czech chemical-warfare soldier mysteriously died. The next day the CENTCOM log complains of "yet another Czech unit chemical report.... Told them to disregard any reports coming from the Czechs."
- A classified military-intelligence report says that after the cease-fire, chemical weapons, including mustard gas, were found in an Iraqi ammunition bunker north of Kuwait City, and notes, "All chemical munitions in storage capsules are marked with a red skull and crossed bones." (Ironically, in view of the military's later stance, it awarded a Marine captain a Bronze Star for making "the first confirmed detection of chemical-agent contamination in the theater of operations.")
- Tuite's investigation showed "a startling coincidence [between] the symptoms being reported by the veterans of the Persian Gulf War and the medical effects of chronic exposure to low-level chemical nerve and blister agents as reported in the relevant medical literature."

A 1995 study of 3,900 service personnel by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention confirms that gulf vets are up to 12.5 times more likely to have diarrhea, memory loss, joint pain, gastrointestinal problems, headaches, "trouble finding words," fatigue, rashes, and other symptoms of what is collectively called Gulf War Syndrome than soldiers who stayed at home. Preliminary results from a study by Robert H. Roswell, M.D., chief of staff at the Birmingham V.A. Medical Center, reveal that those who fought in the war are also significantly more likely to have chronic central-nervous-system symptoms—an effect that can be produced by chemical poisoning.

Despite indisputable evidence that previously healthy personnel were affected, the Pentagon adamantly denies there was anything in the gulf that could possibly make anyone chronically ill, or that chemical or biological weapons were used by the Iraqis. In August 1995 it issued a report insisting that examinations of 10,200 vets who enrolled in its Comprehensive Clinical Evaluation Program (C.C.E.P.) found no "new or unique illnesses or syndromes among Persian Gulf veterans."

Former Air Force Sergeant Neil Lamastus doesn't buy the D.O.D.'s spin on what happened—or didn't happen—in the war. He recalls putting his gas mask on two or three times a night while he was in Saudi Arabia, as SCUD missiles exploded nearby. "I didn't believe the Iraqis sent all those SCUDs up for no reason, but the commander said there was no toxic gas, no germ warfare, nothing to be worried about."

Nor did military doctors feel the symptoms Sergeant Lamastus subsequently developed were cause for concern. "I went to the gulf a healthy young guy [of 24], and came back worse than an old man," he says. "I was throwing up daily, to the point of bleeding; had diarrhea up to 14 times a day; and my joints hurt so bad I could hardly walk. A private doctor said my esophagus was so inflamed it looked like raw meat, but the V.A. flat out told me the problem was all in my head, and sent me to a psychiatrist. Like the other doctors at the V.A., he did a few tests, and said nothing was wrong. By April [1995] I was ready to kill myself, because I'd felt so bad for so long I didn't know what else to do."

While guarding an Air Force ammunition depot in Saudi Arabia, former military policeman Chris Dauer heard chemical alarms repeatedly. "We were told to go to MOPP-4, the highest readiness for chemical warfare, with full equipment and blackout conditions." He's convinced that poison gas is what gave him and other soldiers in his unit headaches, respiratory problems, joint pain, muscle spasms, rashes, vomiting, diarrhea, and rectal bleeding.

"There was no doctor, just a medic," Dauer says. "I was treated many times for visual disturbances, where I'd see flashes of light, and headaches so bad I could hardly think, but I have no idea what pills or vaccinations I was given, because all my medical records have disappeared."

What he does know is that at least half the men from his unit are still sick five

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years later—Dauer most severely of all. He's had surgery three times to remove unusual fast-growing pituitary tumors; has needed emergency treatment for breathing problems; and suffers recurrent diarrhea and abdominal pains.

(Remarkably, the Pentagon has mysteriously lost virtually all medical records showing which soldiers got experimental vaccines—a gap that complicates investigation into G.W.S., says a sharply critical February 1996 report from the Presidential Advisory Committee on Gulf Veterans' Illnesses. "The issue of accurate medical and vaccination records is central to the concerns of many ill veterans," the report states, "and the absence of records has been suggested by some as evidence that the government is engaging in a cover-up.")

Colonel Herb Smith was in peak condition—possessor of three black belts in martial arts and the Army's highest ranking in physical training—when Army Special Forces sent him to Kuwait to set up wartime medical facilities. Believing himself "bulletproof," he wasn't especially alarmed by foul-smelling smoke from more than 700 oil-well fires that blackened the sky over Kuwait—even when he saw birds tumble out of the air dead. When Colonel Smith came down with flu-like symptoms, joint pain, and muscle spasms strong enough to partially dislocate joints in his hands and feet, he told himself he'd feel fine once he was home.

Instead he got worse. "I had a blackout on the way to work," the colonel recalls, "and found myself on some country road an hour later. I felt like I'd been abducted by space aliens, because I was confused and didn't know how I got there." His vision and balance were affected next: "It's kind of like having my brain rattling around loose in my head, because when I move, things look like jerky pictures from an old camcorder."

Today the one-time karate master and veterinarian is so debilitated with what private doctors have diagnosed as lupus, an autoimmune disease in which the body attacks its own connective tissue, that he's confined to a wheelchair, unable to run the lucrative veterinary practice that supported him before the war.

Even though Social Security has classified Colonel Smith as 100-percent disabled, Michael Roy, M.D., director of the Gulf War Health Center at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, in Washington, D.C., has brushed off the colonel's ailments as entirely psychosomatic—and claims all he's actually suffering from is dandruff.

(Walter Reed spokesman Ben Smith says Herb Smith was diagnosed with "somatization disorder," or physical symptoms with no organic basis, while avowing that "that diagnosis in no way is intended to trivialize his symptoms.")

The Pentagon's denials of anything like a service-related syndrome of ailments has infuriated gulf vets and provoked civilian doctors, scientists, and legislators to charge the Defense Department with concealing a massive epidemic of unexplained illness in men and women who fought for our country. These critics contend that the Pentagon's new report is the latest in a long line of duplicitous D.O.D. releases.

Albert Donnay, executive director of M.C.S. Referral and Resources, a Baltimore-based group that finds many vets now suffer from "multiple chemical sensitivity"—where the body reacts violently to common substances—feels the Department of Defense deliberately deceived the press at the C.C.E.P. briefing in claiming only 17 percent of Gulf War veterans were found to have "ill-defined" symptoms or musculoskeletal problems.

"Buried deep in the report," says Donnay, "and never mentioned in the briefing, abstract, or accompanying news release, is another table showing a far more significant 41 percent have unexplained symptoms and 45 percent have musculoskeletal ills, figures that sound more like a geriatric population than previously healthy soldiers whose average age was 34. This discrepancy is part of the D.O.D.'s ongoing efforts to conceal the true rate of unexplained illness—a.k.a. Gulf War syndrome—from the public."

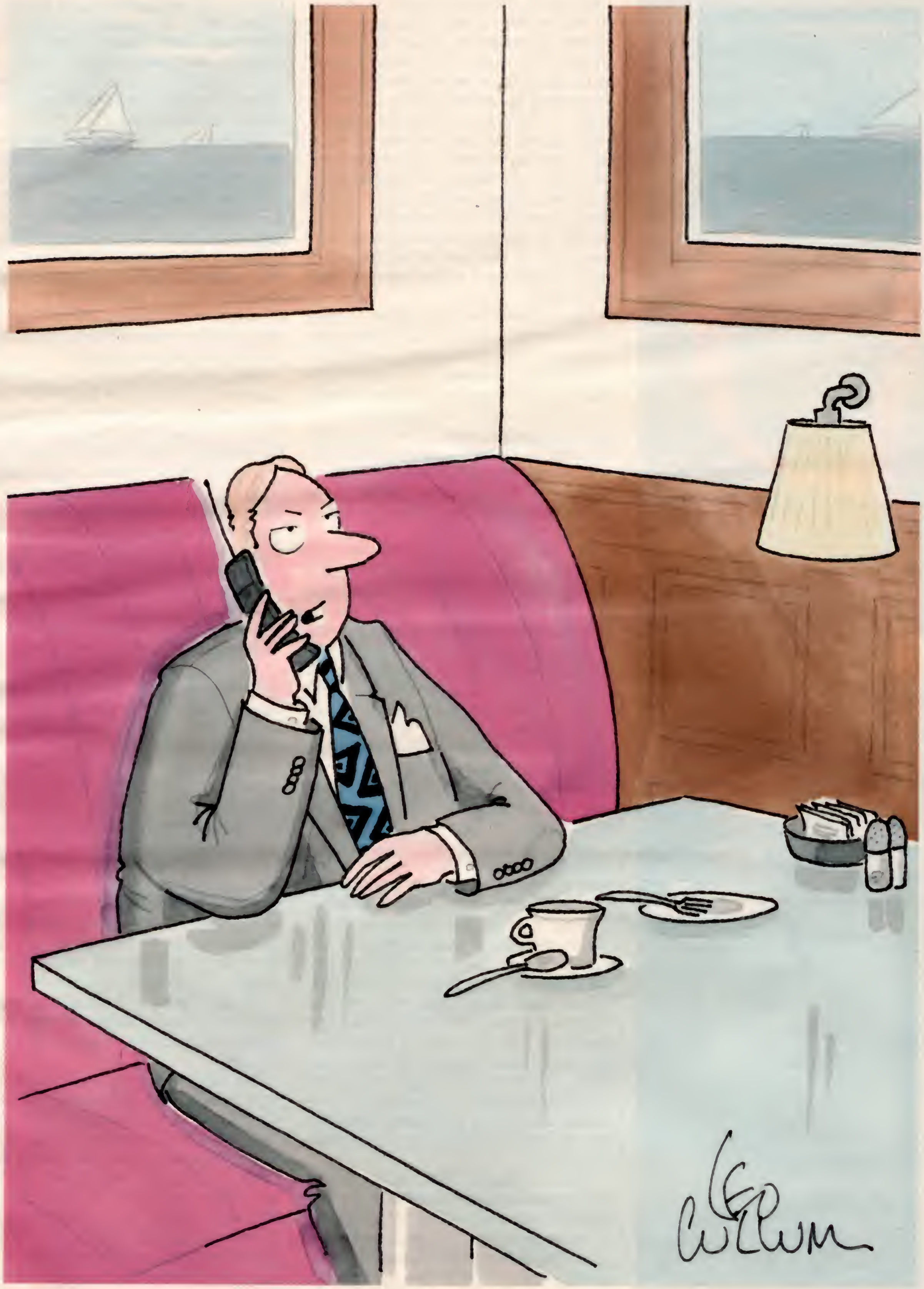
Another serious deficiency in the Pentagon report, adds Matt Puglisi, associate director of the American Legion's Persian Gulf War Era Veterans, is that it includes only active-duty military personnel who opted to enroll.

"Not only does that leave out anyone who is reluctant to jeopardize his military career by coming forward with an illness the Pentagon says doesn't exist, but it omits the very sickest vets who have separated from the armed forces," Puglisi says.

"It's like trying to investigate if a chemical factory is making people sick by asking the workers still at the assembly line how they feel, and ignoring people who left to go to the hospital.

"A larger problem," says Puglisi, "is that by trumpeting the figure that one-third of the participants were given psychiatric diagnoses, it gives the subtle message that the problem is just in soldiers' heads. The D.O.D. holds on to its results and spins them until it finds what it wants to find—that nobody got sick in the gulf."

Even before the report came out, Congressman Joseph Kennedy (D.-Mass.) complained that the Defense Department's litany of denials "verge on



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a cover-up," while recently retired Democratic Senator Donald W. Riegle of Michigan fumed during a 1994 Senate investigation of G.W.S. chaired by him, "I'm tired of all the circuitous, incomplete [accounts] and mental lapses I'm getting out of the military establishment.... Contrary to Defense Department assertions, there is clear evidence [of] chemical agents ... at sufficient levels to hurt U.S. troops." An example of a "patently unbelievable" claim Riegle cites is the D.O.D.'s contention that all 14,000 of the U.S. chemical-detection sensors that went off during the war—up to three times a day—simply malfunctioned.

This doesn't sound credible to Matt Puglisi either. "The D.O.D. hasn't convinced the American Legion that not one of these alarms worked," he says, "but if that's true, it begs the question of why our armed forces are equipped with such faulty equipment. Since the D.O.D. is telling us its own sensors don't work, how can it assure us soldiers weren't poisoned?"

The military has an answer to this—indeed, it has lots of them.

For nearly three years after learning of the U.S. chemical alarms—and the Czech tests—it assured the public and investigators like Senator Riegle that no one had been exposed to toxins in the gulf. Then in 1993 it finally admitted that the Czechs did detect poison gas, but claimed this was completely unrelated to the "mysterious health problems that have victimized some of our veterans." The following year it dismissed the detections as false, saying they never "unambiguously identified chemical agents," at least in the Defense Department's view.

Jim Tuite and others challenge the credibility of this 1994 report, which also concluded that germ warfare had no role in the vets' health problems. Just about the only gulf-related ailments the report deems genuine are bouts of diarrhea some soldiers had after eating unhygienic local lettuce; minor respiratory problems owing to pigeon droppings in and around some barracks; and 31 cases of leishmaniasis, a disease caused by sand-flea bites. In a familiar Pentagon refrain, the task force found "no persuasive evidence any of the proposed etiologies caused chronic illness on any significant scale."

What the report never mentions in its 91 pages is a flagrant conflict of interest, which critics say contaminates its conclusions. Incredibly, the task-force chairman, Nobel Prize winner Joshua Lederberg, Ph.D.—one of the world's top molecular biologists and a past president of Rockefeller University—never disclosed that, even as he and his task force were busy exonerating biological agents as possible culprits in this whole picture, he was also on the board of directors of a research group, the American Type Culture Collection, of Rockville, Maryland, that sold lethal cultures of anthrax, botulism, gas gangrene, and tularemia (rabbit fever) to the Iraqis before the war.

On February 17, 1994, Lederberg wrote Riegle, on official Defense Department stationery, asking for a confidential briefing from the Senate Banking Committee. "I was intrigued by your recent suggestion that the medical problems being exhibited by some Gulf War veterans might be related to biological warfare, and specifically to the list of biological materials sent to Iraq from the American Type Culture Collection," the letter blandly remarked.

"Not only didn't Joshua Lederberg disclose his connection to the chief proliferator of pathogens in the gulf to Senator Riegle or me, but when we got his curriculum vitae from the Pentagon, it wasn't there either," says Tuite. "Having the D.O.D. investigate what happened to our troops is worse than asking the suspect to investigate the crime. It's like letting the suspect be the judge, jury, and all the official witnesses who control the information."

(Lederberg would not comment on these allegations when reached by *Penthouse*.)

To Riegle, what's most "serious and sinister" about the D.O.D.'s insistence that gas or germ warfare are "ruled out" as a factor in any post-gulf illness is that it impedes clinical investigation into the mystery agonies. It's part and parcel, he feels, of "the heartlessness and irresponsibility of a military bureaucracy that gives every sign of wanting to protect itself more than the health and well-being of our servicemen and women who actually go and fight our wars. To my mind," says Riegle, "there's no more serious crime than an official military cover-up of facts that could prevent more effective treatment and diagnosis of sick U.S. veterans."

Senator Riegle is not the only person who thinks the Pentagon is more interested in spin control than in wounded soldiers.

"It's Agent Orange all over again," says Charles Sheehan-Miles, executive director of the National Gulf War Resource Center in Washington, D.C., noting that our government has a long history of dodging responsibility for military health problems. Not only did the Pentagon spend almost two decades denying that the defoliant used in Vietnam caused cancer—until vets finally won a $180-million settlement in 1984—but, astonishingly, the Department of Veterans Affairs is still debating whether there's a need to study reproductive problems that may have been

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inflicted upon enlisted men deliberately exposed to deadly radiation in "research" projects 50 years ago.

A December 1994 report from the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs affirms that for the past five decades the Department of Defense has intentionally exposed soldiers to "potentially dangerous substances, often in secret." The report raises the appalling possibility that what's made gulf vets sick may not be Iraqi poisons but experimental shots and pills they were given by their own government—a topic previously explored in these pages ("Gulf War Syndrome: Causes and Cover-up," by Gary Null, September 1994). Not only weren't our troops informed that the anti-botulism vaccine they got was not F.D.A.-approved—and came from a stockpile nearly 20 years old—but 88 percent were told they couldn't refuse it. Air Force veteran Neil Lamastus says he was ordered to receive anti-botulism shots or face a court martial.

While only 8,000 Desert Storm personnel were given the botulism vaccine, 400,000 were ordered to take an experimental anti–nerve gas drug, pyridostigmine bromide (P.B.). Before handing it out to nearly half a million people, the military conducted only minimal safety tests—mostly on men under 35 who didn't smoke or drink and had no medical problems. For several of the tests only two to four subjects were used; many had fewer than 35 subjects. Though 28,000 female soldiers ultimately received P.B., its effects on women were never investigated.

Even those woefully sparse studies showed P.B. can have very serious side effects in the healthiest of young men. One Air Force pilot stopped breathing 91 minutes after taking P.B., while another collapsed with visual disturbances and a headache. Anemia, gastrointestinal complaints, impaired short-term memory, and abnormal heart or liver tests were also found.

Despite these results—and three postwar Defense Department surveys showing that 50 percent of gulf vets who took P.B. have gastrointestinal problems, while five to 30 percent complain of frequent urination, headaches, profuse sweating, tingling hands and feet—the department now maintains that "no evidence has been found to implicate [P.B. or botulism vaccine] in the unexplained medical complaints of Gulf War participants."

Nor has the government shown much interest in what toxicologist Jim Moss, Ph.D., discovered in 1993—an intriguing clue that might help unravel the riddle of Gulf War syndrome. "I was at the Department of Agriculture [U.S.D.A.]," says Moss, "and found through experiments with cockroaches that DEET [an insect repellent] and pyridostigmine bromide interact with one another, and become ten times [more] toxic than either is alone. Since it's possible that soldiers were exposed to both at the same time in the gulf, I urged the Agriculture or the Defense Department to investigate further. The Agriculture people told me not to talk about DEET toxicity because they originally developed the material and were worried about lawsuits."

Ignoring this warning proved toxic to Moss's career, he believes. Two months after he testified before a Senate committee in 1994, the U.S.D.A. opted not to renew his contract. "The D.O.D. repeated my experiment, then dismissed it, saying P.B. and DEET were not present at the same time."

Later studies at Duke University Medical School found chickens suffered neurological damage similar to that in many Gulf War vets after exposure to this chemical cocktail.

Steve Robertson, a legislative director of the American Legion who fought in the gulf, disputes the military's claim that DEET and P.B. weren't used in combination. "In the gulf the flies were so bad that the screens in our campsite were

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

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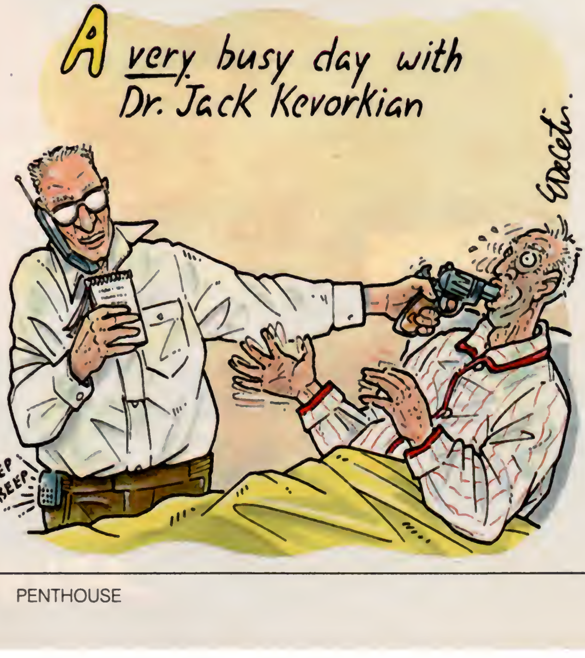
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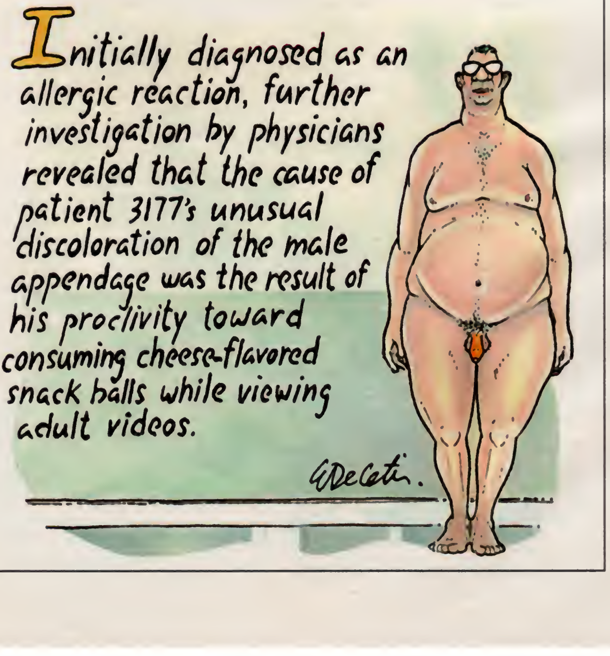
BEEP BEEP


Initially diagnosed as an allergic reaction, further investigation by physicians revealed that the cause of patient 3177's unusual discoloration of the male appendage was the result of his proclivity toward consuming cheese-flavored snack balls while viewing adult videos.
EDecetis.

black with them—and you don't want to hear about the latrines. We had fog machines that sprayed the whole campsite with pesticide, bug strips all over the place, and unlabeled cans of spray the guys used to fog their uniforms. We were also given P.B. pills that came with instructions to keep them refrigerated, which we thought was pretty funny, us being in the desert."

Decidedly unamused by Pentagon stonewalling was an independent panel of scientists at a National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.) workshop in 1994 that hoped to assure gulf vets their mystery ailments were being investigated fully. Instead the doctors, many from America's best-known universities, could only listen helplessly to an outpouring of rage and pain from the sick vets who came to testify—because the Pentagon failed to provide vital medical data promised months earlier. The result, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, was "a candy story for conspiracy buffs ... [as] the most basic questions remain unanswered."

The Pentagon told the N.I.H. panel that there existed "by name, a registry that can pinpoint troop location down to about company size per day [within] a ten-kilometer [square] grid"—an aid in determining which soldiers had been exposed to which toxins—but it never made it available, despite repeated requests by Eula Bingham, M.D., professor of environmental health at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine. "What conclusions can we reach without that?" she asked in disgust, complaining that the D.O.D. also withheld data on pesticides, on leaded diesel fuel sprayed over campsites to keep sand from blowing around, and on artillery rounds containing depleted uranium.

Herb Smith, the karate colonel, came to the workshop in his wheelchair to tell the panel about seeing entire herds of camels and sheep that had dropped dead while grazing in the Saudi desert. "Since I was a veterinarian, the Army asked me to look into complaints by Bedouins that our soldiers were shooting the animals," he said. "The dead sheep and camels I saw had no bullet wounds. They were just lying there dead—some with dead insects on them." When Colonel Smith reported his findings to the Army, "it was as if the information dropped into a black hole. Eventually, I was told [the animals had] died simultaneously of starvation, thirst, or old age—but I was taught that when you see large numbers of animals dead like that, it's probably evidence of a chemical attack."

Like Smith, whose lupus was labeled psychosomatic, several soldiers said V.A. hospitals either refused to treat their physical complaints or sent them to psychiatrists. The 1995 Pentagon report that denies the existence of Gulf War syndrome says 37 percent of vets taking part in C.C.E.P. received psychological diagnoses. That figure was eagerly seized on in January of this year by the Institute of Medicine (I.O.M.), a government group, as proof that the military has diligently looked into all possible physical causes of gulf illness and should now focus on emotional factors—a dubious suggestion, since the Institute of Medicine simultaneously admits the C.C.E.P. lacks the "methodological sophistication that the identification of a new syndrome would require."

Veterans' groups are outraged that the I.O.M. doesn't consider the unexplained symptoms or musculoskeletal problems afflicting nearly half of C.C.E.P. participants worthy of more study.

"The only thing that's making vets crazy—or suicidal—is the treatment they're getting from the V.A. and D.O.D.," says Major Richard Haines, director of Gulf Veterans International, in New Albany, Indiana. "How is a healthy combat-ready guy of 27—who thought he'd live forever—supposed to feel when he goes for help because his body is falling apart, and is told, 'You're just stressed out—and can't cut it'? That's what our country is doing to fine young soldiers who risked their lives for us."

Environmental physician Grace Ziem, M.D., a faculty member at Johns Hopkins School of Public Health and medical director of M.C.S. Referral and Resources, has seen a number of Gulf War veterans with obvious physical woes wrongly diagnosed as mentally ill. "One woman who served in the gulf had multiple tumors—multiple tumors!—but when I called about her case, they laughed and said it was psychiatric," says Ziem. "I testified in Washington for another veteran who was labeled psychiatric when he actually had chemical injuries. I also know a vet who went to a V.A. hospital because he was having trouble breathing, and was sent to the psych ward. It's like the Soviet Union, where the government would send troublemakers to mental hospitals and medicate them so they couldn't complain anymore."

That's more or less how Army doctors handled Steve Robertson when he told them he'd had diarrhea for two years, joint pain, constant fatigue, and such serious loss of short-term memory that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THE PALM BEACH STORY

To the shock of the guests, singer **Julio Iglesias** decided to enliven a concert at a Palm Beach charity event by urging them to "go home ... and make love and maybe some babies will be made tonight." He also urged the crowd—made up largely of elderly socialites—to use his music as inspiration for sexual intercourse.

AND THIS IS *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*

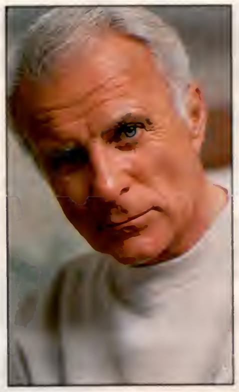
Janet Jackson, in a television interview, insisted that her parents and siblings are perfectly normal, and blamed the media for the popular perception that she is part of America's most dysfunctional family, notably her brother **Michael.** "The only difference," she said, "is that they're on television, you see their faces in the paper, and you listen to the music on the radio."

MEOW!

Actor **Robert Conrad** on fellow actor **Jean-Claude Van Damme:** "With Van Damme, if that's martial arts, I'm seven foot eight. He's a great ballet dancer, and if I was ever matched up with him, I'd let him lead."

OUR CHUTZPAH OF THE MONTH AWARD TO ...

... **Robert Citron,** the former Orange County, California, treasurer, who demanded that he be reimbursed for nearly $5,000 in unused vacation time, on top of the $90,000 annual pension he receives. Citron lost nearly $2 billion of the taxpayers' money in shaky investments during his tenure.



WEDDING OF THE MONTH

During a wedding ceremony to "the artist formerly known as **Prince**" (who renamed himself an unpronounceable insignia), the bride was confronted with the problem of how to respond when asked if she indeed wished to marry the man standing next to her. She answered by pointing to a pendant bearing the groom's symbol.

SO WE'VE NOTICED

Drag queen **RuPaul,** on his career: "Models are freaks of nature who are plucked out of society, and almost unbeknownst to themselves they are turned into these monsters. I discovered myself and turned myself into a monster."

SINCE MY BABY LEFT ME

According to a new documentary on **Elvis Presley,** his diet at the end of his life, when he had become huge, was: Breakfast—six large eggs, a pound of fried bacon, a half-pound of sausage, and 12 buttermilk biscuits. Lunch—two "Fool's Gold" sandwiches (a jar of peanut butter, a jar of strawberry jam, a pound of fried bacon). Dinner—five double-burgers and several peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches. The compilation does not include between-meals snacks.

THANKS, WE'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND

A compendium of advice from leading scientists on how to avoid health problems included this revelation: "If you want to avoid colds altogether, stay away from people."

OH, SO YOU'RE THE GUILTY ONE

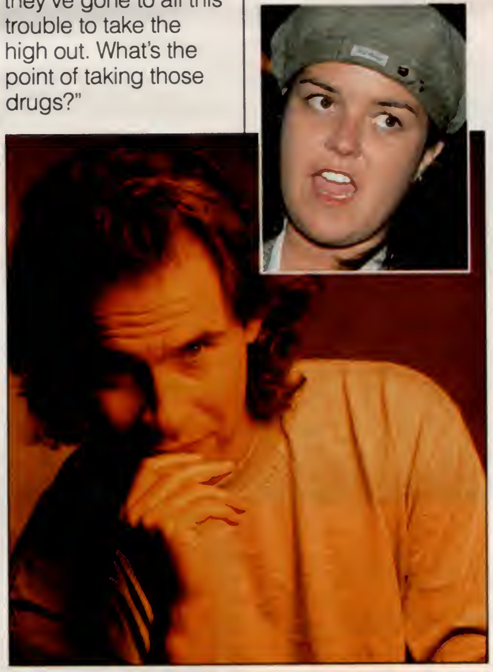
Roseanne complained she has yet to be invited to the White House, all the worse since "I feel as though I elected **Bill Clinton**."

THANKS FOR THAT HANDY TIP

During a press conference to promote a televised comedy festival, comedian **Rosie O'Donnell** averred that it was tough to clean up her act for network TV. Whereupon fellow comic **Dennis Miller** interjected, "Rosie, is that show you taped last night for CBS?" When O'Donnell confirmed it was, Miller said, "Then you should have said 'fuck,' because nobody watches it anyway."

REEFER MADNESS

Asked during a magazine interview if there exists a drug that he hasn't done, **Keith Richards** of the Rolling Stones replied, "Oh yeah, there's loads of the new ones. I have no time for the modern drugs, because they've gone to all this trouble to take the high out. What's the point of taking those drugs?"



COLD WAR CASH

Russian military authorities are now turning a tidy profit by allowing tourists to play with some of their weapons—for a price. For example, visitors to a military training camp in Vladivostok can take tank rides for $200 an hour and fire bazookas for $700 an hour.

LE MOT JUSTE

French ambassador to New Zealand **Jacques le Blanc,** during an appearance at the New Zealand Press Club, complained about coverage of his country's nuclear-weapons tests in the Pacific: "I do not like this word 'bomb.' It is not a bomb. It is a device that is exploding."

OUR GEORGE STEINBRENNER SORE-LOSER AWARD TO ...

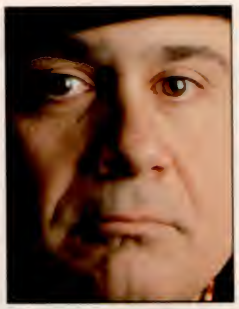
... actor/producer **Danny DeVito,** on the failure of *Get Shorty* to attract even a single Academy Award nomination. "Next time we do a film," he said, "**John Travolta**'s going to play a farmer and I'm going to play a pig."

GOOD POINT

Former Massachusetts governor and Democratic presidential candidate **Michael Dukakis** is now teaching a course at U.C.L.A. on the American presidency. He told his students, "If I knew anything about it, I wouldn't be here."

UH, NOT EXACTLY

Asked why a fair number of people despise her, **Hillary Clinton** responded, "I apparently remind some people of their mother-in-law or their boss or something."



SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

A New York radio station went off the air for nearly an hour after a psychic told listeners to "channel your psychic energy." Station officials said the outage was caused by a power surge that knocked out its transmitter.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

The executive editor of the *Miami Herald* sent a memo to the paper's staff saying he was bored with events in Bosnia, and urged them to produce stories that would answer the average reader's question: What does this mean to me?

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to lower tar and still find
satisfying taste.

You've got MERIT

NIGHTMARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

he often forgets what a letter or report says as soon as he puts it down—"which is a real liability when you're a lobbyist, as I am."

The Department of Veterans Affairs' remedy? "They gave me a ninety-day prescription for Prozac," Robertson says incredulously.

Although our country has plenty of Prozac for sick soldiers, it's stingier with service-related payments, says Matt Puglisi. "Our latest figures show that out of around 6,000 vets with undiagnosed illness who have applied for compensation from the V.A., only about 400 have gotten it. We've also heard of veterans getting a minor diagnosis, and only getting ten-percent compensation, when they're missing work due to undiagnosed illness."

Bad as these problems are, there's one far worse, adds Major Haines. "When our soldiers fought in the most toxic war in history, they knew they were putting their lives on the line for their country, but they had no reason to fear for the health of [their] families." Haines has compiled a registry of gulf vets that shows a horrifying rate of bizarre birth defects and chronic illness in babies born to them after the war. A 1994 survey by Senator Riegle also found that a startling 65 percent of vets, male and female, engendered children with abnormalities or immune problems after Desert Storm, while 77 percent of their spouses were also sick, perhaps contaminated by articles brought home from the war by their mates.

> "The only thing that's making vets crazy or suicidal is the treatment they're getting from the V.A. and D.O.D.," says Major Haines.

One of the strangest complaints some wives and girlfriends of veterans have is an allergy to their partners' semen. One vet says that every time he's made love to his wife following the war, "it burns her on the inside and leaves red marks on the outside. The V.A. says there is nothing wrong with her—or me—and we should go to a counselor." He knows several other servicemen whose semen scorches their wives' or girlfriends' vaginas—a condition they call "shooting fire" or "hot shot." The military has never done any semen tests to find out what triggers this excruciating reaction.

Sergeant Brad Minn, a military policeman who was stationed in Saudi Arabia, believes that unidentified pills or a vaccination the Army gave him caused his baby's tragic birth defects, since he had previously fathered two healthy sons. "Casey was born with one ear missing and the other a very small 'Spock' ear, like the 'Star Trek' guy, with a tab on top that comes to a point," Minn says. "He couldn't be fed by mouth because his esophagus wasn't joined up. His jaw, and the features on one side of his face, are crooked, and one shoulder leans up, the other leans down."

These anomalies are typical of Goldenhar syndrome, which can also cause babies to lack an eye or have spinal deformities.

Despite nine major operations to try to give him a functional digestive tract, two-year-old Casey has never tasted food, and spends 18 hours a day attached to a feeding pump. "That leaves him just six hours a day to enjoy his childhood and be a little boy," says his mother, Marilyn Minn, who charges that surgeons at Walter Reed damaged her child's lungs, colon, and vocal cords during one operation and rendered him unable to speak.

(Ben Smith of Walter Reed says, "A claim has been filed, and we can't talk about claims in litigation." This claim was made on behalf of the Minns and other military families with deformed babies by attorney and Baltimore Orioles owner Peter Angelos, who previously won multimillion-dollar awards for clients harmed by exposure to asbestos.)

"At first we thought that we were alone, since we'd heard Goldenhar is a rare syndrome, and we kept asking doctors, 'How did this happen?' " says Casey's father.

"One doctor at Walter Reed tried to imply it was genetic, and said for a man my size I had a small head. She seemed to be suggesting there was something wrong with me—like Goldenhar—so I let her measure my head. It was a quarter-inch smaller than she felt was normal, so I began to think, 'Maybe it's me'—until I found out there's a cluster of Goldenhar cases."

The Association of Birth Defect Children (A.B.D.C.) finds the rate of this very serious abnormality is about 600 percent higher in post-gulf babies than among children in the general population, where it occurs in only one out of 26,400 births.

"What's striking about Goldenhar is that it's not genetically transmitted," says A.B.D.C. director Betty Mekdeci. "All known cases are related to external exposures, like pesticides. Since there were about 50,000 postwar pregnancies, we'd expect two cases of Goldenhar, but as of February 1996 our data base had eleven confirmed cases, two likely cases, and others that may turn out to be Goldenhar when analyzed fully."

Preliminary results of an A.B.D.C. study show that parents who served in the gulf have up to six times the risk of having children with undeveloped or absent lungs; deformed skull bones; ear defects; missing pulmonary arteries; an abnormally large or malformed heart. Major Haines's registry is also full of infants with strange deformities evocative of thalidomide babies—extra nipples, fused fingers, no arms, cleft palates, missing eyes or ears, missing vertebrae, or no anus. Others were stillborn, or died after birth from even worse defects.

Frank Waickman, M.D., an Ohio pediatrician who has been in practice since 1952, was astonished when he saw the registry. "Compared to my clinical experience with 20,000 children," he says, "there are a large number of heart defects, many incompatible with life, and major neurological defects, such as the absence of an area of the brain, or of the entire brain. I was also surprised by the Goldenhar cases—in four decades of practice, I never came across even one baby with this, and here were several."

Predictably, the Pentagon denies there's an unusual rate of abnormalities in Gulf War veterans' babies. In October 1995 it announced it had found no "significantly elevated" birth-defect risk in vets—but refused to release any details. Defense Department spokesman Jim Turner says the report will be available "in a year, after peer review and publication."

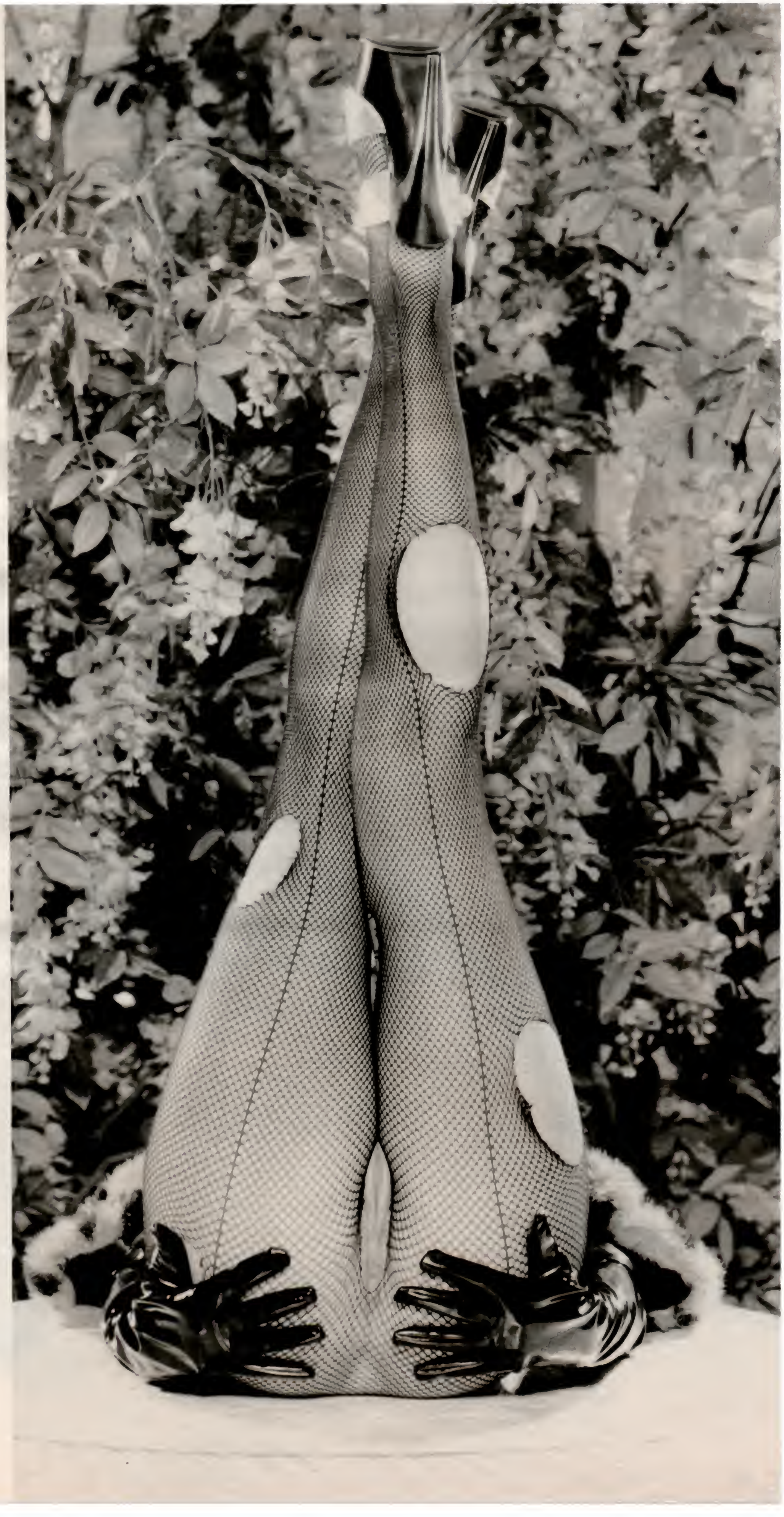
From what she's learned of this study, Betty Mekdeci is skeptical. "It's based on discharge data from military hospitals," she says, "and because women now leave 24 hours after giving birth, anything less obvious than a missing eye or arm can easily be missed in a newborn." The Defense Department, she continues, "also is only comparing the total number of birth defects found in babies of Gulf War families with the total number for a control group, which tells nothing about patterns of birth defects, or how severe

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

ODE TO FISHNET TIGHTS

My love is not a red, red rose, but a bleached-
blonde bomb in fishnet hose. Those stockings have made strong men cry
on cheesecake queens of days gone by.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER • POETRY BY MICHAEL DORSEY



The flash of flesh, the glimpse of skin,
that's how she pulls the poor boys in.
Like all sex goddesses before,
she's one part angel, two parts whore.

And when
she suddenly
turns coy,
behold the
face
that brought
down Troy,
eyelashes
low,
expression
meek,
she calmly
turns the
other cheek.

Her legs and ass could cold-roll steel
or squeeze the boys and make them
squeal,
but she would rather show and tease
and keep you on your beggin' knees.

She rips
it up for
exercise,
then
pulls the
edges 'round
her thighs.
She wraps her
mound
in silken nets,
and gives
much better
than she
gets.

Her nets
spread wide
and heaven
calls,
and soon
she's got you
by the balls.
But tell the
truth a
minute, guys,
would you
really have it
otherwise?

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

dling with each other totally naked. I walked out without their knowing I had seen them. What is more troubling to me than the thought that my daughter may be a lesbian is that I was aroused by what I saw. I am very confused. What should I do?—E. S., California

I recently answered a letter from a guy who was suffering from guilt feelings because he got an erection while being examined by his gorgeous female doctor. I told him it is perfectly normal for a healthy male to get a hard-on when he is being fingered by an attractive woman, and he would only have a problem if he didn't get an erection in these circumstances.

To you I will say much the same. Your daughter may be sexually experimenting with her best friend, preparatory to taking the male world by storm, or she may simply be enjoying the physical intimacy and affection of a healthy, normal friendship. She may be still making up her mind whether she is hetero, homo, or bisexual.

Surprised by what you decided was a sexual situation, you became aroused. Maybe you have secret sexual yearnings for another woman, or perhaps you would like to try some recreational extramarital sex. Men have done this kind of stuff for years, and although it lands some of them in divorce court, nobody has ever suggested that it is a sign of psychological problems.

Sexual arousal is an unconscious reaction, but it is not a sign to get horny. Owing to the taboos that have surrounded matters sexual for so long, we are still ignorant about many aspects of sexual desire. Some of the best lovers I have known have an ongoing love affair with their own penis, but though you could say that this means they "love cock," it does not make them gay.

My advice to you is to say nothing. At least your daughter is in no danger of getting pregnant; at the same time it is not at all unusual for a normal wife and mother to be excited by the idea of a sexual relationship with another woman. If there is a woman in your life whom you fancy, why don't you try to initiate a bit of naked cuddling? It might give you a different view of things.

HEARTBROKEN

I'm a 32-year-old single male. I have a B.S. degree and a good job. I have owned my own home since I was 25, and currently own four vehicles. I am in good physical condition, and consider myself to be attractive. The one aspect of my life that I just can't seem to get on track is relations with the opposite sex. I wonder if I'm doing something wrong.

THE WORD ON CAPITOL HILL IS, HE'S PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER...
G

Recently I met a beautiful, highly intelligent, funny, fiercely independent young woman. She is at the executive level in a computing firm in town. We seemed to hit it off immediately. We talked easily on our first meeting, and made plans to see each other again. Before I could call her for another date, she telephoned and invited me to a dinner and concert that she had won from a local radio station.

We had a terrific time. I found that she was more beautiful than I had expected, as she was dressed much less conservatively than on our first date. We began to get close during the concert, and later we kissed for the first time. It was electric. I was having such a good time that I asked her to come home with me. This is something I don't make a habit of early in the game, nor does she. Needless to say we had incredible sex, and I stayed home from work the next day because I was totally taken by her charms. It had been a while since I had been with someone, and much too long since I had been with someone I felt this kind of chemistry with.

We spent the day together, and she spent the night with me again. It was incredible. I had begun to think that I would never find someone again, and there she was. She invited me out on her boat, and we had what I thought was a good time. It was a new experience for me; I'm not into water sports or boating, but I was up to the challenge. A girlfriend of hers came along on our outing. I felt somewhat intimidated by the newness of the situation, but enjoyed the experience. They seemed to converse much more with each other than with me; I felt somewhat like a third wheel. I didn't really think much of it, because I knew that they were good friends, and that her friend was leaving town soon for a job promotion.

There was one interesting development, however, and that was that after the outing we slept together and there was no sex. I don't know if it was because we were tired or if something had gone wrong.

Soon after, we made plans to get together for a movie, and she stood me up. She called and apologized, saying that she and her friend had spent the entire night talking. Again, since the girlfriend was leaving soon, I didn't think much about it. We made dinner plans for later in the weekend and got together, but she insisted on meeting at the restaurant and seemed distracted during the entire meal. She'd had an inline-skating accident recently and was pretty sore, so I thought perhaps she wasn't feeling well. We left the restaurant and decided to walk to a nearby mall for some coffee. We chatted, but she still seemed a little distant.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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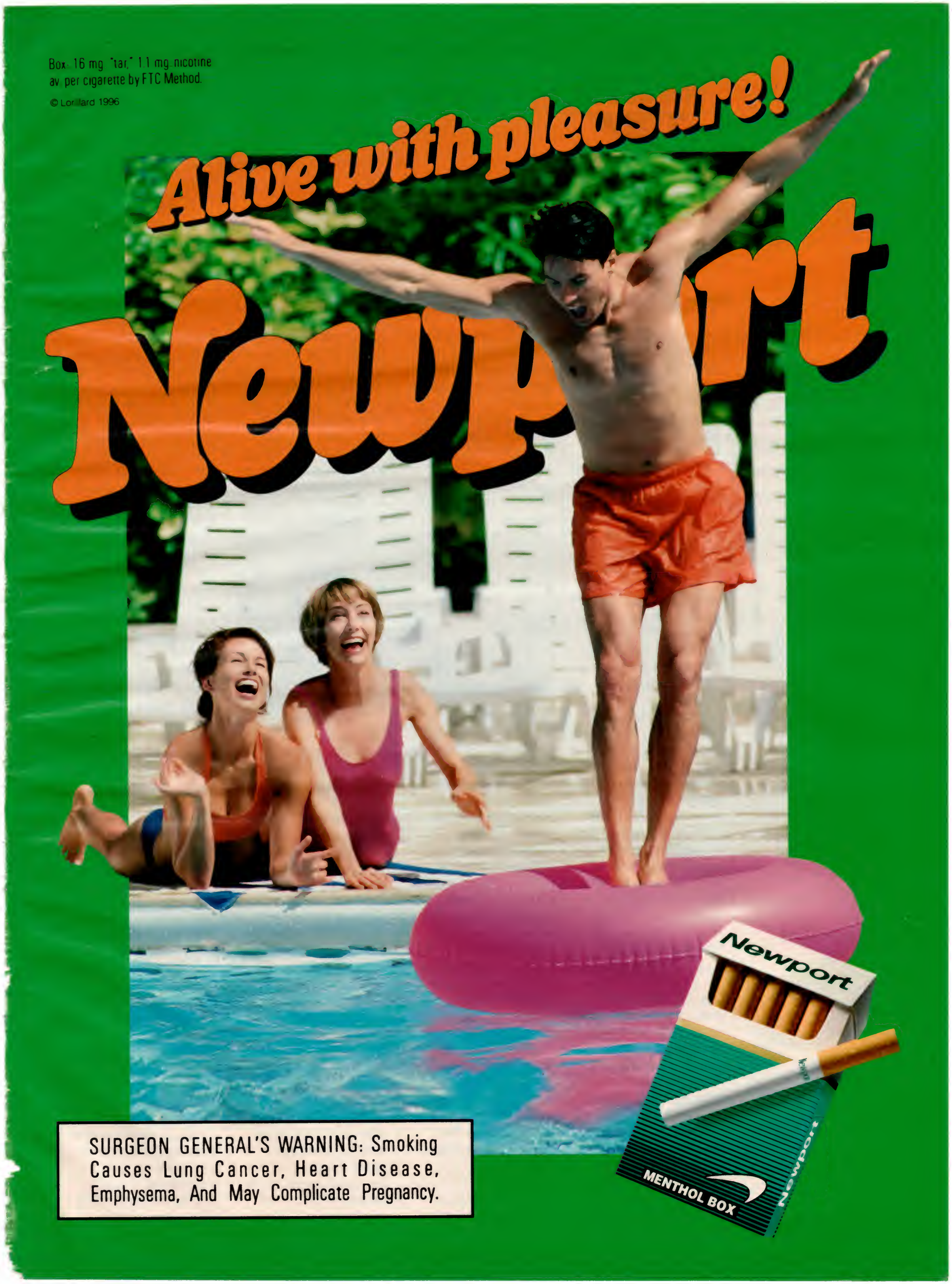
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SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

Anal sex can be loving and exciting, but the first step is using common sense.

"What a piece of ass." Dennis was proudly describing his new girlfriend to his buddy, smiling because he meant she was not only hot but good at sex that way.

"Come on, man," his buddy said. "That's an exit, not an entrance."

"No, man," Dennis replied, "you don't know what you're missing. It's an act of love."

That's how Theresa wanted to see it: as an act of love. Desperate to please her boyfriend, she asked me for help, since she feared it would be painful.

It *can* be quite painful. The muscles at the anal opening are strong, and can slam shut when you're uptight (hence the term "tight-ass"). The man mustn't shove. Let her get in a position where she's in control and has room to move, like on her knees or leaning over the bed, *not* him lying on top pinning her down. Trust is critical: Assure her (and mean it) that she calls the shots about the depth, angle, and rhythm of penetration; stop if she says to. Lube up (with Astro Glide or K-Y Jelly, not creams that dry up). Most important, she has to relax and think beautiful, willing, happy thoughts: "I want this. This feels great." Train for no pain by inserting smaller, thinner things first—a finger or anal dildo (never dangerous objects like wood or glass).

Inevitably there are worries. Angela called my radio show, LovePhones, saying, "I want to let my husband do doggie in my rear but I'm afraid I'll shit on him, or that his penis would come out with doody on it or push it up inside and constipate me." To ease fears and increase the confidence necessary for pleasure, empty your bowels before sex, if necessary taking an enema a few hours before. Or have him wear a condom. Farting is normal, but instead of ignoring it (as many couples do), apologize.

Other rules: Go gently. Delicate linings of the anal canal can be torn, giving rise to infection from bacteria residing there. Remember, it's *not* safe sex, so wear a condom, or be sure you're both monogamous and tested for S.T.D.'s. Never use the same finger in both holes, or go from anus to vagina without washing first.

What's a guy to do if he's dying to fill the third input, but she won't hear of it? Never force any kind of sex if your partner isn't into it. Jerry thinks the dirtier the better, but Susie thinks it's disgusting and is emphatic that "that place just wasn't made for sex." Loving sex respects the other person's limits, without demanding a particular act for selfish pleasure. Jerry can compromise: He can assume the doggie position, but insert into the vagina, imagining being in the other hole.

But if she's convincible, seduce it as you would her mouth or vagina: Tell her you love her, go slow. Admire her behind, especially if she feels it's big, fat, or unsightly. Do this outside of sex, when out to dinner or walking down the street. Warm up with a little anal foreplay: Rub her rear (this can be comforting as well as exciting), and then try rimming (anolictus and anilingus: tonguing the opening or slight insertion) before penile penetration. Point out assets of the act itself (free access to her clitoris, breasts, or other parts). Rebut negative attitudes (it's disgusting, dirty, bad) with positive ones (it's loving and normal). Don't use it as a power play, or a way to avoid intimacy.

Some guys like backdoor action on themselves too. (Of course it could be acting out a homosexual fantasy, but *not necessarily.*) There are sensitive nerve endings at the entrance, and tugging at the muscles and reaching inside triggers his hot spots.

Jane was having phone sex with Jake, and told him how she'd like to hike his butt in the air and lick his butthole while rubbing his cock and playing with his balls. Then she'd switch, putting her finger up his anus while sucking his cock. The next weekend he was on a plane to visit her.

So, Anal Juice Lovers, Anal Passageway Navigators, Funky Butt-Friends, or Rectum Rangers, take heed: If you want to come a knockin' on the backdoor, be respectful and loving, and enter gingerly, and you're more apt to find a welcome mat.

HOWARD STERN IS HUNG LIKE A HORSE

Brooks
©1996

The full and exclusive exposé appears in *Classic Forum July '96*

America's most famous crossdresser (no, not RuPaul, that was last year), Howard Stern, has been lying to America. For years, he's been whining to anyone who will listen that he is cursed with a tiny dick. Now, the Potentate of Porn, Don Myrus, new editor of *Classic Forum*, has uncovered proof that this is a lie bigger than Rush Limbaugh's waistline.

One of our hard-hitting investigative journalists, hired away at great expense from Fox TV, slipped undercover to expose Stern's whopper. Why has Stern been lying to America? How did he plan to keep this huge secret under his dress? What twisted advantage did he hope to gain? How was the hilarious truth finally revealed?

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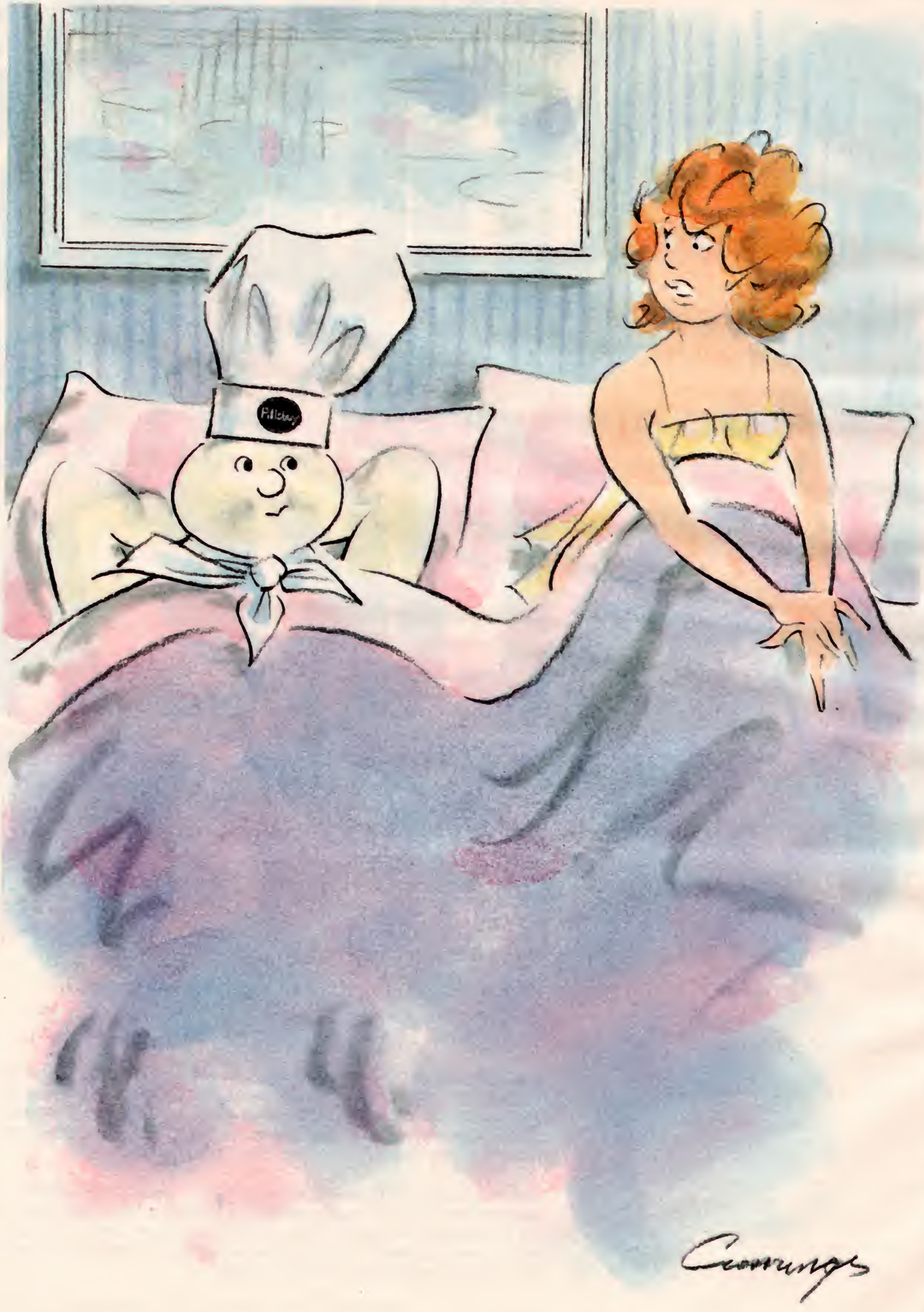
Pillsbury
Cummings

"Does Pillsbury know you're fucking around?"

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

"God, I hope so," she breathed and relaxed a bit. I ran my hands softly over her body. She has a luscious figure. I gently stroked her firm senators through her thin bra.

Suddenly she put her arms around my neck and kissed me long and hot and deep. Then she put her lips by my ear, and whispered, "Let's Falwell."

I smiled. "Right now?" "Yes, right now, right here," she moaned, running her hands over my body, unbuttoning my shirt. "I need to be reminded that sex is good, and not all men are impotent old Gingrich-heads." I could feel my Exon swelling in my pants.

Tracey and I kissed again, long and hard. She stroked my chest, and I squeezed her senators. She stood for a moment and slipped off her panties, then slipped into my lap again and kissed me hotly, probing my mouth with her tongue. I ran my hands up the smooth skin of her thighs, toward her open Clinton. She moaned and spread her legs wider, and I gently stroked and pressed her. She toyed with my nipples with one hand, and moved the other one over my crotch, tracing the outline of my aching Exon. She unzipped my pants, and took the hot skin in her hands, stroking me as I rubbed her Clinton.

"Oh, I want you!" she gasped. She slid down between my knees and took my Exon quickly into her mouth. In a moment, I was gasping and writhing, my Exon rock-hard, her lips caressing every ridge of skin. I drew her up and quickly tore off her blouse and bra; her lovely firm senators bobbed before me, and I took them in my hands, kissing and licking the beautiful, sensitive tips. She threw back her head and moaned. I slid her skirt up around her hips, and she pushed herself forward into my lap—my Exon slid easily into her wet, open Clinton. "Oh, God!" she yelled, "Falwell me, Falwell me hard!"

She rocked in my lap, her Clinton moving sweetly up and down over my throbbing Exon. With every stroke new waves of unbearable pleasure ran through us. We were on another and purer plain, far from the slimy machinations of the Doles and Gingrich-heads in Washington. "I'm close!" I breathed, between gasps. She smiled and bounced, and with a few strong and well-timed thrusts, she brought us both off, my Exon exploding sweetly in her Clinton. We hugged and sighed, and collapsed off the chair and onto the bed. After a while, I got up to take a Robertson.

When I came back from the bathroom she was stretched out full-length on the bed, her senators pointed gorgeously at the ceiling, the hairs of her Clinton gleaming with our juices. My Exon was hardening again, just looking at her. I got back onto the bed. "Feeling better, hon?" I asked. She smiled and nodded.

She drew me down to her, and soon my Exon was again buried between her legs, deep in her eager Clinton. As we Falwelled, slowly and lovingly this time, my Exon swelled larger and larger inside her, and our breathing became heavier and more desperate. I rolled the tips of her left senator between two fingers, and she arched her back. "Oh God, oh sweet, oh Falwell me, Falwell me now!"

And I did.—*M. A., Online*

History teaches that grave threats to liberty often come in times of urgency, when constitutional rights seem too extravagant to endure.—Justice Thurgood Marshall

LICKETY-SPLIT

My track record of moving from girl to girl has ended. I have finally found a woman who can make sex a different event every time. The following is just one trick she had up her sleeve. I have

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previously met women who have partially or completely shaved their pussy—ho hum. After the first time the novelty wears off and I'm looking for another variation. Gina took the next step. One night she told me that it had been a while since she shaved herself. I was thinking that she was starting to recycle old ideas, but as I said, I liked digging into shaven pussy the first time. So off to the shower she went. When she came out, I nearly fainted. She did not shave her pussy—she shaved her head.

My initial reaction was to scream, but I was starting to notice how beautiful her face really was. The only thing that I could muster through my lips was, "Why?"

"I'll show you," she said. So off to the bedroom we went. She had rented a tape of bald women having sex. She made me watch it for about half an hour before she left the bedroom. She came back with an assortment of delectable goodies on a tray.

"We can't eat all that," I said.

"You're not going to eat it, you're going to taste it," she replied. Without further ado she removed her robe and sat on the bed, Indian-style, with the tray of food next to her. "I want you to taste it from my head," she demanded. (I guess if you are reading this and you're not turned on, I'm one fucked-up person, because I had a serious chubby.)

She asked if I wanted to see something, and that's when she grabbed the champagne bottle and started to fuck herself with it.

I started with a raw egg. "Crack it on the tray, then dump it on my head," she ordered. And so I did. And the egg started to drip, held its ground for a few seconds, then slid down her head onto her shoulder, and fell to the bed. "Now lick what's left," she said. And so I did. Her head was smooth—so smooth that it didn't faze me that I was licking raw egg. I just kept licking. "Now wipe my head and surprise me with something else," she said. At this point I noticed she'd started to play with herself.

I decided next up was Jell-O. I dumped a whole bowl of cherry Jell-O on her bald dome, but only one of the cubes held. I sucked it off her head. She later told me that the feeling of the Jell-O running off her head was the best sensation of the night. That says a lot about the fucking I later administered. Regardless, I am not shaving my head to find out how good it feels to have food fall off it.

Then I grabbed a pint of Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream. By this time it was very soft, so it slid down her head slowly. If it had not been so cold, she would have liked it much better, but it still turned her on.

I continued dumping food on her head for about 20 minutes: Bosco, fruit salad, yogurt, salsa, honey, caramel topping, maraschino cherries. At one point I really thought I was going to throw up, but I can honestly say I never lost my wood.

Finally, Gina wanted to get out of the mess of a bed we'd created—she couldn't wait for me to fuck her. She leaned against her bureau so she could see her own bald head in the mirror, and watch me take her from behind. I fucked her like a champ. After about an hour—okay, I lied, after about six-and-a-half minutes—I was ready to blow my load. "Don't do it," she said. She quickly spun around and took my member into her mouth. In between strokes she said, "I want it on my scalp!"

Say no more, I thought. I pulled it out of her mouth and came more than ever. I cannot compete with the Johnny Holmeses of the world, but I have been known to spew a rather large load, and this was the biggest yet.

"Now lick it from my head," she said. Normally I do not oblige such a request. One time, following a blowjob in college, the blower decided to kiss me just after taking on my three ounces. All I remember is how thirsty it made me. Since then I'd given those who swallowed a ton of credit, but until this night I'd kept my come from my mouth. But once Gina said, "Do it now, it'll make me come," I just did it. After all, she'd shaved her head for me. The whole time I thought I would die from combining too much shit in my stomach. All I could think was that my autopsy was going to reveal that I died with three ounces of come in my stomach. But I did it, and Gina came, and we lived happily ever after.—*J. G., New York*

WHAT THE HELL!

When my friend asked me if I wanted to fuck his girlfriend, Catherine, I thought he was joking. However, Joe explained that he had always wanted to be with two women and Catherine was willing, but she wanted to have two men first. I said, "What the hell!"

A week or so later, Joe and Catherine showed up at my house. I led them into my room, and Joe asked me to put on a porn video, preferably one featuring a threesome. They were both on the bed, and I was sitting on the floor. Joe got up and went to the bathroom. Suddenly Catherine asked if Joe had spoken to me. I asked about what. She said, "You know ... are you interested?" "Yes," I stammered.

When Joe came back into the room, Catherine whispered in his ear and they began to make out. I was so nervous, watching them kiss passionately in my bed. Suddenly Joe pulled off Catherine's slacks and top. She was lying on my bed in just her underwear. Then off came her panties. Joe crawled between her legs and began to eat her shaved pussy. I leaned down and sucked one of her nipples, then the other. Then I stuck my tongue in her warm mouth. She reached up and rubbed my cock through my jeans.

Catherine unzipped my pants, took my cock in her mouth, and sucked me like there was no tomorrow. That was the best blowjob I've ever had. Meanwhile, Joe kept on licking her cunt. Then we all switched places on the floor. Catherine placed her head in Joe's lap and took his cock in her hot mouth. Her ass was up in the air, so I played with her soaked pussy and then slid my cock into her. She let out a moan, but she never let go of Joe's cock. I pumped her for all I was worth. She loved it! Finally when I couldn't take it anymore, I pulled my cock out and came all over her ass. We all lay there for a while exhausted, and then they left.—*L. U., Utah*

FLOOD WATERS

It was one of those cold nights, you know the kind, when you take a shower just to warm up a little. Well, that's exactly what I was doing, when all of a sudden the pressure gave out and no more water came out of the shower head. I knew it must be the pipes in the basement. They were old, as old as the crappy apartment I live in, and God knows how old that is.

I decided to get dressed and go down there to investigate the problem. When I got on the elevator there was a lady on board. We said hi, exchanged names, and found out we both had the same problem: no water. So off we went together to find a solution.

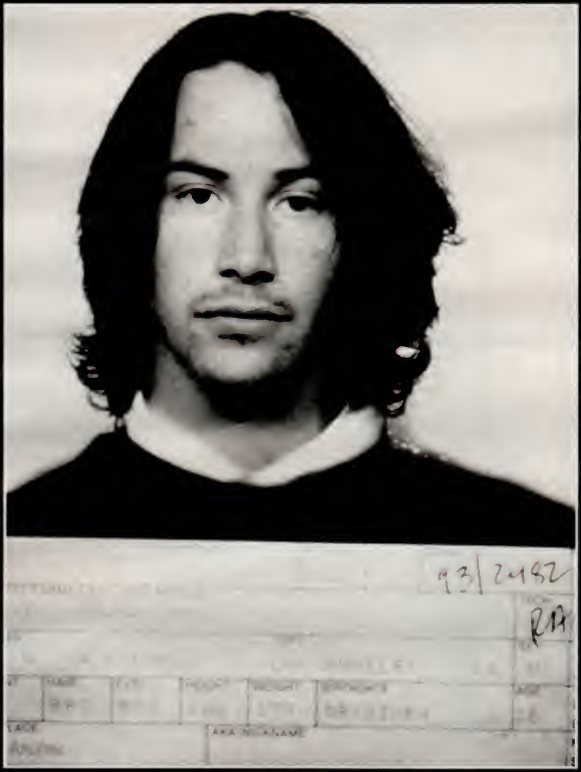
Well, I live on the 15th floor, and all the way down I couldn't stop looking at her. You know how it is, you think you're being sneaky, but then they catch you looking and you feel like an idiot. She was wearing a short black kimono that I swear just barely cov-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

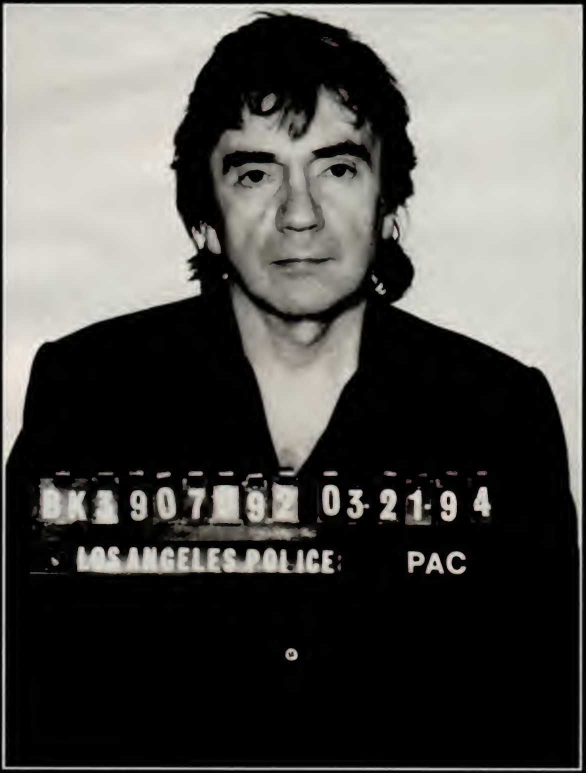
The crime, the arrest, the taking down of names and numbers, the emptying of pockets, the fingertips smeared in ink, and finally ...

MUG SHOTS

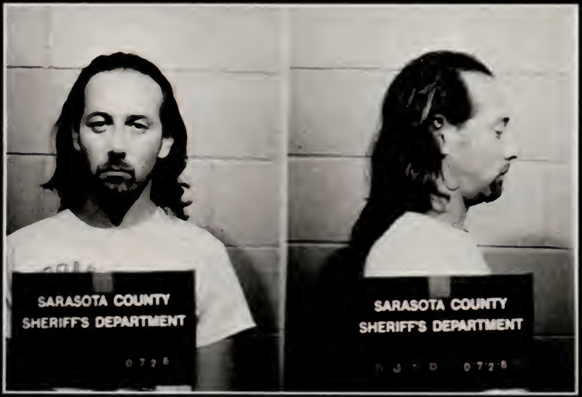
From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest.* Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)



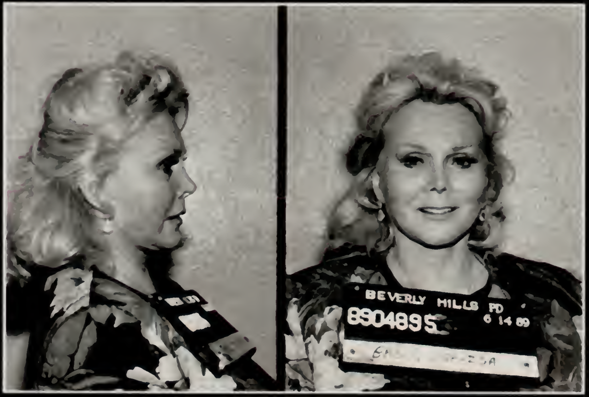
Keanu Reeves Arrested May 5, 1993. Charge: Driving under the influence. Released on his own recognizance. No record of further action.


BK 907 92 03-21-94
LOS ANGELES POLICE
PAC

Dudley Moore Arrested March 21, 1994. Charge: Suspicion of domestic violence on a co-habitant. Charge dropped by co-habitant.

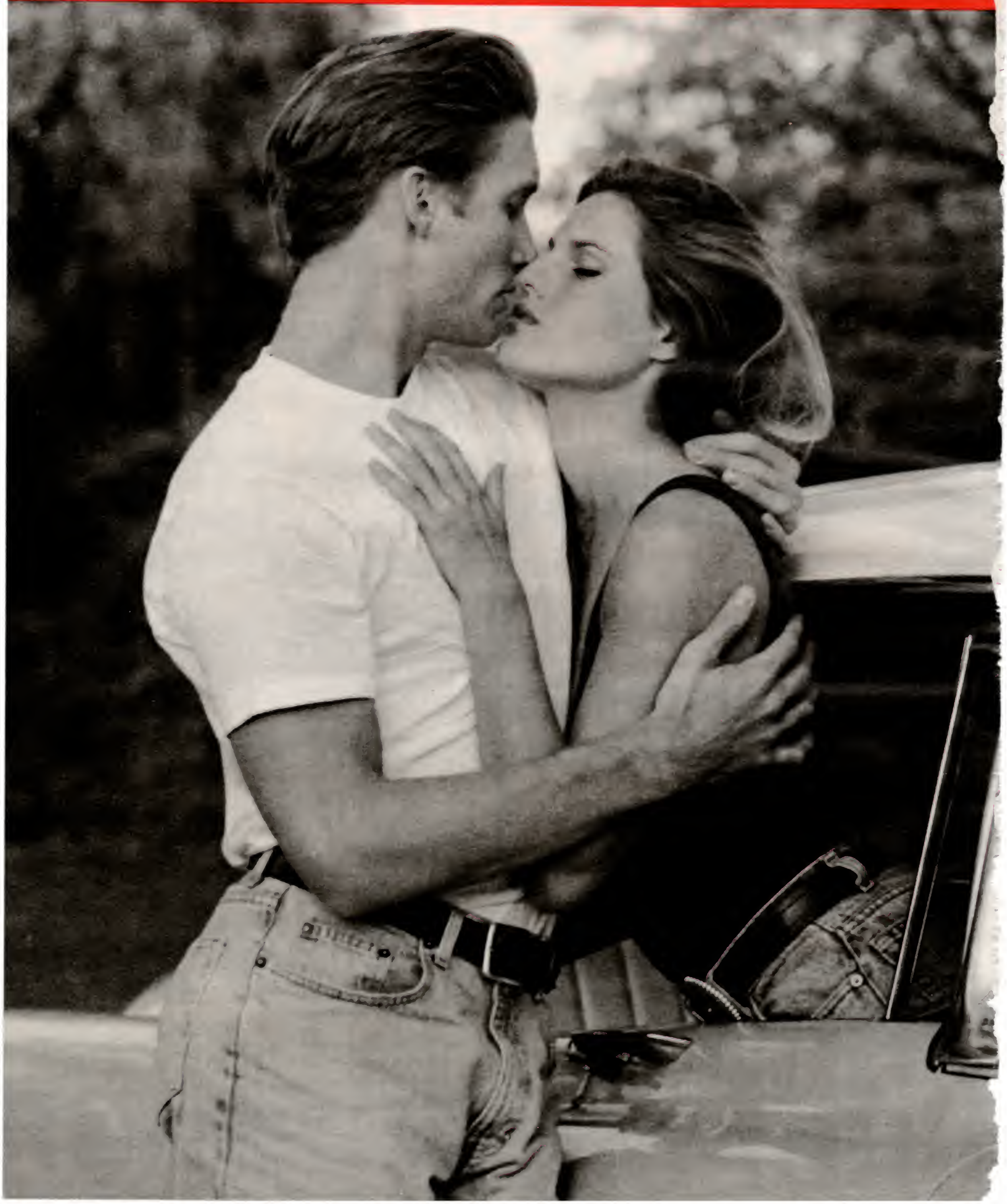

SARASOTA COUNTY
SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
SARASOTA COUNTY
SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Paul Reubens (Pee-wee Herman) Arrested July 26, 1991. Charge: Indecent exposure. Pleaded no contest to the charge. Required to pay a $50 fine and perform 75 hours of community service.


BEVERLY HILLS PD
8904895
6 14 89

Zsa Zsa Gabor Arrested June 14, 1989. Charge: Battery against an officer. Found guilty. Sentenced to spend 72 hours in jail, perform 120 hours of community service, and pay $13,000 in court costs.

Imagine...



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Travis Tritt

He's articulate, open-minded, and in demand for concert events like "Rock the Smokies." So why is he considered such a rebel?

Travis Tritt couldn't have picked a worse time to amble into Nashville. When his first single, "Country Club," was released in 1989—the beginning of country's new boom—the competition included talented newcomers Garth Brooks, Clint Black, and Alan Jackson. Yet Tritt distinguished himself early with his grits-'n'-gravel voice, and with a blend of "outlaw" Southern rock, traditional country honky-tonk, and rhythm and blues that had more in common with Hank Williams, Jr., than Hank senior. Unlike the modern-day cowboys—known collectively as "hat acts"—the long-haired, leather-clad Tritt looked to rock for his sartorial style, driving the point home by calling his 1992 concert series with Marty Stuart the "No Hats" tour.

Today, Tritt, at 33, looks every inch the blue-collar rebel. Yet he is surprisingly diversified in his music and complex in his personality, self-possessed enough to go head-to-head with R&B cyclone Patti LaBelle on a scorching soul standard, "When Something Is Wrong With My Baby," and to reunite the seventies country-rock band The Eagles for his video for "Take It Easy," from *Common Thread,* the Eagles tribute album. Tritt is also as comfortable with Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards as with country legend George Jones.

Since breaking into the business with ballads like "Help Me Hold On" and his cheeky signature tune, "Here's a Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares)," the singer-songwriter has sold more than ten million albums.

Interview by Alanna Nash • Photographs by Dan Borris

Born and reared in Marietta, Georgia, "before it was a suburb of Atlanta—more like country, out in the woods," James Travis Tritt was the older of two children, his sister, Sheilah, arriving six years later. Their father earned a living as a jack-of-all-trades, driving a potato-chip truck, managing a gas station, sorting mail at the Post Office. Their mother, who attended one of Patsy Cline's and Hawkshaw Hawkins's last shows while pregnant with Travis, was a homemaker and part-time bookkeeper.

Writing his first song ("Spend a Little Time") at 14 upon being dumped by a fickle girlfriend, Tritt was already serious about a future in music. At 24 he won a contract with Warner Bros. Records by virtue of some demo tapes he had recorded for a national talent contest, so surprising the label executives with his nervy insistence on selecting his album repertoire and his own singles that they granted his wishes—a move nearly unheard of in Nashville.

Predictably, Tritt's outspoken attitudes on music and the music business have cost him dearly in some ways—he's pretty much excluded from Nashville's hallowed inner circle—but he's racked up a couple of coveted honors, including the Country Music Association's Horizon Award (for Best New Artist) in 1991. That same year he and Marty Stuart won a Grammy (Best Country Vocal Collaboration) for their duet on "The Whiskey Ain't Workin'."

> You can have an outlaw persona, but that doesn't mean you have to be an asshole. If people ask me for an autograph, they get one.

Soon after, the awards stopped, even though Tritt's record sales remain at the gold and platinum levels. He's also still in demand for prestigious concert events like "Rock the Smokies," a ten-hour country-and-rock festival, sponsored by Skoal Music, to be held July 6 in Newport, Tennessee, where Tritt will share the stage with Hank Williams, Jr., the Charlie Daniels Band, .38 Special, Marty Stuart, and the Marshall Tucker Band. (Tickets available through TicketMaster.)

Our interview got under way in a hotel in Nashville, where Tritt had come from his 75-acre working farm in Powder Springs, Georgia, and registered as Morty Berkowitz. (His publicist says, "I swear, I think he has a Jewish alter ego.")

You're here in Nashville to accept a gold-album award from your record company. Do you have what you consider to be truly good friends here in this business?

Very few. One of the reasons, I guess, is because I don't live in Nashville. On purpose. The label almost demanded it at one point. But I felt that this was a place where I come to work. And if I'm going to be at home, I want to be someplace that feels like home. And I think the fact that I have spoken my mind about certain things in the past has alienated me in some ways from other artists.

Is that why the awards stopped?

I think so, because I became outspoken. Look back at my career. In 1991 I won the Horizon Award from the C.M.A. In other words, the C.M.A. considered me the most promising new artist in country music. But after that, zip.

This outlaw image is not something that I created. It's not even something that I started. I made a statement about somebody else's music, without regard for political correctness. And I was also involved in a controversy at NBC. I was "banned for life" from "The Tonight Show." And within a few weeks of that, Helen Kushnick, the executive producer of "The Tonight Show," lost her job. I was basically going with my heart in both situations. Unfortunately, my heart is directly connected to my mouth sometimes. And as a result of those two things, I've been branded as this controversial outlaw.

The statement you made was about Billy Ray Cyrus. You said, "I don't care for 'Achy Breaky Heart' or the video. And I don't want to see country music get to the point where it's turned into an ass-wiggling contest."

Yes. And I still stick by it. The interesting thing is that I heard at least ten other big artists in this business make the same comment behind closed doors. And after I made the comment publicly, the press asked them point-blank, "What do you think about what Travis said?" And they went exactly the opposite of what they'd said privately. They were so hypocritical it was amazing.

But they were scared of what it would do to their careers. So I paid the price for speaking my mind and breaking the cardinal rule in country music, which is, Don't say anything negative about anything or anybody.

You stick by it, but do you regret having said it?

No, if I had it to do over, I'd say it again. Because it was the truth. Although at the time the resulting outlaw brand bothered me. But since then I've come to carry that title with a lot of pride. Because I've had a lot of talks with people the title was originated for—Willie [Nelson], Waylon [Jennings], Johnny Cash, Charlie Daniels, and Hank [Williams], Jr. And every one of them said, "If they call you an outlaw, it means you're different, in a day and age when you turn on your radio and there's 20 new people trying to sound like Garth Brooks or George Strait."

We've got one of each of those people. We don't need 50 more.

You came into the business after playing clubs in the South for a few years. What was the roughest place you played?

There were two that were equally rough. One was a lounge that was connected to a very low-rent, run-down hotel where everything went on, from prostitution to drug deals. The other place that I played was a semi-biker-bar. That was one of those places where you make a mental note of where all of the exits are right off the bat, because you know you're going to have to use them.

But I learned more in those two places than I did in any other place that I played in, because the people who come there don't care about the music. They're there to drink and shoot the shit with their buddies. And to get their attention and hold it for any period of time took a lot of experimentation.

Your live show is very high-energy, pin-'em-to-the-wall. I wasn't quite prepared for it the first time I saw it.

The most frequent comment I hear from people, especially younger people who never really listened to country music, is, "We don't like country music, but we like you." I think it's a combination of the kind of music that I do mixed with the type of show that I do. Before I got my record contract I went to see everybody from Willie Nelson to George Jones to Aerosmith and ZZ Top and Bob Seger. And most of the country-music shows were fairly boring in comparison to the rock shows. Now, I loved Waylon, growing up, always have. He had some rock energy, and Willie did too. But I guess where I got turned on more to that kind of thing was Hank Williams, Jr. In concert, he might do a cover of anything from "Walk This Way" by Aerosmith to ZZ Top's "La Grange." You never knew what Hank was going to do. It was always exciting. And I think that's where I saw more of a big melting pot of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

How to stay young, vigorous, smart, and sexy for the rest of your life

BODYBUILDING: MUSCLES AND DRUGS

First came steroids, then human growth hormone—"gorilla juice," as the gym rats call it. Now, for those who would build muscles with drugs, comes I.G.F.-1 (insulin-like growth factor–1), which, according to gym lore, works much like growth hormone, only more so. I.G.F.-1 is being sold—at *$600* a vial—out of car trunks near California's Muscle Beach, and passed along in brown paper bags at gyms. Those who use it claim tremendous results in increasing stamina and pumping up muscle mass.

But experts are sounding loud warnings about I.G.F.-1. "It's extremely dangerous," says Eric Sternlicht, Ph.D., a U.C.L.A. kinesiologist and trainer of champion bodybuilders. "Much more so than steroids. In excess, it can lead to insulin resistance, diabetes, osteoporosis, kidney disease, and indirectly to atherosclerosis and vision problems." But what if you take it in small doses? "The guy who's buying it on the black market," says Sternlicht, "is probably getting too much. And if he's taking it in combination with growth hormone"—as many juicers do—"the dangers are tripled."

Sternlicht's advice is blunt: "Avoid I.G.F.-1 at all costs."

MYSTERY SYMPTOMS

If you've got pains doctors can't explain, you're not alone. In one study more than half the people who went to the doctor had symptoms for which no cause could be found. But frustrating as these mystery symptoms can be, the word from Holland is that help is available.

Anne Speckens, Ph.D., and her colleagues at University Hospital in Leiden worked with a group of 79 patients who suffered from a variety of unexplained ills. Forty of the patients got conventional medical treatment. The other 39 got six to 16 sessions of cognitive behavioral therapy. In these sessions therapists helped patients identify the "unhealthy thinking" that was producing the symptoms, then gave them techniques they could use on their own to break "the vicious cycles of the symptoms and their consequences."

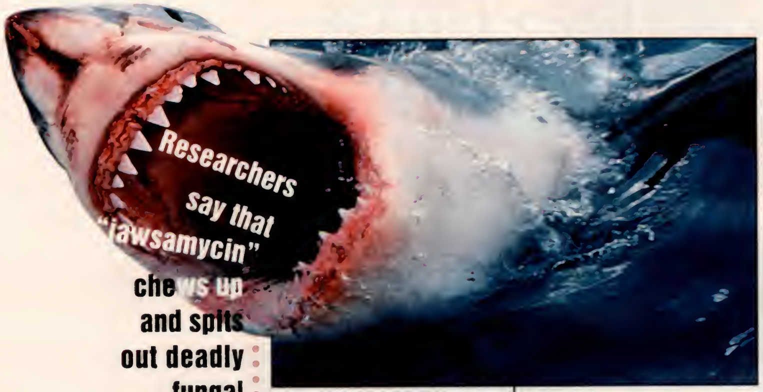
In the end the patients who got psychological help came out ahead. Eighty-two percent of those patients were either fully recovered or noticeably improved. Among the patients who got medical help alone, only 64 percent were recovered or improved. This sort of psychotherapy, the scientists conclude, is "feasible and more effective than optimized medical care" in patients suffering from mystery symptoms.

M.S. VIRUS?

Just what causes multiple sclerosis is a mystery, but its symptoms—numbness, blurred vision, muscle weakness—are all too well known to sufferers, and quite debilitating.

For some time scientists have suspected that a virus may trigger the autoimmune assault on nerves' protective sheath that results in M.S. Now a team from PathoGenesis Corporation in Seattle may have found the culprit: a human herpesvirus known as H.H.V.-6. When they looked at the brains of healthy people or

Men's Health & Fitness



Researchers say that "jawsamycin" chews up and spits out deadly fungal infections.

patients with other neurological diseases, they found no evidence of this virus. But signs of H.H.V.-6 showed up in 80 percent of the 15 M.S. patients they examined. Evidence of other viruses in the M.S. patients: zero.

One of the clinchers, say the PathoGenesis researchers, would be to see if an antiviral drug aimed at H.H.V.-6 has an impact on M.S. patients. In the meantime other experts are hailing the PathoGenesis study as possibly a "landmark discovery."

"JAWSAMYCIN"

Fungal infections can be nasty and difficult to treat, but now a team of British scientists may be on the track of a cure. Because the chemical formula for their lab-created therapeutic molecule looks like a row of shark's teeth, the researchers have dubbed it "jawsamycin."

At Imperial College in London, chemist Anthony G. M. Barrett, Ph.D., and his colleagues were looking for a way to attack a fungal infection caused by *Aspergillus fumigatus*. While not normally dangerous, this fungus can kill people with weakened immune systems—AIDS patients, for example, or people undergoing chemotherapy for cancer.

Jawsamycin does kill the aspergillus fungus in test tubes, but as yet the molecule has undergone no human trials. Instead, Barrett's team is using it as a springboard to develop drugs that can attack a wider range of fungal infections. These include (among others) *Candida albicans,* a major source of long-term disease in humans, and *Pneumocystis carinii,* which causes the pneumonia that often kills people with AIDS. A possible bonus, says Barrett: Molecules based on jawsamycin "interfere with cholesterol redistribution and may be of use in treating atherosclerosis."

TREADMILLS VS. RIDERS

Which gives you a better workout: the old reliable treadmill or the newer-fangled aerobic riders? That depends. According to the American Council on Exercise (A.C.E.), the more fit you are, the better off you'll be using the treadmill. If you're less fit, though, the rider can do you just as well.

Scientists at California State University in Northridge compared results from riders and treadmills, using seven young women (ages 21 to 28) of varying fitness levels as volunteers. When the women worked out on riders, they got similar results. But the fitter women got much greater benefits from the treadmills, which required at least 50 percent more oxygen consumption and burned 25 to 50 percent more calories. "In other words," concluded the A.C.E., "you can only work out so hard on the aerobic riders. Once you reach a higher level of fitness, you may not be able to get a strenuous enough workout on an aerobic rider."

At the same time riders encountered some disturbing side effects. More than half the women reported forearm tightness after using the riders, while five out of seven experienced back pain (they had no previous history of back problems). No one reported any such pains after using a treadmill.

The bottom line, according to the A.C.E.: If you're not highly fit, it's fine to start out on an aerobic rider. But once your fitness improves, "you may have to graduate to another type of exercise."—*J. Garrard*

CRACKING THE COLD CODE

The next time your nose is buried in a mound of Kleenex and you're about to O.D. on cherry-flavored lozenges, this may cheer you up a bit: Scientists at Yale are starting to understand how, on a molecular level, viruses cause the common cold.

Turns out, according to Jack A. Elias, M.D., of the Yale School of Medicine and Yale–New Haven Hospital, that when a cold virus strikes, it activates a family of molecules called N.F.K.B. transcription factors. Then the N.F.K.B.'s stimulate production of a group of immune-system chemicals called cytokines, which actually trigger those annoying cold symptoms.

So does this mean there's finally a cure in sight? "There's no 100-percent guarantee," says Elias. But substances that block N.F.K.B. "can be used in the future to control the intensity, duration, and severity of the common cold."—*J. Garrard*

FAT FIGHT

Olestra, the newly famous fat substitute from Procter & Gamble, has recently been approved by the F.D.A. Olestra—which will be marketed under the brand name Olean—is made by a secret process that combines vegetable oil and table sugar.

But the Center for Science in the Public Interest, a Washington, D.C.–based consumer-advocacy group, has a big beef with Olestra. An outraged Michael Jacobson, Ph.D., C.S.P.I.'s executive director, says, "Olestra may be fat-free, but it has a [potentially serious] side effect: It attaches to valuable nutrients in the bloodstream and flushes them out of the body. Some of these nutrients appear to protect us from such diseases as lung cancer, prostate cancer, heart disease, and an eye ailment called macular degeneration." In addition, says Jacobson, even at low doses, consumers may be hit with abdominal cramping and diarrhea.

A Procter & Gamble spokesperson says, "If Olestra foods posed a serious hazard to your health, the F.D.A. obviously would not have approved it." The C.S.P.I. contention has "been reviewed and soundly rejected by the F.D.A., the National Institutes of Health, the National Cancer Institute, and the National Eye Institute."—*J. Garrard*

Sniffle no more! Scientists at Yale have found what triggers cold symptoms.

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TRITT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

people. You'd go to Hank's shows and there were bikers and rednecks and cowboys and straitlaced country-music people and hippies, and the whole deal just thrown in together. And they all had a great time.

Did you want to be Hank junior?

There probably was a period in the eighties where I would have wanted to be Hank, or be like Hank. I studied him. Over time, though, I started seeing things I didn't like. He had a way of hurting and turning his back on the fans who loved him so much—not putting on a decent show, walking out and giving the crowd the finger. And a lot of people out there didn't care. They would have drank his bath water no matter what he did. And it was a turn-off for me, because I was sitting there thinking, "These are the people who got you where you are."

That's an important thing for a young performer to realize.

Well, I think it's a mind-set. You can have an outlaw persona, but that doesn't mean you have to be an asshole. Sometimes I think it's very silly for a complete grown-up to ask for an autograph on a napkin that I know is going to end up in the bottom of somebody's sock drawer, but if people ask me for an autograph, they're going to get one.

Your autobiography, Ten Feet Tall and Bulletproof, *is more of an industry manual than a life story. What kind of kid were you?*

My maternal grandfather, J. T. Merritt, is a pastor in the Assembly of God church in Marietta, Georgia. So my mother made sure that I was in church every time the doors were open. I tried my best to follow that path of teaching, which I think contributed to alienating me from a lot of the other people my age. On top of that I was kind of an introvert. I was very shy. My only form of real expression was my music. Even that was very repressed for a long time, because my father thought that playing music was something sissies did.

Starting in the fourth grade, I used the guitar to introduce myself to every other person I met. All the other people in the church, and my mother, very much encouraged me in my music. Even my grandfather. He wasn't thrilled when I said, at 22 years old, "I'm quitting my job in heating and air-conditioning sales and I'm going to go play clubs and bars." But he just said, "I put him in God's hands." He always believed that things would turn out good. On the other hand my dad said, "When I was growing up, the only people who played guitar were too lazy to get out and work."

Is part of your drive an attempt to show him you could do it?

Very much so. When I was a kid it was like, "Dad says I'm never going to make it as a musician, so I'm probably not." But even at that age I knew that I wanted to grow up to be somebody, and do something big, and make a lot of money, just so I could come back and say, "See, Dad, I told you I wasn't going to turn out to be a nothing."

You didn't write the song "I'm Gonna Be Somebody," which was written by songwriter Jill Colucci, but you might as well have.

That was my life story. I think that song gives people a lot of inspiration. Tracy Lawrence told me that he was sitting in the second row of one of my concerts, and that song had just come out. And he said in the middle of the song he stuck his fist in the air and went, "You're exactly right. I'm going to be somebody too." And that was the thing that made him decide to come to Nashville.

To make it in this business you've got to have that willingness to go up against anybody and say, "I'm going to do this in spite of what people think." My dad is a great supporter now. He's the first to admit I proved him wrong.

How bad did it get between you? Did it come to blows?

Oh yeah. My parents ended up getting a divorce when I was 15 years old, and then remarried each other when I was 18. But I felt largely responsible for driving my parents apart, because my father and I had a direct conflict, right down to threatening to kill each other. He left after one big confrontation, and I said, "I'm not going to be here when he gets back." And my mother said, "Maybe it's time that we all just go." So I took a lot of that blame on myself.

But it was good for me. I had to go to work to bring home some money. So I left there a child and came back a man.

How did their divorce color your own perception of marriage? You got married right after your parents got back together?

Yes. I got married basically to get out of the house, because once the family got back together I still had conflict with my father. And at the time I was very much in love. My father screamed and preached that this was the wrong move, and that it would never last. And he was right. But I had to do it anyway. I think I tried my best to make the marriage work when I knew it was doomed, just to get back at him. But there was no way that I could keep my sanity and stay in that relationship just to prove something to my father.

According to your book, there was a period when you were experimenting with drugs fairly heavily.

It became a problem for a short time. I was playing clubs, and I knew I had at least a singles deal pending with

Warner Brothers. But things got held up. I signed with them in late 1987. And I started recording in late '88. But my first single didn't come out until the fall of '89. I was doing six sets a night, trying to keep that high energy up for all of my local fans as well as the people at the label. And to help deal with that I started taking speed, and pills to keep me awake. After the word finally came down that the single was scheduled to be released and they were going to send me out on tour to radio stations, I realized I could blow the only chance I'd ever had to make a dream come true. And I stopped right there, cold turkey.

I've been fortunate in that I am so much of a control freak that I can usually get rid of anything I see as a potential detriment to me. I'll be damned if I was going to screw up a career over a bottle of pills.

In many ways, you're the opposite of the macho man that your father wanted you to be. And yet one of the tabloids reported that you shot a dog some years back.

First of all, I've always been a tremendous dog lover. I've got five dogs at home right now. But yes, there was a situation in '84. I had a pit bull that was the sweetest dog you could ever imagine. I was living in a subdivision, and I had my backyard fenced in, and this one stray chow kept jumping over my fence. And my dog ended up pregnant. At the time I was working in clubs and making no money, so I couldn't afford to have her spayed. And here I had eight puppies, and I had to pay for the cost of worming and everything else puppies need, and then I had to try to find good homes for them. We have a leash law in Georgia, and every time I saw the chow, I called the pound. But by the time they'd get there, he would jump over the fence and be gone. This went on for months and months. And my dog got pregnant for the third time.

Well, one particular morning this dog turned up in my yard again. So I got a piece of rope, and I went to tie him to a tree. And when I tried to get close to him, he started growling and snapping and raising cain. So I thought, "There's nothing I can do with this dog." I knew if the dog was taken to the pound, they were going to put it to sleep anyway. So I went back inside and I got a gun, and I shot the dog. I hated to do it, but I felt like I had no choice. I was standing outside in my underwear when I shot him, and I went back upstairs to get dressed. But when I went outside to bury the dog, it was gone. I thought it was dead, but it had managed to crawl underneath my neighbor's car. And my neighbor called the Humane Society and the police. And the next thing I knew, the Humane Society said they were charging me with cruelty to animals.

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Normally, that's a misdemeanor. But there was a lady, an avid member of the Humane Society, who lived down the street. And she thought that I just up and shot a dog for no reason. She wrote letters to the judge, asking for any other charges that could be brought against me. So they came up with "discharging a firearm within 50 yards of a public street"—reckless endangerment. And that was a felony.

I'd never had any kind of problems with the law before. And if the judge could have made the felony charge stick, she would have given me six months in jail and a $5,000 fine and 300 hours of community service. Fortunately, I was able to prove that I was 70 yards away [from the street], so by the letter of the law I was outside of the restrictions. The judge threw the book at me anyway—gave me six months probation, which I served. And I had to pay a $2,000 fine, and do 200 hours of community service.

I feel like I got railroaded by the court system. But actually there's a funny postscript to this story. One of the pleas that I entered to keep from serving jail time was the fact that I was working on a music career, and had some possibilities there. When my attorney mentioned that, everybody just kind of laughed. But several years later a judge who was running against my judge asked me to perform at a fund-raiser, which I did. And he ended up beating my judge. So I ended up getting revenge, I think.

Let's get back to the music. Some people think your music declined into formula after the second album—that you figured out what worked and just stayed with it instead of concentrating on growth.

The way the business is set up, you're only as big as your last hit. And with all the new people and new things happening out there, once you find your niche and what works for you, you become very scared to get away from it. If you look at the people who've tried that—Reba McEntire, for example—they've gotten trashed for it. I could try to do something completely different, but I've figured out what my fans like and expect from me. Every album I've ever done has been platinum, so I must be doing something right.

Actually, we're working on a new album right now, to come out in August. Don Was is the producer. Everybody at my label has been saying, "Radio is screaming for you to do a really country album." Well, the first thing I have to do is sit down and figure out what country *is* these days. But we're going to go in and strip it down and simplify our approach. In other words, instead of having a huge roster of musicians, we'll use a band of five or six people, and cut everything live, with very little overdubbing. It's a completely different sound for me.

Kenny Rogers, with whom you appeared in Rio Diablo, *has become more a professional personality than a musician. Is there a danger of acting doing that to you?*

No, because I'm not pursuing the acting as a mainstay in my life. So many times these days you see people in music, and especially country music, get shoved in front of a camera and told to act, based on the fact that they've had a few hit records. And most of those people can't act. I never knew that I could, until the "Anymore" video. They sent me that script, and I couldn't believe that an idea so powerful had come out of a song that I had written. But it was one of the scariest things I've ever done. One, because it was my first time to do any real acting, and two, because I was portraying a disabled American veteran. And I played that role around people who actually were disabled veterans, for four days, in a V.A. hospital in Murfreesboro, [Tennessee]. My reaction before I went in was, "What if these Vietnam veterans come up to me and go, 'Who does this kid think he is, trying to play one of us? Hell, he's never even spent a day in the service. And he's got two perfectly good legs, and we're in these wheelchairs for life.' "

But I went in two days early to start working in a wheelchair. And these guys were not only cordial, they were supportive. They helped me in every way. They'd say, "No, your posture's not right in the wheelchair. If you were actually disabled, this is how you would sit." And, "No, you need to position your legs differently.... If you were going to fall out of the chair, this is how you would fall." I learned so much. And when the cameras weren't rolling, they were telling me stories about Vietnam. They just seemed to be so happy to have somebody to tell their stories to, and to have somebody to listen.

What did you make of the Kenny Rogers phone-sex scandal, his private telephone-sex hookup with girls around the country?

I think it was a combination of boredom mixed in with a mid-life crisis. It's one of those situations where you have to know what you want in life. I've been married and divorced twice. And I've been with a lot of wonderful women. But at some point you have to realize that if you're just out there for sex, that's one thing. If you're looking for a true companion, that's another. And it takes an awful lot of searching to find that person. Most men in America will never be in the position of a Kenny Rogers—or even a Travis Tritt, for that matter—in that they can go out and chase their fantasies. I did it for a long time, because entertainers are sort of perpetual adolescents.

There was a period where you got an AIDS test every two months?

Yeah. I played Russian roulette every day, running around having unprotected sex. It was every fantasy I ever dreamt. And looking back on that now, I'm glad it happened. First of all, I'm fortunate to still be alive. But more important, I learned a tremendous lesson from it—the fantasy of sex is always better than the reality. And once the fantasy has become reality, you don't have much left.

Were you living a completely wanton rock-'n'-roll life?

Well, you might say it was adult kindercare, the adult adolescence that I went after as a result of who I was. You've got to look at where I come from—of being a shy, withdrawn kid, brought up in the Assembly of God church—as compared to what I was thrust into. I never had the gift of gab, never really could talk to people, and therefore didn't date a whole lot. Never gave myself the opportunity to be rejected, and married the girl that I gave my virginity to. I expected that to be my whole life. Then I went 180 degrees into a situation where every night I'm walking off stage and there are 15 or 20 girls who are the equivalent of the homecoming queens of my high school, and they're literally throwing themselves at me. And man, I was like an inmate just being released from prison [after] 20 years. I lived a very decadent lifestyle. And I don't regret any of it. I was reaching out there and grabbing ahold of something I had been deprived of my entire life and felt that I needed.

I read that you have a fairly big gay following. Does that surprise you?

I was stunned by it, actually. But never offended by it.

Every night there are 15 or 20 girls who are the equivalent of homecoming queens, and they're literally throwing themselves at me.

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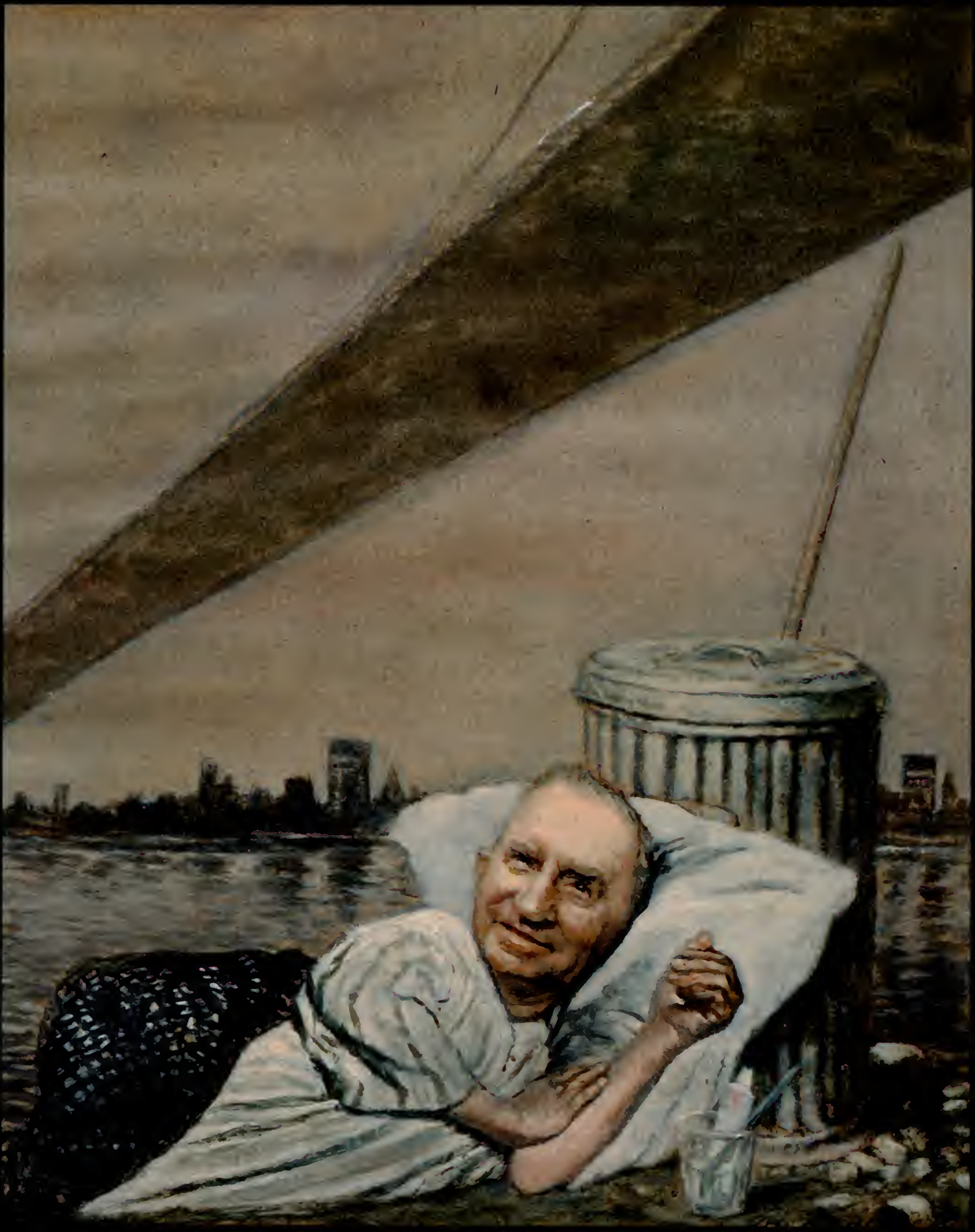
Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 157.
Ross Perot.



"I will cut the grass. I will take out the trash. I will sleep under a bridge."
—Ross Perot, earlier this year, in Dallas, on what he would do if asked to run for president.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

ered her butt, and that's all, because I could make out one of her nipples through the silk, and her breasts were perfectly shaped, like two softballs wrapped in beautifully tanned skin. She had blonde hair down to the middle of her back, and the face of a goddess. She told me her name was Sasha, and she had just moved to the United States from Russia and couldn't wait to see the sights. I kind of laughed to myself, because I thought, *Boy, I'd like to show you a sight or two.*

By the time we reached the basement, we knew each other pretty well. I guess I should be glad for slow elevators after all. Well, the basement had flooded pretty good, but the water was warm enough to walk in. As we headed toward the busted pipe, Sasha began to slip. I tried to catch her but it was too late. She tumbled onto an old deck chair that was being stored there. That's when I saw the rest of her. God, she was beautiful—perfectly tanned with beautiful breasts, and her pussy was shaved just right. She giggled a little, then pulled me on top of her. I kissed her long and hard, and we both began to tongue each other's mouth forcefully. I began feeling her nipples until they were as hard as nails, then went down on her.

The second I saw him in the back of the room, I knew I would fuck him like he'd never been fucked before.

She screamed, "Bite my clit!" and I was eager to oblige. Her pussy was perfect. Her lips were just right, and when I passed my tongue over her clit, she moaned and screamed my name. God, I felt like a stud. After about ten minutes of my eating her pussy, she began begging me to fuck her, and finally she pulled me up until my cock was just on the outer edge of her pussy. I was dripping come, so it slid in easily, and that's when she really began to scream, "Oh God, fuck me hard!"

I rammed my cock between her legs. We must have fucked for about ten minutes, and whenever I started to come, she put her nails into my back just enough to make me stop. After another two minutes, nothing was going to stop me from coming, and just when I was ready, she pulled out my cock and began sucking all of me right into her mouth. I saw a little drip out of the corner of her mouth, but she licked it back up. We were both sopping wet and needed to dry off; since my apartment was closer, we went there. All the way up on the elevator we were rubbing each other and getting ready to make love again.

Finally we reached my apartment, and it was a good thing, too, because I was just about to explode. When we got inside, I asked her if she was hungry and she said yes, so I made something simple to eat and poured us each a glass of champagne.

After we had drunk all the champagne and eaten all the food, she asked if I wanted to see something. I said yes, and that's when she reached for the champagne bottle and began to fuck herself with it. I was in heaven, because this had always been a fantasy of mine and here I was right in the middle of it. I just watched as she fucked herself for about four minutes. In and out, in and out, the bottle went, and with each thrust she moaned louder and louder. I swear, I was almost going to come just watching her fuck herself. Finally I asked if I could join in, and she screamed, "Eat my pussy, now!"

This time I used the bottle on her cunt, and began to lick her and suck her clit and tickle it. She said she was going to come, she was so hot, and all of a sudden her pussy started dripping hot, steamy juice. I couldn't take it anymore, and I shoved my cock in her mouth. She deep-throated it all and stayed like that, just tickling it with her tongue. Next, she started to lick under my nuts, you know, that place between your ass and nuts—God, that felt good. I told her not to stop, but when I was ready to come, she stopped and told me to fuck her. She bent over doggie-style, and I pounded that pussy with all I had. She reached back to spread her ass cheeks so I could see her pussy better, thrashed her long hair back and forth, and called out my name. Finally, when I was ready to come, she made me pull it out and come on her ass. When I was done, she reached back and took some into her mouth to suck it down.

This was one of the greatest nights of my life. She said she would always remember what we had, and then she left. I would have loved her to stay around, possibly forever.—*J. M., Arizona*

STROKE OF MIDNIGHT

It was about 11:55 on New Year's Eve. Some friends and I had decided to check out a party at a local lesbian bar. The D.J. had just announced that it was almost midnight, and Dina, the beautiful woman who'd been hitting on me for the past hour, asked me if I wanted to go with her to a better spot for the countdown. She took me by the hand, our fingers interlocked, and escorted me to the darkest corner of the club. It was very crowded. When she stopped, she arranged us so that we were facing each other. My face was buried in her voluptuous breasts. At the stroke of midnight she threw her arms around me, embraced me passionately, and asked if she could kiss me. I said yes, not knowing how incredibly feverish this kiss was going to be.

When she drew back and gazed into my eyes, my knees grew weak and my heart pounded like a bass drum. Slowly, she lowered her head to me again and plunged her tongue deep into the back of my mouth. My pussy instantaneously melted. I was holding her elbows in my palms, then found my arms gradually moving to encircle her neck and finally palming the back of her head while I tried desperately to tickle her tonsils with my tongue. We petted and necked in that corner for almost 30 minutes. She asked me where I was staying that night. I replied, "With you."

We immediately went for the door and out to her car. I was caressing her ass the whole time. I was so fucking horny; I knew that if she touched my soaking-wet pussy I would explode. We kissed at every stoplight en route to her apartment. When we got there she led me to her bedroom. One wall was completely covered with mirrors. Dina positioned herself behind me, facing the mirrors, and pulled my hair off my neck, kissing and licking me and nibbling my ears. I reached both arms around her and pulled her in to me. I could feel her pussy pulsating on the arch of my ass. I hiked up her dress as high as I could, revealing her pussy and her ass. She hadn't been wearing panties all night.

Dina pulled off my jacket and the little bustier I was wearing, exposing my cute, petite tits and totally erect nipples. She began to cuddle them, and asked me if I was enjoying myself. Without reply, I promptly pulled off my miniskirt and thong, swung around, threw my arms around her neck, and dove deeply into her mouth. I ran my arms down her back, grasped her perfect ass, and pulled her pussy into my abdomen.

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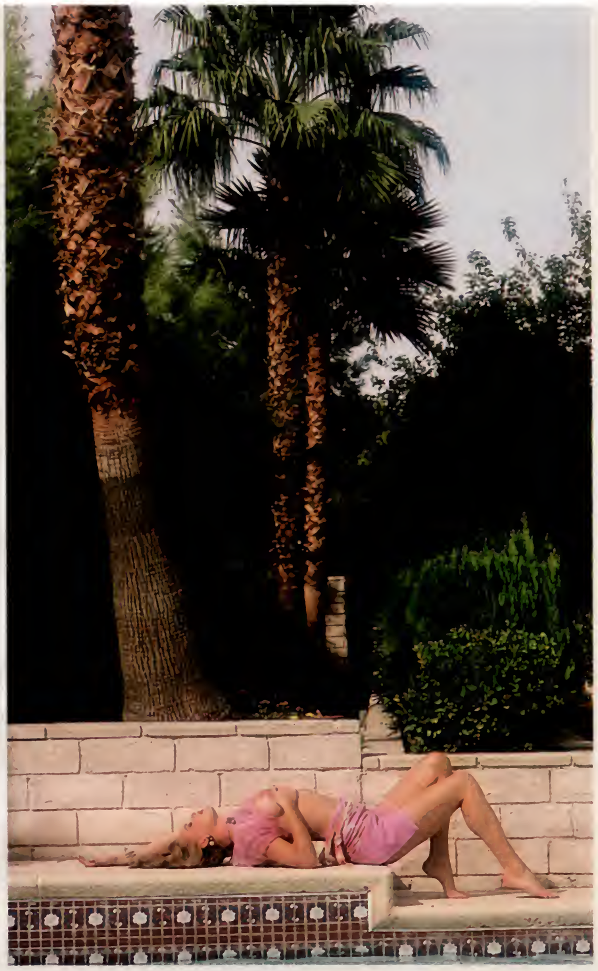


CELESTE

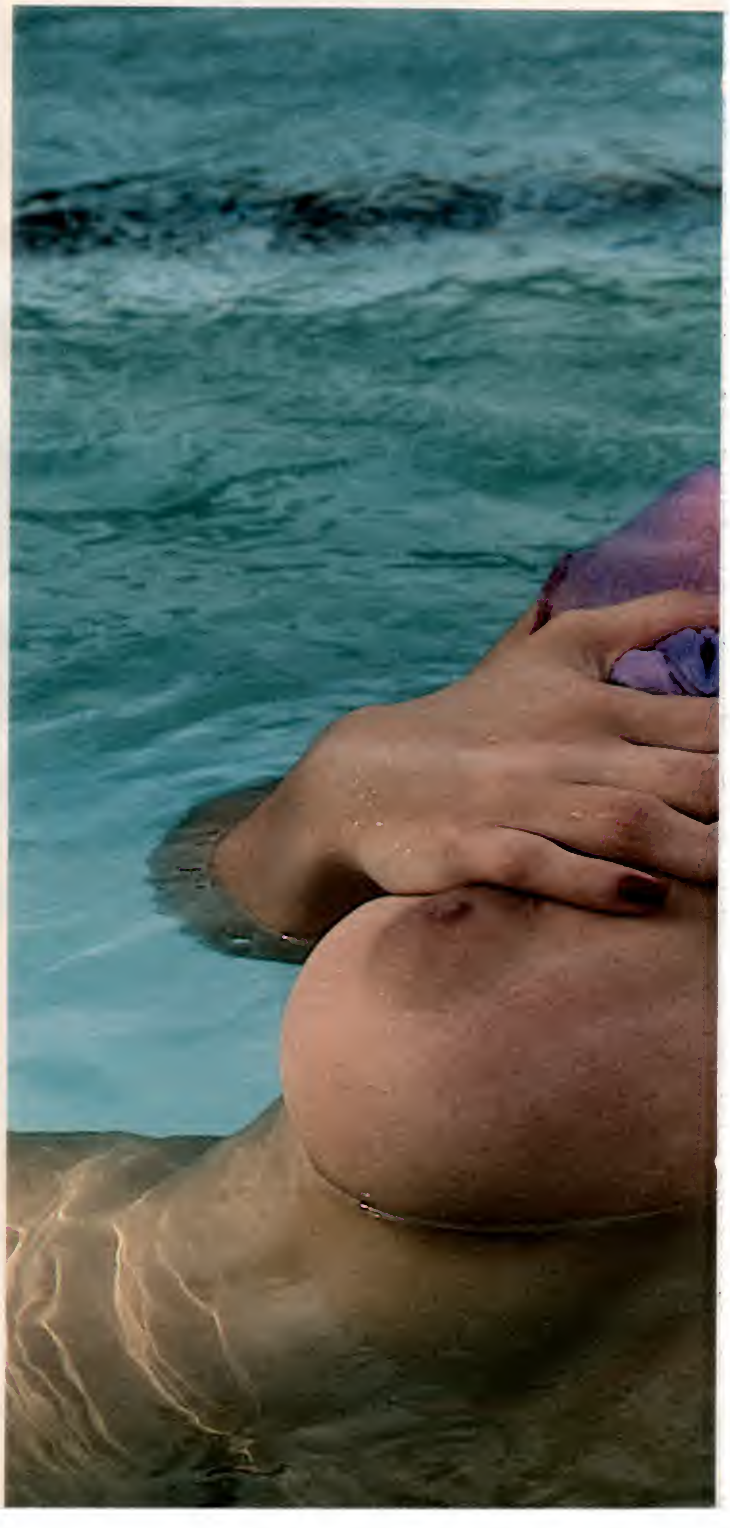
❛The hottest kiss I ever had was with another woman. Even though it didn't go any farther, it had a tremendous impact on me.❜

EARTH ANGEL

Twenty-five-year-old Celeste Jean, our July Pet of the Month, may well be the embodiment of the expression "an angel flying too close to the ground," but this beautiful blue-eyed blonde is happy to admit she's down to earth. "People never see the true me at first," she tells us. "I can be kind of shy around new acquaintances, especially because people judge me before I get a chance to say a word, just because of how I look. Some people think that if a woman looks a certain way or dresses in a sexy manner she must be a gold digger on the lookout for a sugar daddy, but I really just want to spend time with someone who's sincere, loving, attentive, and happy with what he does for a living, whether it's blue-collar or white-collar. Fortunately, I've found that once I start talking to people I have no problem altering those wrong first impressions."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN TANG

"A boyfriend and I made love in a vineyard under the stars and moon."



Our Independence Day Pet calls New York City home, but she was born and raised in Seattle. "I came to New York to go to the Fashion Institute of Technology," the 34-24-34 Celeste says. "I loved Seattle, and it's a great city for people my age, but I've always been interested in studying fashion. I think I'd like to get into merchandising or buying eventually, but for now I'm just taking classes and focusing on my modeling career."

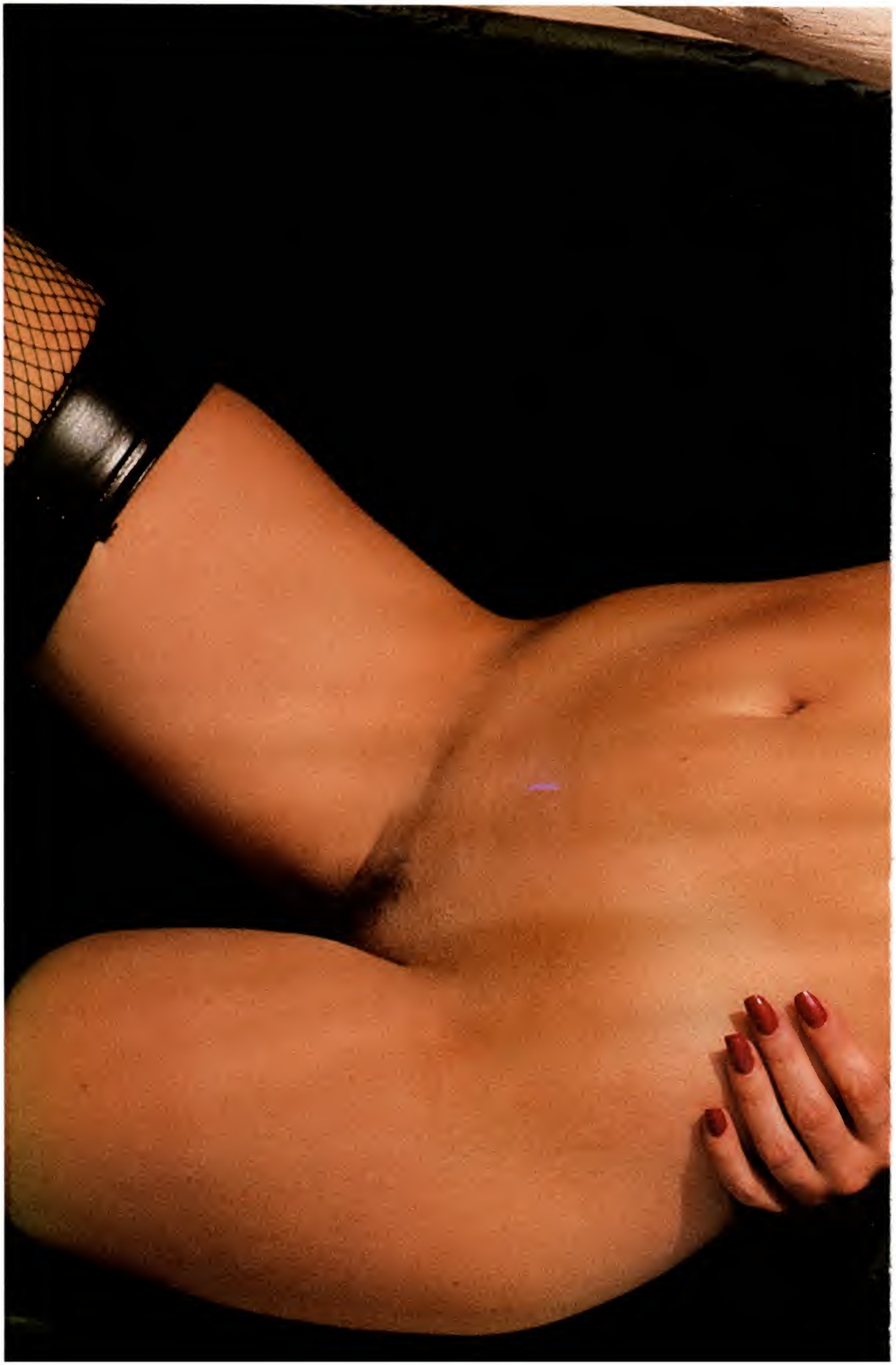
"I've done print modeling, runway work, and even a couple of music videos, but being in *Penthouse* is the biggest thrill. It's a wonderful magazine for a model to be in because the photography is outstanding, and I get to reveal a side of myself that's usually hidden from view."

"Modeling has taken me all over Europe," Celeste adds, "but for every new place I visit, there are ten other places I want to travel to. I hope to see all the world, and I'm doing it one city at a time. I'm having a great time, and some of my favorite sexual experiences have happened overseas, like when I was in Italy last year. A boyfriend and I made love in the middle of a vineyard under the stars and moon."

Outdoor swimming pool courtesy of John Miller

❛Being in Penthouse *is the biggest thrill. I get to reveal a side of myself that's usually hidden from view.❜*

MISS CELESTE JEAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"The hottest *kiss* I ever had was when I made out with another woman. Even though it didn't go any farther, it had a tremendous impact on me."

Leather and PVC outfits courtesy of XTC Leather of New York; airplane and 1955 Chevy courtesy of Raymond Pistol/Showgirl Video.

"In my free time I like to exercise, dance, go horseback riding, or read—especially books by real storytellers like Anne Rice, Charles Dickens, and even Danielle Steel—and I watch ice hockey and soccer games," Celeste says. "But my favorite pastime is hanging out with my family and friends. I always make time for that, because it's such an important part of my life. It helps keep me grounded, and my family and friends have made me who I am." Judging from the results, they did an amazing job.

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MILITARY *affairs*

Our senior military leaders are frequently whipsawed between the domestic and foreign-policy agendas of the president and those of the so-called loyal opposition in Congress. Isn't this the American way? Policies affecting the armed forces are adopted only after full, free, and open debate. Unfortunately, the true purpose of much military legislation—and appropriation of funds into the billions—is to pay off some political constituency, deflect criticism by an interest group, or enable a political crony to claim insider status.

The danger is that in an era of budget squeeze the armed forces' capability is compromised by the waste foisted on them for venal or ideological reasons. In addition to forcing the armed forces to buy aircraft they neither need nor can use in any realistic scenario, this boondoggling leads to the investment of thousands of precious man-hours in tasks that diminish combat readiness.

Consider, for example, the man-hours wasted on enforcing the Clinton administration's "Don't ask/don't tell" non-solution to the question of gays in the military. The armed services have had to eat the cost of executing this nonsense against those who were foolish enough to tell.

President Clinton signed, compromising his principles.

Meaningless policies like these breed cynicism in all ranks. The external political considerations involved are often destructive of the very values these "policies" purport to promote. Clinton's weak-kneed "compromise" on homosexuals in the military has been packed with unintended consequences. What had not been a problem—homosexuals serving alongside heterosexuals—has been displaced by an uneasy feeling that the code of honor is somehow cheapened by "differentness" among people in uniform. It's as if an irrelevant litmus test is now supposed to validate an individual's years of faithful service. Military leaders, who swear to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution against all enemies, both foreign and domestic, are willing to execute a policy that violates their colleagues' constitutional rights. Sooner or later this absurd policy will be struck down by the Supreme Court. By itself, however, this judicial decision will not restore faith in the chain of command—the military leaders who went along to get along, rather than stand on principle.

A corollary to such a convoluted "solution" is the clause in the new defense bill that mandates the mass discharge of a thousand or so servicemen and servicewomen because they are H.I.V. positive. Although President Clinton was against the rule, he signed the overall bill in which it is included. He is willing to let the Supreme Court take the heat and undo the mischief perpetrated by zealots in Congress. A veto would have been what's called leadership.

The Pentagon, on its own, had made progress in dealing with the reality of a small number of H.I.V.-positive men and women in the services. The premise was that the service takes care of its own with medical attention and intensive counseling. Those afflicted have been treated with confidentiality and assigned to non-combat units where their skills and experience can still be utilized.

One can be H.I.V. positive and not sick, and it is cruel, heartless, and unnecessary to force H.I.V.-positive servicepeople to become casualties of today's partisan, mean-spirited politics. Down the line we will end up paying a higher price, because it will become even more impolitic to pursue eradication of the root cause. This is not to say that young servicemen who are H.I.V. positive bear no responsibility for their own condition. Many of these infections have been passed along from prostitutes near U.S. military bases.

Because of a misguided desire not to offend the host nations where our military bases are located by pursuing active anti-venereal/H.I.V. programs, our troops have been placed at unnecessary risk. A morally certain congressperson might say that the serviceman who has sexual intercourse with a prostitute apt to be infected with H.I.V. deserves what he gets. But the troops who go into harm's way for all of us do so in the belief that you fight beside your wounded, and you don't leave your dead *or* your wounded on the battlefield. Those who think otherwise should walk in the shoes of a soldier in Bosnia for at least one day before promoting their counterfeit morality.—*William R. Corson*

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONFESSIONS OF A TABLOID REPORTER

BY GEORGIANA HAVILL

The author is a gentle-born Georgia reporter who used to cover local society news. Her more lucrative reporting can be found in the *Star, Globe, Examiner,* and *National Enquirer*.

If it's Robert Duvall, it must be Saturday.

Indeed, here I was shinnying up a dead tree trunk just to get a peek at the mountain hideaway of the Academy Award–winning actor's wife and her lover, a hunky young pool-maintenance man by the name of Jeff Gable. This is not a way most people choose to pay for their children's expensive private-college costs, but it was mine.

So, clinging to a dead branch for dear life with one hand and with the other holding binoculars, trying to confirm the forbidden tryst, was now all part of a day's work. My employer—a weekly tabloid, the *Globe*—couldn't wait to splash the exposé on its cover for two-and-a-half-million readers.

The tip had come in to the *Globe* from a society matron who lived in the Virginia hunt country, a horsey-set playground for the very rich and very famous. The *Globe* gets leads from unlikely sources like this each day. Duvall had tossed out wife Sharon, she said, after seeing pictures of the 30-years-younger spouse, his former tango teacher, "poolside with Jeff and another couple." And one more thing—both men were nude in the snapshots. The photos had been taken by a private dick hired by Duvall after a friend had spilled the goods on Sharon and her lover. Evidently they hadn't been discreet. They had shown up for breakfast at a local pancake joint, "their hair still wet from showering together," it was said, while Duvall was—ironically—off shooting *The Scarlet Letter* with Demi Moore.

Upon receiving the photos, Duvall had gone into a rage, I was told (a report later confirmed by others). He called his accountant and the P.I. into the office at his 200-acre estate as witnesses, then summoned the unsuspecting Sharon, reread their prenuptial agreement, and gave her 30 minutes to get the hell off the property. The young wife he'd married just four years earlier—who denies that any affair took place—was so flustered, the source confided, that she didn't think to grab her clothes or, even worse, her precious jewelry, instead rushing away in a red Eagle Talon with two Jack Russell terriers and a bunch of CDs, leaving everything else behind, including a much-beloved housebroken pig, Bubber. She seemed more heartbroken over the jewelry than over the pig, "truth be told," said the source. This, then, was a fine tabloid tale, worthy of front-page coverage.

And it put me up a tree on Labor Day weekend, 1995.

After digging Jeff Gable's address out of real-estate records at the local courthouse—where I also grabbed a copy of Duvall's divorce suit—I picked up my photographer and headed west toward Jeff's mountainside cabin on the edge of the Shenandoah Valley. There I saw the Eagle Talon in the dirt driveway. Now my mission was twofold: first, to help my photographer get a picture of the two of them together—we hadn't been able to locate existing photos of the mysterious "pool man" Jeff—and next, to try to get an interview. I had authorization to offer the pair $10,000 to tell all.

First things first: Get the picture. The day before, I'd hired a helicopter at a cost of several thousand dollars for an ace shooter who'd been sent down from New York. It seemed the *Globe* wanted to spare no expense in breaking this story with every relevant detail. After dropping the hired gun at the airport so he could hop on the just-arriving helicopter, I took off driving as fast as my Isuzu would go, leading the chopper to Duvall's mansion. After all, it was $1,500 per hour—from the time of lift-off. Following my car from the air, the pilot could then confirm that they indeed had the right target amidst the hundreds of look-alike rich-people estates. After fingering the place, I watched the helicopter swoop in over the treetops to get a shot of Duvall's compound and its soon-to-be-famous swimming pool. The chopper threatened to scatter horses in its wake as it hovered above the ground. It was eerily reminiscent of Duvall's own helicopter invasion in *Apocalypse Now.* The horses played the part of the Nam villagers. And it was all for tabloid glory!

That was yesterday. Now I was stuck on the side of an empty mountain road waiting, not for Godot, but, less profoundly, for Jeff Gable and friend to emerge. Part of the tabloid game is sitting very still for what seems like endless periods of time—the spider waiting for the fly. Unfortunately, this made a number of friendly mountain people stop to ask if they could help, imagining the photographer and I were having car problems. It required ingenuity to defuse the inquiries. The story of waiting for our son to come by on a church bike trip seemed to satisfy most of them.

Boredom was beginning to set in. I began to consider standard ruses that can hasten a subject's exit. A straight knock on a door followed by a "My car broke down" might draw the subjects outside, to be captured by a photographer's long lens, but the likelihood in this case was that only one would come out to play. A more dramatic "car accident" might stand a better chance, but if it failed, they'd be on their guard forever. It was better in the end to sit, wait, and surprise.

About five that evening a man and a woman strolled out a back door and got into a van. My cameraman followed them from a distance to a diner, and, using a telescopic lens, shot them several times as they went in, and again an hour later as they left. Not much of a shot, but a good "gotcha" type of picture—the fuzzy kind you see in tabs (or, brilliantly, at the beginning of *Citizen Kane*) that lets the regular tabloid reader know the subjects didn't realize they were being photographed.

The kicker is that all these efforts were probably unnecessary. When I got home after the 48-hour stakeout there was a message on my answering machine. It was from a person who identified himself as a relative of Jeff's; he'd gotten my number from the Duvall tipster. He had pictures of Jeff he wanted to sell me. Great pictures, he promised. Pool-man Jeff in a thong bikini yet, the caller said. He wanted $5,000 a photo. I hopped into my car and backed out of the garage; the engine was still warm.

Next comes what I find the amusing part of this caper. People under these circumstances act really funny—surprised that I'm so nice and *normal* looking. One source was shocked that I didn't have "Caller ID" on my phone (she did). I don't even have a car phone. (I thought my writing life would always be at a keyboard.) But the hotshot photogs the tabs always send to work with me carry both cellular phones and beepers. Actually, *I'm* somewhat worried about whom I'm meeting. Is it a setup by an aggressive subject? Could the person be dangerous? I'm athletic, but a woman, small and blonde—and probably as vulnerable as the image implies. So there we were, two people wary of each other, meeting in a nearly dark strip-shopping-center parking lot. I have to trust my instincts a lot, and this guy seemed okay (like most of the time). He became more relaxed after seeing me—but I still kept *my* antennae out for other approaching cars and people.

Gingerly taking the plain brown envelope, I opened it and saw the real Jeff Gable. He was in a thong bikini, as advertised, chest muscles rippling like Arnold Schwarzenegger's. I'd have gladly paid $5,000, but I had an obligation to my employer to try to bargain.

"They're great, but forget what you hear about tabloids. We don't have that much money, and Robert Duvall's no Tom Cruise. How about $500 each?"

We settled on a thousand each for two—on the spot. It's a good thing I look as trustworthy as I do, because for this amount of money (the banks were closed when he'd called) he readily accepted my personal check. I wrote out an "agreement" on the understanding between him and the *Globe* on a three-inch-square "Post It" pad on the hood of my car. We photocopied it at a nearby Kinko's. I was reimbursed two days later via FedEx.

Now I had the pix, the quotes, and the court papers that made for a juicy cover. The cover stories get a bonus. I still had to call pool-guy Jeff and offer him ten grand to talk. He was polite but cool. Like so many others, he thought he had a book worth millions. I tried to convince him that his tale had a shelf life less than milk's and his story would be dead in a month. No dice. Not that his version was needed, but it would have been a nice final fillip to this real-life soap opera that was about to be played out in the pages of the *Globe.*

The only remaining challenge was to speed to an overnight delivery service so the shots would be in my editor's hands by deadline the next morning. Tired, on the way home I celebrated by ordering a Double Whopper from Burger King. The life of a tabloid sleuth is glamorous indeed.

The next morning I again sped out to my sources in the hunt country, about an hour from my home. *I'd* never met Mr. Gable—and frankly the guy in these pictures was so *beautiful,* it occurred to me when I opened my eyes that a practical joke might have been played. The sources too were startled by how good-looking Gable was in the photos—but con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

• A kid says, "Pop, what's a vagina look like?"

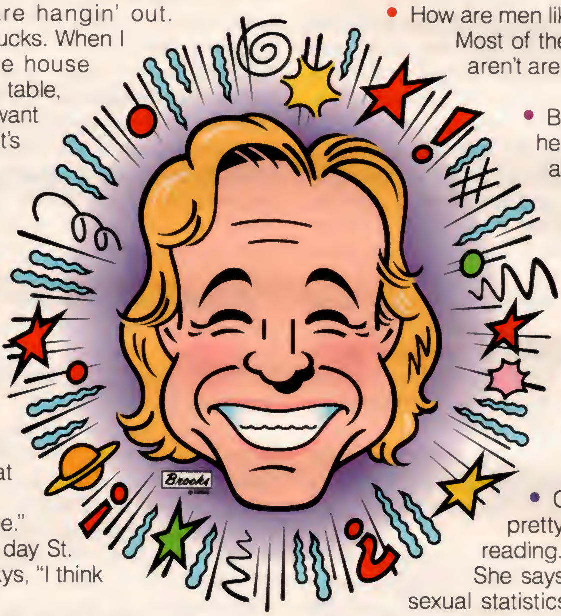
His father says, "Before sex, a vagina looks like a pink rose with soft, lovely petals and the aroma of perfume."

The kid says, "What about after sex?"

His father says, "Have you ever seen a bulldog eating mayonnaise?"

• What did Cinderella say when she got to the ball?

"Gaghgh."



• Einziger and DePace are hangin' out. Einziger says, "My marriage sucks. When I walk in that door, I want the house clean, I want my dinner on the table, and when I'm done eating, I want her to suck my dick, and then it's 'See you later.' "

DePace says, "Why's she gotta know your schedule?"

• John and Suzanna are driving down the highway when they're killed in a head-on collision. They go to heaven, where they're greeted by St. Peter.

John says, "We were engaged on earth, and we'd still like to get married. Is that possible?"

St. Peter says, "Leave it to me."

A year goes by. Finally one day St. Peter approaches John and says, "I think I can get you married."

John says, "To tell you the truth, Pete, I've been having a good time, and I'm not sure if I still want to get married. If I do, and it doesn't work out, could we get a divorce?"

St. Peter says, "It took me a year to find a priest up here. How long do you think it'll take to find a fucking lawyer?"

• What's the most popular bra size at the old folks' home?

36 Long.

• Officer Kracke and Officer Kelly are going to high schools to give anti-drug lectures. Officer Kelly is getting great results and Officer Kracke isn't, so their lieutenant asks to hear what they say in these classes.

Officer Kracke draws a big circle, then a little circle. "I tell them the big circle is your brain, and the little circle is your brain on drugs."

Officer Kelly draws a little circle and a big circle. "I tell them the little circle is your ass hole, and the big circle is your ass hole in jail."

• How does a married man know when he's jerking off too much?

When he fucks his wife and feels like he's cheating on himself.

• Why don't Polish women use double-ended dildos?

Because they can't figure out which end goes in where.

• Minervini goes to see his grandmother, and takes his pal Kola with him. While Minervini's talking to his grandma, Kola starts eating the peanuts on the coffee table.

As they're leaving Kola says, "Thanks for the peanuts."

Grandma replies, "You're quite welcome. Since I lost my dentures I can only suck the chocolate off 'em."

• How are men like parking spaces?

Most of them are taken, and the ones that aren't are all handicapped.

• Burford is going on a cruise, and he tells his doctor that he's worried about getting seasick.

The doctor says, "Just eat two pounds of stewed tomatoes before you leave the pier."

Burford says, "Will that keep me from getting sick?"

The doctor says, "No, but it'll look real pretty in the water."

• Why did the blind man go bungee jumping?

He wanted to hang his dog.

• Chiusano is on a plane next to a pretty woman, and he asks what she's reading.

She says, "A book with some interesting sexual statistics. It says on average, American Indians have the longest penises and Polish men have the thickest. By the way, I'm Nancy Sirianni. What's your name?"

He says, "Tonto Kowalski."

• Rory has Ray over for dinner. They're just about to sit down when Rory goes over to a window, opens it, and yells down, "Green side up!"

Halfway through the meal, Rory walks over to the window and yells down, "Green side up!"

They're done with the meal, just having a cup of coffee, when Rory walks over to the window and yells down, "Green side up!"

Finally Ray says, "Rory, why do you keep going to the window and yelling, 'Green side up'?"

Rory says, "Oh, the Stukowski brothers are laying sod."

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.interstar.com/jokeland.html. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*

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EXTREME FIGHTING

By Larry Linderman

Pound for pound, 25-year-old Ralph Gracie is probably the toughest fighter in the world.

Before the end of the year you're going to be hearing a lot about Ralph Gracie, the rugged Brazilian.

Gracie's specialty is no-holds-barred, man-to-man combat, and he's already exhibited his unique skills in Battlecade's pay-per-view TV events. In the United States it's known as Extreme Fighting; in Rio de Janeiro, Gracie's birthplace, freestyle fighting is called *vale tudo* (vah-lay two-doh). I'd never before heard of a family that popularized and then dominated a sport for nearly 75 years, but that's what the Gracies have done in Brazil with their stylish brand of jiujitsu. And now that they're exporting it, more and more American martial artists and aspiring tough-guy types are studying with the Gracies in hopes of learning how to succeed at Extreme Fighting. Even actors Mel Gibson and Chuck Norris—holder of black belts in five martial arts—have trained with the family.

The Gracies' U.S. jiujitsu academies are in northern and southern California, Virginia, Tennessee, and, soon, New York City. The Gracie Systems method is so effective that students with as few as four months of training have defeated opponents with more than ten years of martial-arts training. "A lot of the Americans I train are punchers who can knock you down," says Ralph, who's based in Pleasant Hill, California. "But then they find out what the F.B.I. has discovered—that more than 90 percent of all fights end up on the ground. I teach them grappling; and if they don't learn it, they're out of business very quick."

The Gracie approach to grappling is a far more complex affair than the patchwork of holds and tactics that college wrestlers learn. Ralph emphasizes defense, and knows how to ward off attacks from every conceivable body position, including flat on his back. He's also able to unleash his arsenal of offensive weapons from virtually any position. The object of Extreme Fighting is to force an opponent to give up, and by now Gracie has perfected at least 400 submission and choke holds.

"My father began teaching me how to fight when I was two years old, and by the time I was ten I was training six days a week," he says. "I didn't come from a normal family."

That's putting it mildly. Gracie's grandfather Carlos, and Carlos's brother Helio, learned jiujitsu when they were kids in the 1920s. They each had large families (Carlos had 21 children, Helio 11), and so did their offspring. Ralph (pronounced Halph) has six sisters and four brothers, one of whom, Renzo, 28, is also a superb *vale tudo* combatant. The family breeds fighters.

"My father, Robson Gracie, was a great *vale tudo* champion, and so were my uncles, and they all have big families. I have about 100 cousins," Gracie says. "We all grew up fighting each other to see who was best, and when the fights were over we were still good cousins, and we'd play at other things. About 45 members of the family have black belts in jiujitsu."

Ralph began winning traditional jiujitsu competitions when he was 11. Upon turning 18 he entered the rough-and-tumble world of *vale tudo.* Gracie suddenly found himself going up against fighters who were several years older than he was and sometimes outweighed him by more than 100 pounds.

"I was so skinny that when I fought, I could almost see my opponents thinking, 'I can squeeze this guy's bony body and break it,' " he says with a laugh. "After we fought, the guys would say, 'I squeezed him but nothing happened. And then I found myself in a bad position.' I would use an arm lock or a choke hold and make the guy quit, and I'd do it very fast."

He's doing it even faster these days. Last November, when Gracie made his American debut on Battlecade, it took him only 40 seconds to vanquish Japanese karate and shoot-wrestling champion Makato Muraoko. Gracie got him to submit two seconds after applying a choke hold he calls the Lion Killer. "It makes guys pass out," he says. "I don't like to see guys bleeding, and I don't like to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

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CHENEY

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Then she removed her dress, took my head in her hands, and returned the kiss just as passionately.

I gingerly nudged Dina back onto the bed and straddled her. She firmly grabbed my ass, pulling my pussy into hers. With my long hair dangling in her face, I seized both of her tits and leisurely lowered my lips to hers, all the while grinding my pussy into hers and kissing her erotically. I had fallen insanely in love with this woman.

I reached down between our legs and for the first time felt another woman's pussy. Her hair was much thicker and softer than mine. I plunged my fingers into her wet hole while she finger-fucked me, all the while maintaining a lip lock. We climaxed simultaneously. Then I made a beeline for her pussy. Her scent and taste were mind-boggling. I spent at least 30 minutes between her legs.

After two more orgasms, she pushed me over to the side of the bed and made me kneel on all fours, doggie-style, at the edge of the bed. She knelt down and stuck her tongue in my pussy and her nose in my ass. During this most pleasurable act, she produced and strapped on a dildo. She told me to close my eyes and move forward on the bed. By the way, I can't describe to you how strongly I came when I looked in those mirrors and saw my vixen's head buried in my ass. Then she climbed on the bed and stuck her dildo inside me. If ever there was a heaven on earth, I was now experiencing it.

After we climaxed again, she sat down on the bed and I climbed on her and sat on her lap, facing her. She held me tight and kissed my chest as I rode up and down on her dildo. Sixty-nine was next. I sucked her dildo, she sucked my pussy. At this point I removed the dildo and dove into her pussy again. After a while I licked her ass hole while she did mine. Within minutes we were tongue-fucking each other's ass hole to yet another incredible orgasm.

There was only one more thing that I wanted to try. "Grind?" I asked, and she gleefully obliged. We both lay on our backs and crossed our legs. She grabbed both of my thighs, and I grabbed both of hers. We pulled and ground our pussies until we collapsed, leaving a wet spot on the bed the size of a large pillow. We proceeded to fall asleep in that position.

The next morning we awoke, and I did her with the dildo, then made love to her for another three hours. She drove me back to my friend's house. I deeply kissed her good-bye and ran inside like a little girl, getting wet again from the kiss. I didn't want to shower because I didn't want to lose her scent. I ran to my girlfriend's room and called my boyfriend back in Texas. He got off three times during the hour-long conversation. Dina, thank you!—*L. C., Kansas*

STUDY BUDDIES

The second I saw this man in the back of the room, I knew I would fuck him like he'd never been fucked before. Even his glance turned me on. I'm a blonde, blue-eyed college student with an hourglass figure. Ed's a dark-haired and dark-eyed student with the best body in the Northwest. The professor must have seen our chemistry; he put us together as partners for a ten-week project.

For the next two months we were the definition of sexual tension. As the date of our presentation came closer, we became overwrought with nerves, not to mention passion. Finally it was the night before the presentation, and I invited Ed over for a last-minute review. He showed up early, just as I was returning from a jog. I asked him if he minded if I took a quick shower. Of course he didn't.

I was about one minute into my shower when the lights went out and the door opened. "Ed, turn the lights back on!" I screeched. I received no answer, and the lights remained off. The shower door slowly opened, and Ed stepped in.

"I need a shower too. I'm feeling kinda dirty." The skylight provided the perfect amount of light. I saw his gorgeous body as he reached out for my wet waist. He pulled me toward him and kissed me hard on the lips. Our hands wandered everywhere. He caressed my breasts and pulled gently on my nipples. The hot, steamy water rolled down our bodies and made it hard not to breathe heavily.

His cock was erect beyond belief. It rubbed up against my clit, making it pulse with excitement. I reached for his swelled member and began to smooth bath gel up and down his shaft. The peach aroma engulfed us. He dropped to his knees and started licking the water off my breasts, then my stomach, until he finally reached my well-shaved mound.

He began by probing my cunt with his fingers and found me soaking wet. Before I knew it I was screaming, "Don't stop! My God, I'm going to come." I pushed his head toward my love shack, and he quickly slid his tongue deep inside me, taking me over the edge. He licked up my wetness as I moaned more and more loudly.

"Ed, can we change places? It's your turn now." I didn't have to ask twice. Soon enough I was licking his cockhead. I sucked his cock until I felt his sweet load hit the back of my throat. We kissed and tasted each other's juices on our lips.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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RUSSIA'S HOTTEST SEX CLUB

A night at the Up and Down, the most outrageous club in Moscow, is as expensive as a week's vacation in London or Paris. But you get to see much more than Big Ben or the Eiffel Tower.

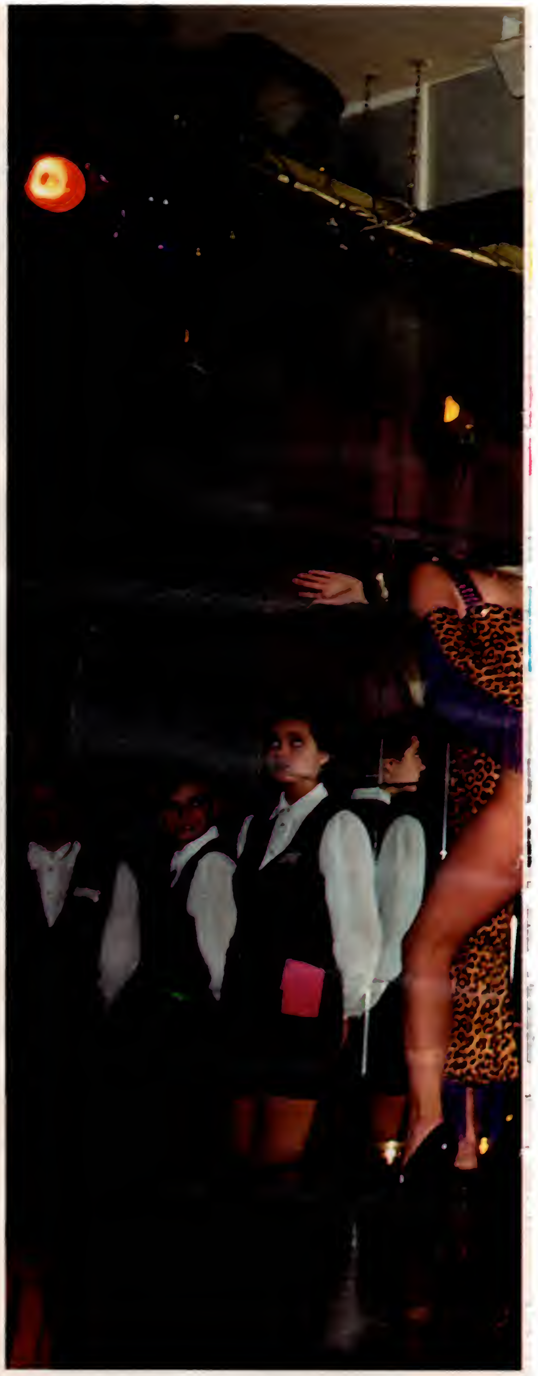
"Moscow girls make me sing and shout," the Beatles sang almost 30 years ago in "Back in the U.S.S.R." Of course, everyone knows both the Beatles and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics are no more, but men are still celebrating the girls of Moscow, especially when they can get up close and personal at clubs like the Up and Down, located in the center of the Russian capital. Like hamburgers and blue jeans, the Western institution of striptease has seized the Russians by the throat.

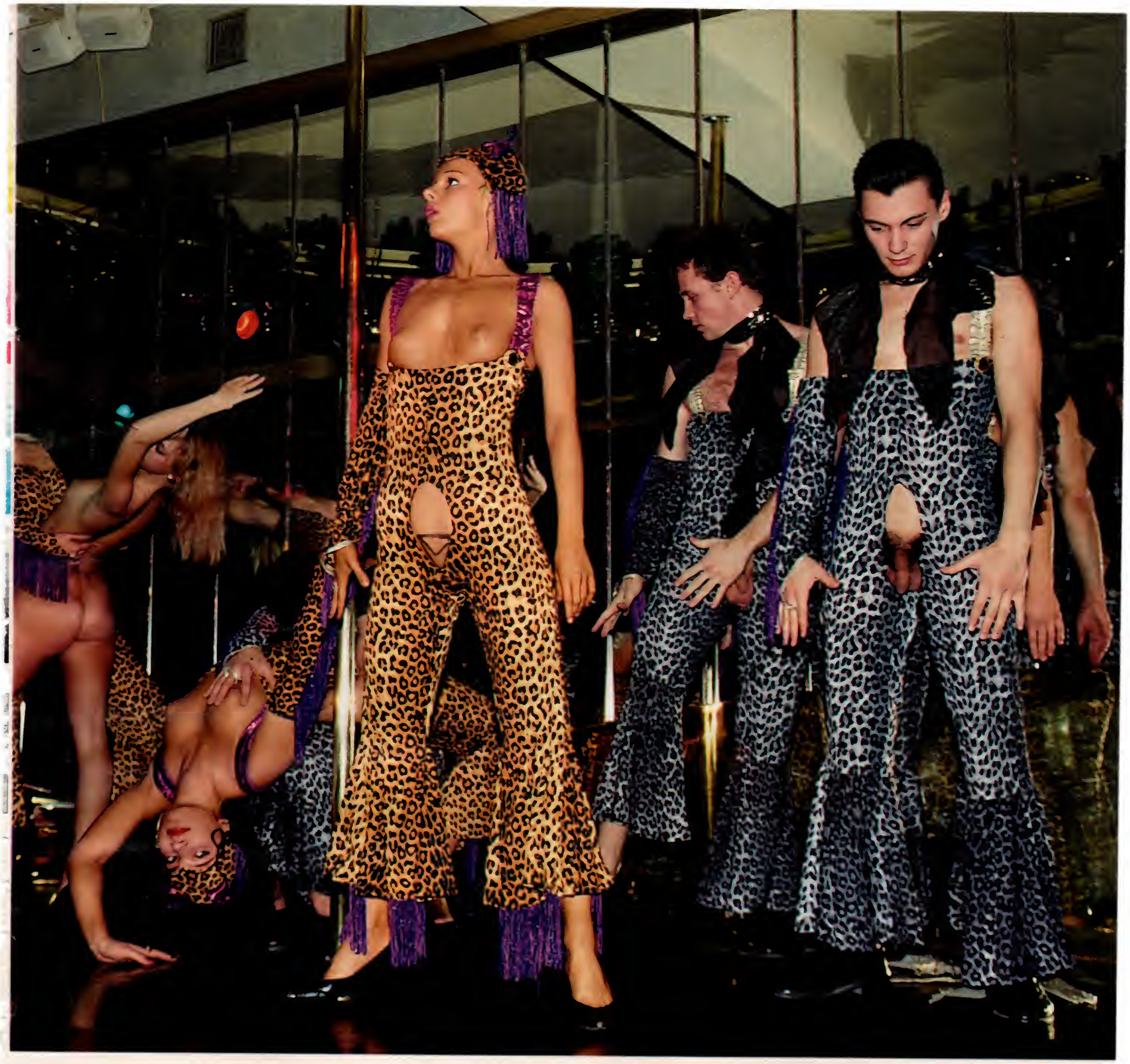
When Communism collapsed, Russians became giddy with their newfound freedoms ... especially sexual freedom. A very conservative society, it went overboard in sampling democracy's most decadent fruit. Kiosks sold vibrators and pirated copies of the *Kama Sutra*. Bars were full of "butterflies," the fanciful euphemism for prostitutes. Men huddled in railway stations, perusing imported porno magazines. Several Moscow restaurants suddenly included sex shows.

Moscow has also been overrun with rich foreigners throwing their money around. Russian girls appear willing to do anything for hard currency. Rubles are anathema. Because of the precarious Russian economy, U.S. bills are the currency of desire. Especially $50 and $100 bills.

The nightlife in Moscow gets rolling at ten o'clock. There are many clubs, but probably the hottest is known as Club Up and Down. Though it is expensive, it offers considerable bang for the buck. Reservations are required. The club enforces heightened security restrictions, making it one of the safest in the city. Patrons pass through metal detectors, and if someone happens to be packing heat, he is politely asked to check his gun at the door. The baleful omnipresence of the Russian mob has made Moscow's once bleak streets downright dangerous.

Cash does not change hands inside the club. A $5 fee opens a special account for each customer; it entitles him to a bankcard, which can be renewed annually. The customer deposits money into the account and draws upon it using the card. (Needless to say, this is not an interest-bearing account.)





Guests pay between $50 and $100 a visit, depending on the show or the day of the week. Members pay no entry fee, enjoy reduced prices, and are allowed to bring guests. How much for a membership? Up to $50,000 a year.

The victuals and libations are first-class all the way. Liquor at the bar is imported from all over the world. Some of the available culinary delights are pig in honey, sea fruits, and snails in garlic sauce. The walls of the stairway leading to the club are adorned with the signatures of well-known stars, ranging from Liza Minnelli to Jean-Claude Van Damme.

At eleven o'clock the action begins. Girls in various states of undress appear on stage. Dancers sashay through clouds of dry ice in exotic costumes and clutch the fireman's pole in the center of the stage between their thighs. One girl hovers over a wind machine, re-enacting a Marilyn Monroe-esque moment with skirt sent billowing. Then she starts to peel off her clothes. The show is definitely under way.

Two corpulent, well-dressed, and bejeweled businessmen sitting at eye level with her stiletto heels have trouble restraining themselves. They seek the dancer's attention by waving those magic C-notes. She saunters over, standing so close to them that her breasts almost brush their faces. The businessmen slide their money into her G-string. After giving them her special smile, she turns to seek out another man waving his money.

Russian clubs have strict rules: There is no touching, no lewd talk, and no going home with the girls afterward. Officially the girls are forbidden to undress for private patrons, but many slip out of their G-strings for extra cash. During the stage shows, as these photos attest, everything is bared.

After filling several dancers' G-strings with money, a patron can spend an extra $50 to hire a personal dancer for the evening. This means a dancer will spend the night drinking with him (champagne at $1,000 a bottle). And, as in American clubs, this officially means no touching, and certainly no sex.

Up and Down is run by the beautiful Marianna Schaschkova, the 22-year-old daughter of a Moscow physicist. She is also the producer and choreographer of the show. Not bad for a girl who worked for ten years in the circus.

When the dancers aren't performing at Up and Down, they have engagements overseas. Many Russian clubs also import dancers from America. To Russians, Americans are experts at erotic dancing, and have been able to teach the Russian girls how to bump and grind the right way. One club owner says that American girls are more professional and work very hard. He also says that the major difference between American and Russian strippers is that Western girls provide a personal touch, giving the feeling that they are dancing just for you.

Marianna says she employs only dancers with excellent athletic and artistic skills. Though the club has been open for only one year, it has become tremendously popular with business travelers. This success has been limited by the fact that only 66 patrons are allowed to watch the stage show at a time.

If you've got an itch to visit Moscow and money to burn, Up and Down may be a place to visit after you've toured the Kremlin. At last report, Lenin's body is not "turning over" in his see-through coffin. Maybe he too would have enjoyed a bit of the old bump and grind.—*Alexander Fedorenko*

❛At eleven o'clock the action begins. Girls in various states of undress appear on stage. Dancers sashay through clouds of dry ice in exotic costumes.... One girl hovers over a wind machine ..., then starts to peel off her clothes.❜

THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR **BY RALPH GARDNER, JR.**

SUMMER VACATION

THERE'S A WOMAN AT THE BEACH WHOM I'VE WORSHIPED,

PHOTOGRAPH BY **FRANCO FONTANA**

MOSTLY FROM AFAR, FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS. THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER SHE . . .

was walking along the water's edge in a thrifty bikini and a pair of Dr. Scholl's that served as pedestals. Her posture is impeccable and she moves with cat-like grace. I resist the urge to describe her figure because there's no way I can do it justice. Suffice to say that if science discovered a way to clone humans, her body would be on back-order.

It took me several years to muster the courage to speak to her. She probably wasn't more than 18 at the time, and I wasn't much older. I can't remember what I said. I was undoubtedly hyperventilating. In any case she let me tag along for a few minutes while I groped for ways to express my admiration short of dropping to my knees. Before we parted I exacted a pledge from her to meet me at the same spot the next morning. If nothing else, she seemed impressed by my sincerity.

Summer is the season of empowerment for women who possess great genetics, especially when they're young and new to the game. I remember another girl I had a crush on when I was 13 and she was 12. Her body wasn't any shapelier than mine. We'd have races on the beach, and she'd beat me. By the next summer she'd grown the most lovely grapefruit-size breasts I'd ever seen. She wasn't interested in running anymore. But she seemed to have all the time in the world for the hotel's more handsome waiters.

Seaside vacations only heighten the imaginative sway these damsels hold over us—because the damsels are mostly unclad, and also because watching them is far more entertaining than reading a John Grisham novel. A friend of mine took a vacation to Tortola in the British Virgin Islands a few years back. Listen to the level of detail he's still able to recall about one nymph, some ten years younger than he was, with breasts like "clouds," whom he encountered on the beach: "Her top was kind of loose and just covered her beautiful nipples," he says today. "I think she felt this warm affection for me, but sensed it would be inappropriate to touch or tickle me because at her age I seemed to be so much older. She might have been aware that I was watching her as well, and standing in a pool of my own saliva."

By the time she knocked on my door, I was a madman. I'd taken off all my clothes in preparation for her arrival.

My own beach goddess provoked a similar Pavlovian response in me. I didn't sleep the night before our scheduled rendezvous. I was in a sexual frenzy, imagining the next day's best-case scenario. It went something like this: I'd crack a few jokes, convince her I was a lot cooler than I looked in a bathing suit, and persuade her to go swimming. When we got about waist deep she'd dive, dolphin-like, into the crystalline sea, water sparkling off her tight little butt like diamonds.

We'd swim out to where she could no longer stand but where I still could, presenting me with a psychological advantage. Not that I planned on letting her sink if she snubbed me. I'd confess I'd been observing her for a long time, but would stop short of informing her that I was developing a sleep disorder. My honesty would disarm her and make her feel safe. When I finally told her how attractive she was, she'd scold me for being too serious. But she wouldn't stop me when I'd try to kiss her. There's a heady moment of triumph one experiences with a woman one has been lusting after for a long time. It doesn't come when she lets you reach under her clothes, but earlier, when you're first making out, and suddenly, unexpectedly, after you've risked all your emotional capital, she takes over, finding your tongue with hers. That's what would happen next.

She'd wrap her arms around my neck and her tanned, exquisitely turned legs around my waist. She'd feel my excitement and smile. But we couldn't possibly consummate our passion right there. This is a family resort after all, with the screams of playing children reaching us from the shoreline.

"Come to my cabana," she would whisper.

We'd leave the water holding hands. I'd be aware of every other man on the beach watching her, each of them wondering what she saw in me. So would I. But just as I was about to concede that a relationship could never work out between a creature like her and a skinny guy with a sunken chest like me, she'd possessively throw her arm around my waist and lead me into the darkness of her hut.

Perhaps I should say something about her face. She's not beautiful. She has sharp cheekbones, a slightly beaked nose, and the suggestion of a sneer. But that only adds to her allure. She appears to harbor a contempt for men that only a woman with a body like hers could afford.

For many men, ditching their wives or girlfriends, going on breast- or leg-hunting expeditions along the beach, and finding a devil-girl like mine is the highlight of their vacation. These expeditions are especially rewarding in places like the South of France or on topless beaches in the Caribbean. "When I find a pair, depending on the quality, I'll continue walking back and forth, pacing and looking, looking and looking," said a Francophile who wasn't referring to collecting seashells but to the legions of spectacular breasts on St. Bart's, that rabidly chic French colony.

To preserve summer's sweetest memories, some chaps go even further, brazenly trying to secure a memento of their Venus on the half shell, preferably photographs taken from a variety of different angles. This can get tricky if you don't have her permission. One way to circumvent the problem is to make believe you're taking a picture of something else—your wife, for example, or an unusual rock formation.

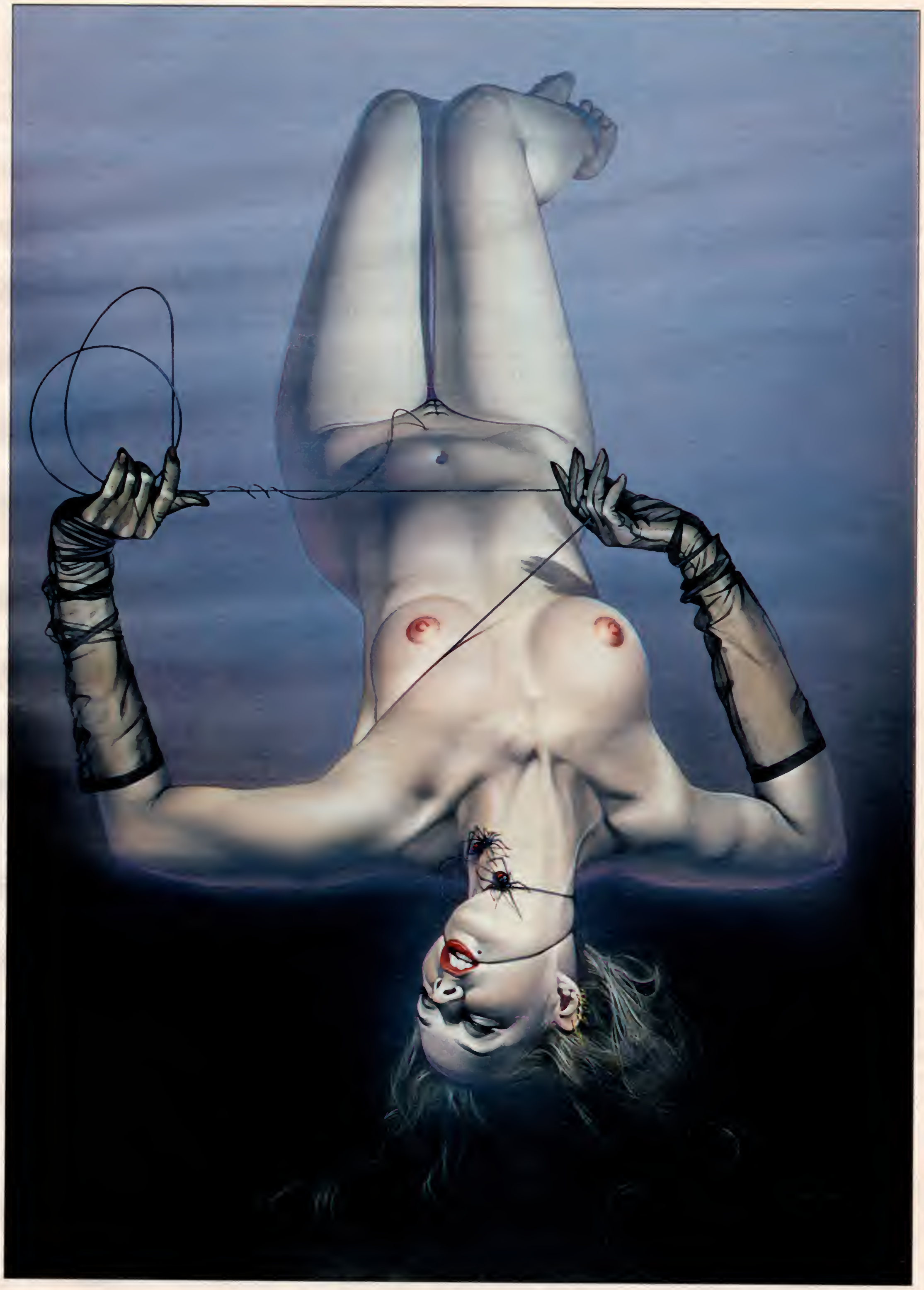
Sundy Leake, a Broadway actress and dancer I know, who deplores tan lines and consequently hangs out at the Orient Point Nudist Beach on her frequent trips to St. Martin, remembered a septuagenarian who thought he'd found the perfect camouflage to pursue his hobby. "Here's this old man who's buck naked, shooting past me and this other woman," Sundy said. "When the woman started cussing him out in French, he said she didn't have to worry because he wasn't taking pictures of people." Yeah, right.

The time I most wanted a picture to remember a woman I met on vacation, it didn't come out. It was also the only other time I experienced a case of sexually induced insomnia as severe as with my beach girl. It occurred one summer in Norway, near the Arctic Circle. I'd stopped for the night at a small hotel on the edge of a fjord, where the chambermaid turned out to be the most beautiful girl in the world. I don't say that casually. She had the whitest, most flawless skin and the lightest blue eyes I'd ever seen. Her hair was white gold.

She showed me to my room, closed the door behind us—which I misinterpreted as a sign of sexual interest rather than naïveté—and, with the midnight sun illuminating her magical face, asked me questions about myself and where I came from. Before she left I made her promise to wake me up in person the next morning.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

SORAYAMA



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

firmed the pictures were from a brief male-modeling stint.

Five days later my two-page tawdry tale was headlined: DIRTY DANCING! Robert Duvall Boots His Tango Teacher Wife for Bedding Pool Boy.

Tabloids are a big force in the magazine industry. Each week the four largest, *National Enquirer, Star, Globe,* and *National Examiner,* sell more than *seven million copies* all told. With nearly three readers per copy, about 20 million Americans read at least one per week.

I've written for all four of them. I'm one of the shock troops for what might be termed the journalistic equivalent of the World Wrestling Federation. My only rule is to be careful not to touch the same subject or speak to the other magazines about a story I'm working on for a competitor.

There's no way I'm going to "trash the trash papers," as one of my editors suspected when I told him I was doing this piece. On the contrary, if so many of you read them, they must be the literary equivalent of cigarette smoking—just one more guilty pleasure. While I also work for "regular" publications, it's these weekly supermarket-checkout bibles that usually make up the shortfall in my income. I often see my tab stories picked up and stolen by the straight media. Their words and paragraphs *might* be longer, but the story and the focus are the same. I get a lot of smug satisfaction when I discover my tab story was not only first but more accurate, and certainly more revealing. Since I also write for academic journals, my name rarely appears in the colorful hot sheets. My tweedy bosses would have a hissy-fit if they found out about my other life.

You've probably read that tabloids make it up and that they pay for information. As far as I know, one of those statements *is* true. Tabloids certainly do pay for information—lots of money for the right stuff. Does that make the information invalid or slanted? Not in my book. Many informants whose testimony can't be corroborated are given either a polygraph or a voice-stress test, or both. I once witnessed young Joe Kennedy's nanny get two polygraph tests after she claimed that Teddy's nephew, now a congressman from Massachusetts, had smoked marijuana in her presence and engaged in "knock-down" battles with his first wife, Sheila. The nanny passed both tests, but after not getting any corroboration, plus threats from Joe's lawyers, the tab passed on the story. Nonplussed, the nanny showed up on "Geraldo" and spun her tales of Kennedy misbehavior with impunity.

Tabloid "truths" are right about 85 percent of the time, no matter how hard the celebrities try to "dis" them. Didn't *The New York Times* quote the *National Enquirer* several times during the O. J. Simpson trial? The *Globe*'s quickie book on O.J. was required reading for Harvard law students.

The average weekly tab does 2,000 cutting-edge stories a year. Surprisingly few lawsuits are filed against them, although they get lots of threats. I'm required to identify my sources for each story, paragraph by paragraph—something I'm not always asked to do when writing for "straight" publications.

Actually, prestigious publications *do* pay for interviews; they just call it something else. *Life* paid Jacqueline Kennedy thousands of dollars for giving an interview to William Manchester after her husband was assassinated. And "60 Minutes," the granddaddy of TV newsmagazine shows, recently gave a former tobacco executive a "consultant's fee" for information about his former employer. They may describe it differently, but it's still a payment for information.

> He thought he had a book worth millions. I tried to convince him that his story would be dead in less than a month. No dice.

Friends sometimes ask me if what I do is dangerous. Sometimes it is—that comes with the territory. Which reminds me about the only time I had a gun pointed at me.

I was sent to Melbourne, Florida, to find a lottery winner and ask (and pay) for an interview. She'd just won $15 million in the state lottery. The angle was unique. The woman had actually won the money in October, then had quietly put the ticket in a safe-deposit box. She gave her husband the ticket a few months later, gift-wrapped, as his Christmas present. After claiming the first cash payment, the two had gone into hiding.

They'd covered their tracks pretty well by the time I was given the assignment. The woman was described as a beauty-salon employee, so I did it the hard way. I drove to every beauty salon in Melbourne and nearby Satellite Beach until I found a hairstylist who knew where the lady lived. It was in nearby Palm Bay—a modest low-rent neighborhood with a maze of dirt streets. By the time we found it, it was dark, just after eight P.M.

After knocking on the door several times and getting no answer I decided to call it a night and try again the next morning. My photographer had other ideas. Because he wanted *something* to show for his daylong effort, he decided to shoot the apparently deserted home with its baskets of dying flowers from eager-beaver TV talk shows still littering the front stoop. I waited in the car while he fired off shot after shot of the front-door scene using an extra-bright strobe light. We started to drive away. I looked back over my shoulder and thought I saw someone emerge from the house.

"Hey, someone's home!" I said. "Let's go back."

Silly me. As I was about to turn into the drive I suddenly saw the person who'd come out. He was armed with a shotgun, and it was pointed right at my face. In the dark he probably couldn't see me. Given his newfound wealth, he may well have imagined I was a thief. (In that neighborhood, such a guess was more than reasonable.) A lot of thoughts went through my mind when I saw him aiming the shotgun at my head. The camera guy had already managed to double over his tall frame and press it into the floorboard. One thought I canceled immediately was to seductively chat the husband up. Instead I put the pedal to the metal and got the hell out of there, throwing up a spray of rusty Florida dirt in my wake.

When I reported in, my editor showed little sympathy. She said we should have filed a complaint with the police. Her reasoning? We had just been "assaulted with a deadly weapon."

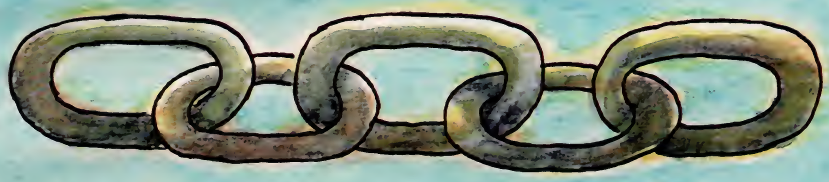
"That's okay. I'm just glad we got away safely," I said.

The tab editor's pitiless response: "But if you'd gone back with the police, they would have had to answer the door, and then you could have gotten the story or at least a picture."

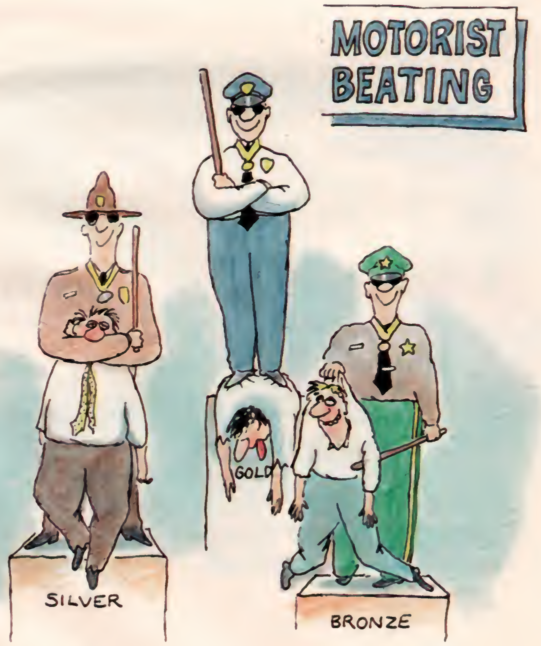
Get that story! If the tabloids were to go after the Whitewater land deal with the persistence they show for lottery winners, I'm convinced everything worth knowing would soon be out there.

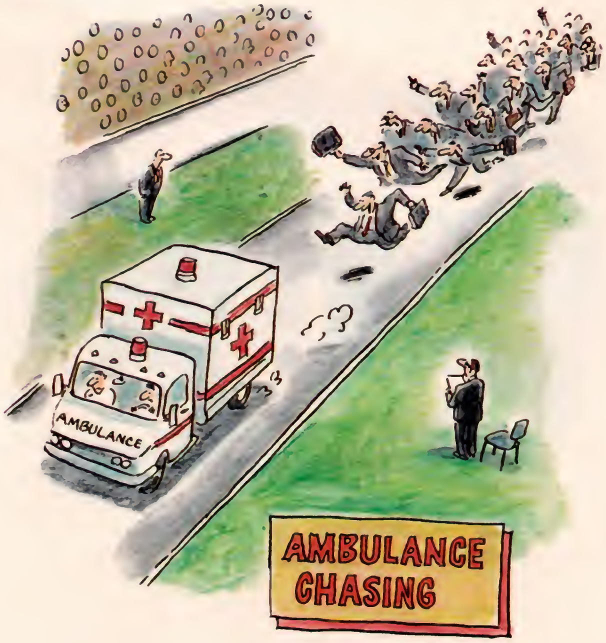
CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

BUMMER OLYMPICS

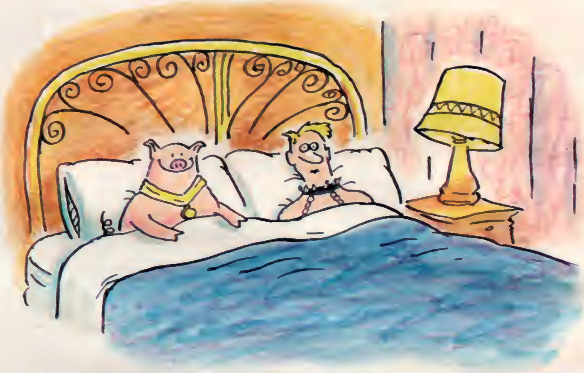


SATIRE BY FRANK COTHAM


MOTORIST BEATING
SILVER
GOLD
BRONZE


AMBULANCE
AMBULANCE CHASING

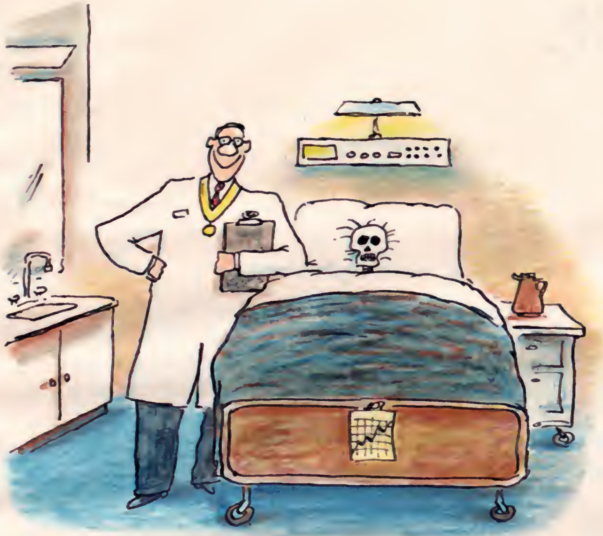
MAKE YOUR MOTHER CRY
BEST TIME: 4.71 SECONDS



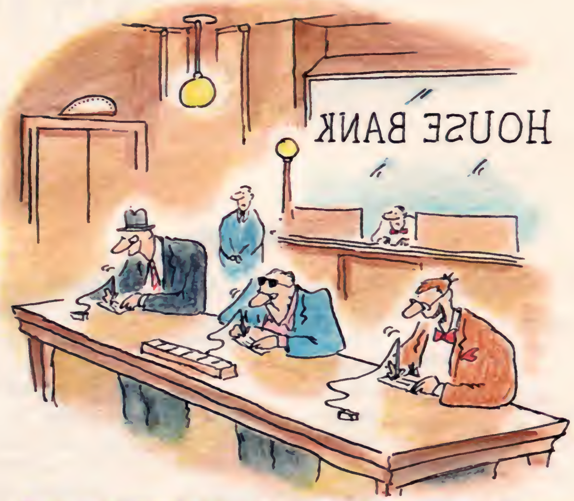
THE MOST BIZARRE SEX

THE PANHANDLING CONTEST

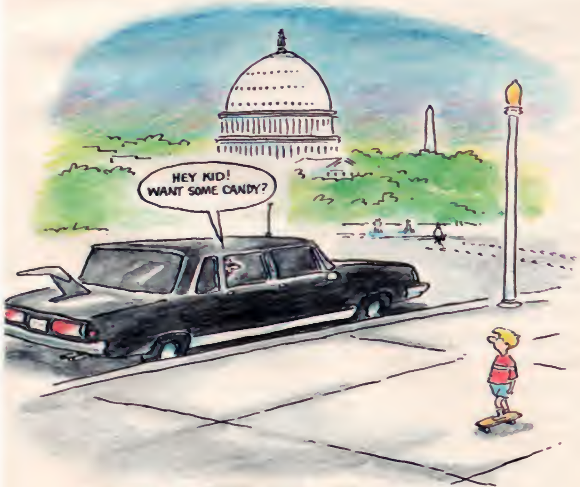
GARBAGE-CAN-LID TOSS



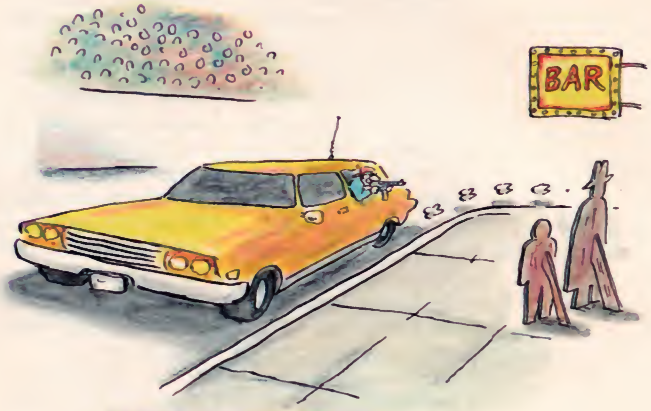
WORST DOCTOR
(GOLD-MEDAL WINNER)



CHECK-BOUNCING CHAMPIONSHIP


HEY KID!
WANT SOME CANDY?

MOST CORRUPT POLITICIAN ★



MARKSMANSHIP
(DRIVE-BY SHOOTING)

THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Jacques Leslie

It wasn't until two hours after I was given the shot that the erection began to subside.

Prostaglandin E1 is not, technically speaking, an aphrodisiac: It induces erections, not sexual desire. I suppose that means you could use it for some other purpose—like wielding your penis to ring doorbells or hang out the wash—but I doubt you'd want to.

On the other hand, I can attest that prostaglandin E1 does what it is intended to do—treat impotence—superbly. The first time I was given a variant of the drug was soon after the Food and Drug Administration approved it as an impotence remedy last year. I was in my urologist's office, seeing him for treatment of a chronic disease, interstitial cystitis, one of the symptoms of which can be erectile problems. Ten minutes after he'd injected my penis with a first dose, the organ was nearly hard. I felt odd standing in his office, saluting the cabinets, but my doctor was pleased. "With stimulation"—and we both knew what that meant—"this will work quite well," he said matter-of-factly, and dismissed me.

My erection, however, was not so easily waved off. As I regarded my still-upright penis and hoped that the baggy pants I was wearing that day would conceal it, I remembered the last time I'd had this problem—as a teenager.

I went home. By now my penis was so hard that it ached, and I wondered whether it was solidifying, turning into a kind of permanent vibrator. Fortunately, my wife was home, so we hurriedly made good use of it. We needn't have rushed: It wasn't until two hours after I was given the shot that the erection began to subside. By then I'd begun considering whether to launch a second career as a porn star.

After that experience it took a few weeks of conscientious husband-wife experimentation to determine a proper dose. The amount we've settled on—a third the quantity of my initial shot—seems sufficient to enable me to perform with Casanovian prowess, but not so much as to keep me from joining polite company half an hour afterward.

This result is so agreeable that I find myself in the unaccustomed position of harboring warm and protective feelings toward drug companies. Indeed, in case of a rise in sea levels caused by global warming, I am hoping the laboratories that produce prostaglandin E1 are on high, high ground. I will make an exception for Pharmacia & Upjohn, Inc., the company that won F.D.A. approval last year, because it is marketing prostaglandin E1 at a retail price of $20 to $25 per dose. At that price an erection becomes as expensive a delicacy as caviar. By contrast, urological pharmacies that sell legal but not yet F.D.A.-approved variants of prostaglandin E1 price their products at $3 a dose or less.

Several months have now passed, and my wife and I have developed a kind of protocol. We put on music, cuddle, speak softly to each other, start to disrobe—and then I gather my gear. I get the syringe out of my bedside drawer and peel off its plastic wrapping. From the bathroom closet I retrieve the alcohol and cotton balls. I take a quick nude jaunt into the kitchen to get the prostaglandin out of the refrigerator. By the time I return to the bedroom, my wife has found the newspaper gossip column, from which she reads aloud nuggets, or else she has taken up her novel, or is filing her nails. I take the protective cap off the needle and set the syringe to my dose. I douse a cotton ball with alcohol, rub it on a vein-free patch of skin near the base of my penis, draw the medicine out of its bottle and into the syringe, tap the syringe to eliminate bubbles—and plunge the needle into my penis. This last action is not totally painless, but it's surprisingly easy; indeed, in view of what it portends, I've come to think of it as erotic.

Now I stand up and squeeze the cotton ball against the point of injection for three minutes. (The instructions say I must do this to prevent swelling, but isn't swelling the point?) I pass the time by returning the precious vial to the refrigerator. When I return, my wife is graciously not yet comatose, but she has found an engrossing TV program. That's okay; I know that within a few minutes I'll have no trouble commanding her attention. She is, in fact, a profound prostaglandin enthusiast; as soon as its effects are visible, the TV goes off, along with the rest of her clothes.

Now that sex has been reinvigorated, my wife and I are planning a romantic vacation. Our destination is undecided. All we've agreed on so far is that our hotel room must contain a small refrigerator.

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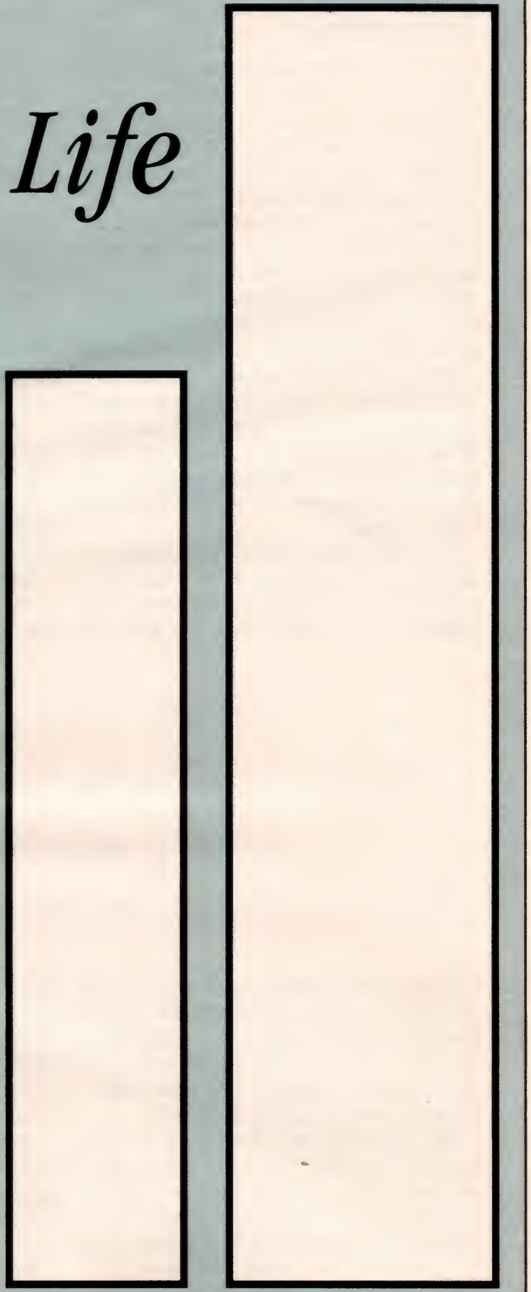

The rectangle on the left measures 5" long and 1" wide. The rectangle on the right is 2" longer and 50% wider.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

We knew this wasn't the end, and within five minutes of fingering and fondling we wanted to fuck hard. Ed sat on the shower seat, and I straddled his lap. I wanted his swollen cock to find its way inside me. Ed grabbed my ass and placed my twat onto the tip of his cock. My dripping hole was begging to be penetrated. "Fuck me!" My demands were answered; he dropped me straight onto his rock-hard cock and I moaned in ecstasy. His dick slipped in easily and satisfied my every dream. My pussy contracted around his cock. I rode him up and down, screaming and moaning. He groaned as he thrust deeper and deeper inside me. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard," I panted.

Ed penetrated deeper and faster, in and out. My cunt began to throb and pull at his cock. My come ran down his shaft, which turned him on, and he began to thrust wildly, holding on to my ass and kissing my breasts. He came and came, taking deliberate, pleasuring strokes inside me. His come was running down my thighs. I eagerly massaged it over my ass and nipples.

We rinsed off and continued making love on my bed, the couch, and even my desk. The next day we were sweating bullets over our presentation. But we just smiled at each other, knowing that no matter how it went, we would be going back to my place for a nice, long shower.—*M. J., Washington*

RAH, RAH, RAH!

I am an American paratrooper currently deployed in Bosnia. There aren't too many women here, and our only sexual outlet is making a trip to the latrine with a copy of *Penthouse* in hand. Unfortunately, sometimes the beautiful women pictured and the provocative stories just aren't enough, and we must rely on our imaginations and memories of already-lived experiences. I'd like to share one of these memories with you and your readers.

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Send to *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003.

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EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from international media

EXTRA

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SLIM REALLY FAST

Tommy McGruder checked into a diet clinic to get help in shedding some of his 800 pounds. After a rigorous regime, he dropped 400 big ones. In need of a little dewrinkling, he then entered Chapman Medical Center in Orange, California, where doctors removed 60 pounds of skin, which was donated to a Philadelphia hospital burn unit. (*USA Today*)

Hey, it's extreme, but if a guy wants to shed a few pounds, it's no skin off our nose.—Editor

THE OLD SWITCHEROO

In Orealla, Guyana, a team of medical experts penetrated the jungle to assess the facts behind a startling medical breakthrough. It seems that a local witch doctor claimed to have performed the first transplant of the brain of a monkey into the body of a mule. After a thorough investigation, the experts concluded that this indeed was the case. They refused to comment on the witch doctor's claim that he had also performed the operation successfully on a human. (*Weekly World News*)

The brain of a monkey in the body of a mule? Haven't we been sending those critters to Congress for decades?—Editor

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

Nick Leeson, the feckless young trader who, losing a billion or so dollars in speculation, caused the collapse of Britain's oldest investment bank, is currently serving six-and-a-half years in jail for covering up his incompetence. To while away the time, he asked his wife to get him information on a correspondence course. The subject? Business. (*Boston Herald*)

Yup, an M.B.A. from the Harvard Business School should beef up his résumé.—Editor

SLOW-MO *PSYCHO*

As if contemporary art needed more evidence of its current peculiar state, the Hayward Gallery in London is currently "exhibiting" Douglas Gordon's masterpiece—a showing of Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* slowed down so that it takes 24 hours to watch. (*The Economist*)

Actually, we'd rather be stabbed to death in the shower than sit through this one.—Editor

WITH TWO, YOU GET LEGROLL

The hot delicacy at a coffee shop in Johor Baru, Malaysia, these days is a bowl o' termites. Served live, dipped in alcohol, or preserved in rice wine, these crunchy morsels have become all the rage. Singaporeans have been traveling in droves to the establishment to sample the pale insects. One termite eater, asked to describe the taste, replied, "It was tough and firm on the outside, cool and creamy on the inside. Absolutely tasteless." The cost? Up to $7 for a prime queen. (Reuters)

A rip-off! In New York City you can get a queen to eat you for free.—Editor

MAMA MIA!

Filipino Edwin Bayron, a 33-year-old ex–weight lifter, is carrying a healthy six-month fetus—as revealed in an ultrasound scan. Bayron was born with both male and female sex organs, but as an adult underwent treatment that favored the latter—obviously successfully. (*The Star*)

Anyone see sexual confusion in the kid's future?—Editor

BEYOND THE MONOKINI

Salesman Jose Sabioni of Rio de Janeiro was arrested for selling swimsuits to more than 30 women at cut-rate prices in his beachfront shop. The price was right, but the quality was a little off. It seems that when the women went into the water, the swimsuits dissolved. When police searched Sabioni's shop they found dozens of photographs of the women taken right after the suits melted away. (*Weekly World News*)

It might not be right for Rio, but you've got to admire his attitude.—Editor

THE END FOR MR. WHIPPLE?

Actor Dick Wilson, who gained a kind of comic immortality as the ineffectual Mr. Whipple, trying to keep housewives from squeezing the Charmin, thought the company had wiped him off its mailing list. For many years Wilson had been receiving one or two cases a month from Procter & Gamble, Charmin's manufacturer. Then, suddenly, the shipments stopped, leaving Wilson to conclude he'd come to the end of his roll.

Reached about the matter, a spokesman for P&G stated that they were not aware of Wilson's paperless plight, and promised to get to the bottom of things as soon as possible. (Associated Press)

He shouldn't have to sit still for this shit.—Editor

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

We drove back to my car, and she kissed me and drove off. This, as it turned out, was the last time I would see her. I have called and sent flowers, to no avail. In fact she became upset that I sent the flowers to her office, saying that I should know how professional she is and that I caused her to worry that I was becoming obsessed like some of her past boyfriends. She told me I should keep things in perspective—we really don't know each other.

I am heartbroken. I can't understand what happened. It's as if she changed 180 degrees. Friends tell me to forget it, but I just can't get her out of my mind. At the very least I need to know why things changed so drastically. What do you think I should do?—C. K., California

One of the innumerable poems about love, filed among the floppy disks of my memory, ends with the lines, "To man it is a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." In the bad old days before women managed to get out of the home as free individuals, this was certainly true, but things have changed.

She gently asked me to turn over and raise my rear end up to her. Then she spread my thighs apart and told me to relax.

By anyone's standards you are successful, but in your head you are still living in an old-fashioned, male-oriented world where a bachelor meets a nice girl, settles down to a steady relationship with her, then maybe they get married and have children. Or he remains a bachelor with a little black book of phone numbers, and dates a lot of different girls and gets plenty of recreational sex. If one of his girlfriends starts to become serious, he uses a variety of methods to cool her off. You know this character from countless old films in which he was played by Jack Lemmon or Cary Grant, and the girl captured him in the end, because those kinds of movies demanded a happy ending.

But it is not like that anymore, if it ever really was. Now there are a whole bunch of women out there who play the same game as men.

The "fiercely independent young woman" you met invited *you* out to dinner, and although you went back to your place rather than hers, I suspect she was calling the shots. Then you went out in *her* toy, a boat, instead of *your* sports car or off-road vehicle, and you started getting serious when all she wanted to do was play, so she decided to cool your ardor.

One of the results of women's recently achieved sexual equality is that now there are men sitting around like wallflowers at a 1930s dance, waiting for some kind girl to take them home. This is a horror story from many a man's point of view, but as far as we women are concerned it is not only well deserved but long overdue.

The shoe is on the other foot. Nowadays it is often the girl who carries the condom. I am afraid you are just going to have to accept that you were not much more than a glorified one-night stand in this lady's life. That does not mean you did anything wrong, and you should not let it affect your future behavior. It is as if you fell briefly into a parallel universe, a science-fiction world that looked just like the place you know but where in fact the rules are different.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

My wife and I enjoy sex very much—though it's difficult to have it as often as we'd wish, with two kids in the house. Our problem is that she can attain orgasm only with a vibrator. When we have sex I usually bring her to orgasm first, using the vibrator, then come inside her afterward. I must admit I get very aroused watching her orgasm while I'm holding the vibrator.

Is it possible for us to learn how she can achieve an orgasm during intercourse, after being so dependent on the vibrator? I'm afraid I can't compete with the intense clitoral stimulation of the vibrator, no matter what position we use. Does a vibrator "desensitize" a woman after years of use, making it harder to achieve orgasm?—S. L., New York

It has been said that "Woman with wooden clitoris needs man with electric tongue." Although I have recommended the vibrator as a solution for women who have difficulty achieving orgasm, like many a prescription drug it is potentially dangerous, in that it is habit forming and can desensitize one to less mechanical sex toys, like a finger or tongue.

I would suggest you try to wean your wife off the vibrator, but you must accept that it will not be easy. Start your loveplay with your tongue, which can be almost as exciting as the vibrator and does not make any noise. On the other hand, it may be that your wife has come to associate the buzzing of the vibrator with the pleasure of orgasm, so you can also try holding the vibrator close to her pussy while you massage her clit with your tongue and see if you can make her come that way. Or you can pretend *you* are a vibrator, and hum while you are schlurping. I had a guy who did this to me and it was quite extraordinary; everyone should try it.

You can also buy a smaller, penis-shaped vibrator, with which it is easy to stimulate her clitoris while you are actually fucking her. If you try the woman-on-top position, where you lie on your back and she sits astride you, facing you, either of you can manipulate the vibrator to bring her to orgasm while you come inside her.

For too many married couples sex becomes a routine only to be "done" after the children are in bed, and then it is always in the same position with a "We must get it over quickly because it is late, the kids can hear us, and I have a hard day in front of me tomorrow" attitude. You should try to organize a routine that leaves you an hour of quality time together every day, without the kids, and try to recapture the fun of lovemaking, the way it was before you had all this responsibility. And if not daily, try every week or so. Hire a baby-sitter and go to a motel, or get one of the neighbors to watch the kids, and you can do the same for them.

CLOSET QUEEN?

A little over a year ago, while visiting the West Coast, I stayed with my friend Charles. The last night of my visit we went to dinner and then went back to his place to watch a movie. After the movie ended, Charles went to his room and I stayed on the couch. Something strange happened to me that night. I was so turned on by the thought of going to his room and having sex with him that I ended up not sleeping at all. The only thing that kept me from following through was the thought of what my girlfriend of (at that time) four years would think if she found out, and what it might do to my friendship with Charles.

I had never thought about having sex with another man before, but since then I think about it often. I'm actually comfortable with the thought. My girlfriend and I have an amazingly good sex life, and I'm not attracted to other guys, just Charles. I've talked with my girl about this, and she said that if I feel it is something I must try, go for it.

A few months ago we visited Charles, and he revealed to us that he is gay. My question is: Should I tell him of my feelings and see if he'd be interested in hav-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

MUMMY DEAREST

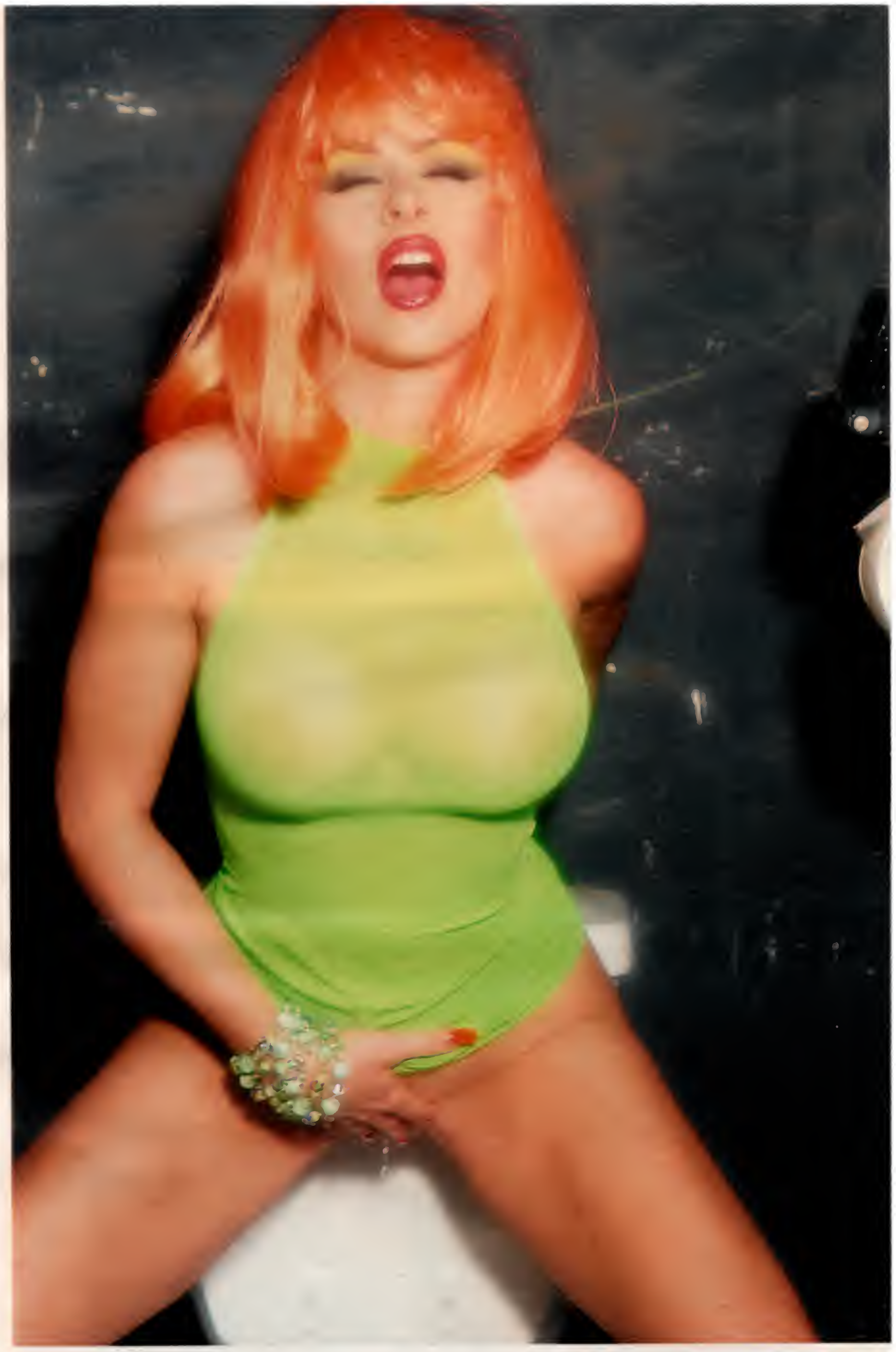
"Bloody hell!" she spat. Squinting against the fog that clouded her kohl-rimmed eyes, Dyanna operated by touch. She tugged patiently at the taut strips until they gradually began to give way at the joints.

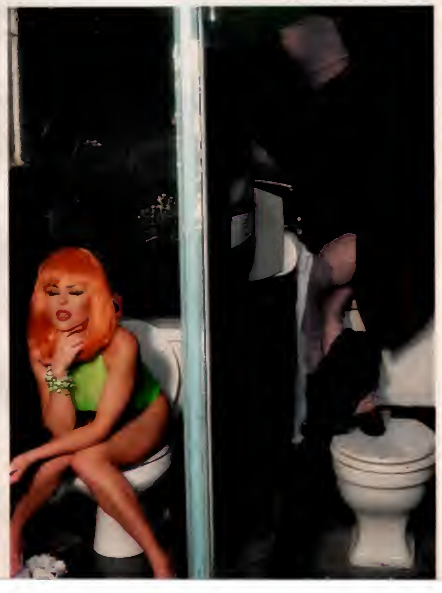
Dyanna could've just killed for a knife, a pair
of scissors—even a nail clipper would have eased her task. Unfortunately,
she'd left her purse on the other side. Would her words
alone carry a sharp enough edge to slice through the bindings? "Arise!"
she commanded. Slowly, the creature stirred.
Coarse, dry bundled stumps raked goose bumps over her naked flesh.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL WACHTER

The wind whined and a black cat scurried past, belly to the ground, as the pair stumbled their way in a dangerously discordant *pas de deux* to the church door. "Going … to the chapel and I'm … gonna get married …," the creature croaked tunelessly. Its impossibly tumescent appendage startled Dyanna with a grotesque salute. How many centuries had it been awaiting release?

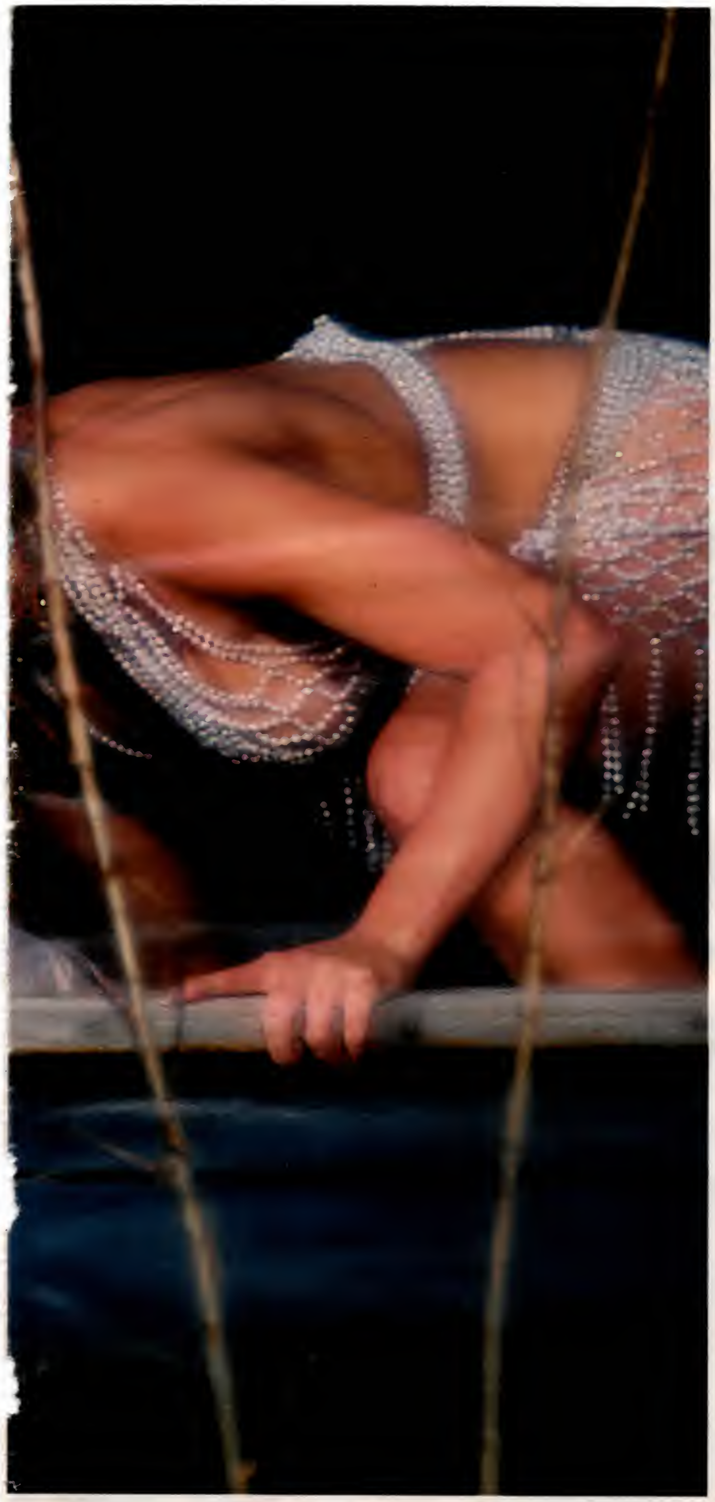
Dyanna quickly regained her equilibrium and led her companion in a *danse macabre* of devilish delight. Into the church lavatory she scampered, her playmate grunting and lumbering along at her heels. The stall was quiet as a crypt till Dyanna pierced the still vapor with a shrill chirp as she plopped down on the icy porcelain. She reached for the paper.

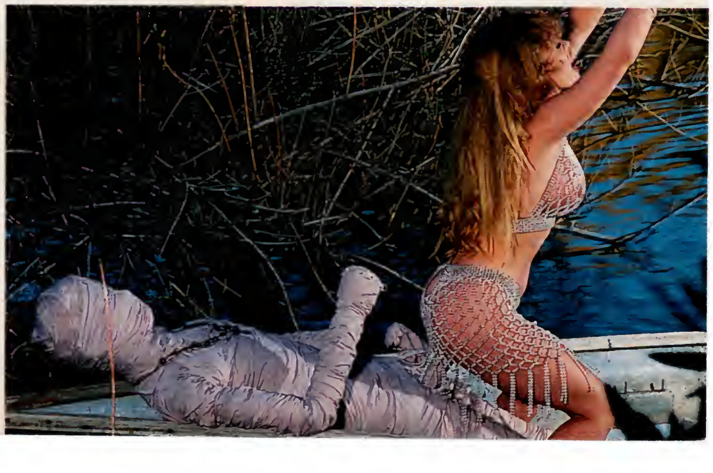




The moon was high, and the huntress Dyanna
was starting to feel restless and wolfish. The time for coupling was nigh;
she hiked her leg, spread her ripe red lips, and squatted
onto the tip of the monster's fifth limb. The dusty cloth pushed into her
with tiny, scratchy jerks. Dyanna howled with desire.

Somewhere a loon laughed and crickets cried, but nothing could break the mummy's curse. Its power transformed Dyanna into a hundred different hungry harlots and creamy courtesans throughout the hot night. She sucked and rode the petrified pole to no avail. Although her own body was bent by multiple tremors and convulsions, the creature's buried essence could not be drained.





Then, at the height of Dyanna's frenzy, the mummy erupted and all was revealed—the radiant goddess of desire, Rebecca, cracked through her chrysalis, joining her lover for an orgasmic eternity.

X RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

ROCCO ROLLS
Never Say Never to Rocco Siffredi
(Evil Angel) ⊥ ⊥ ⊥
Rocco Siffredi is adult video's answer to Arnold Schwarzenegger: a superb physical specimen short on acting and verbal skills. In this self-directed video Siffredi demonstrates his deliciously non-p.c. brand of piston-pumping eroticism. The archetypal vignette, repeated here with several variations (different women, same result), shows Rocco furiously fucking a female, leaving her limp and exhausted, only to summon a group of "friends" to pick up where he left off. Powerful, over-the-top stuff.

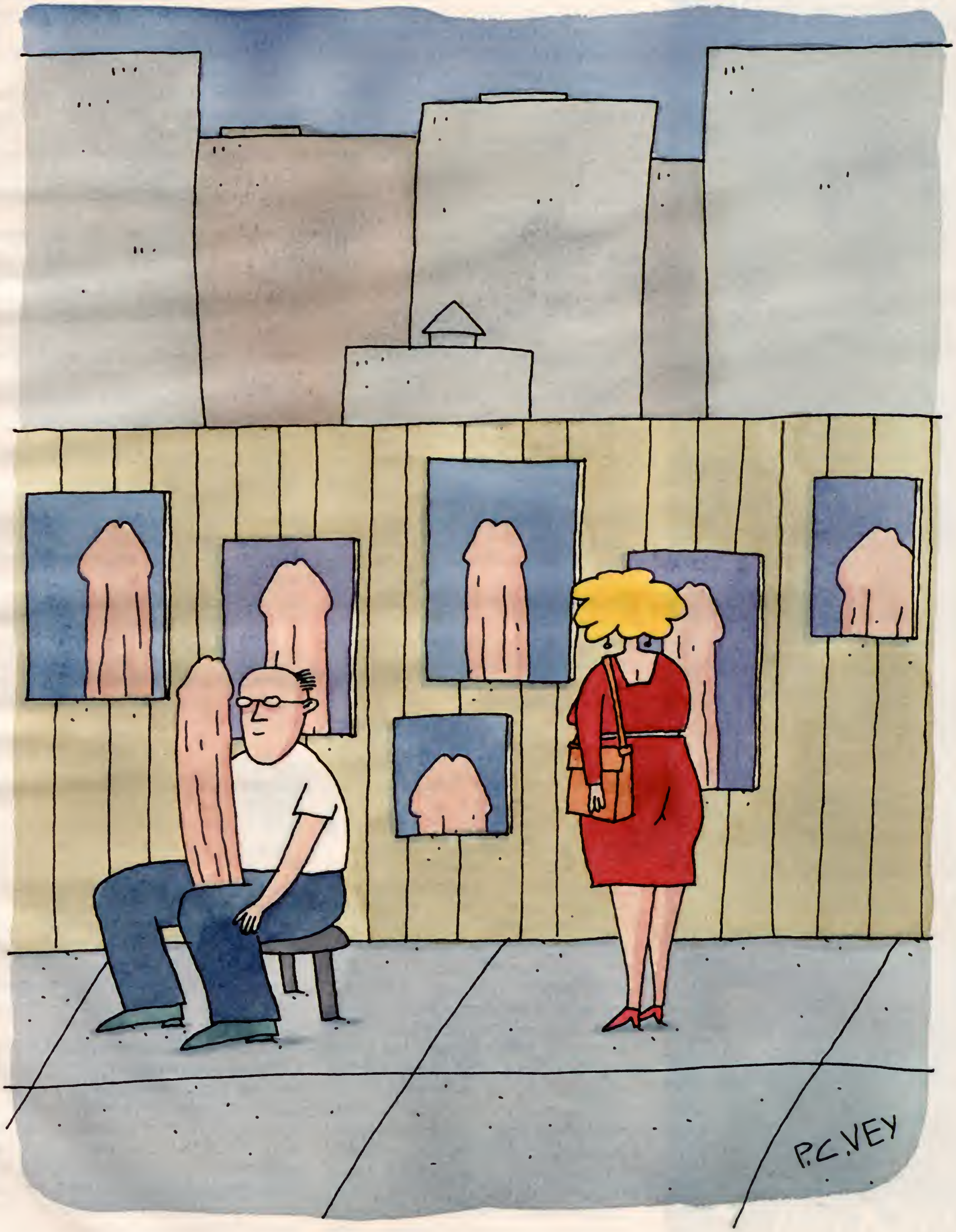
Good direction, sizzling performances, superb bodies—*Blue Movie* lives up to its hype.

CLOCK SUCKERS
Face to Face
(Moonlight Entertainment) ⊥ ⊥
More a premise for a video than an actual video, *Face to Face* combines a game-show mentality with the stat-happy sensibility of the sports fan, applying both manifestations to adult entertainment. An on-screen timer provides up-to-the-second "scores" for couples who meet, grope each other, and fuck. The luscious British import Nici is paired with superstud Randy West, for example, and the two are timed for each stage of their tryst—complete with bells and whistles as each step is completed. Is this smut or the sexual Olympics? You decide.

RUBBER FUCKY
Beyond Reality
(Exquisite Pleasures) ⊥ ⊥ ⊥
Of all the down-and-dirty directors in porn, Bruce Seven may be the downest and dirtiest. He's been around for a long time, and he just keeps churning out wall-to-wall bangers that are short on plot, high on heat. In *Beyond Reality*—codirected with his partner in slime, the outrageous superslut Bionca—Seven uses a bizarre, rubber-suited voyeur as the flimsy glue holding together a series of nasty, no-holes-barred vignettes.

HARLEY HAR-HAR
The Wild Breed
(Sin City) ⊥ ⊥ ⊥
Tom Byron is "the Big Dipper," a biker type temporarily paralyzed after wiping out on his hog. It's not only the Dipper's spinal column that's gone, though—his mind is suspect too. He keeps hallucinating talks with dead club members. All the Big Dipper can do is sit in his wheelchair, talk to his ghost buddies, and listen to his heartless wife, Crystal, as she bones his living pals in the next room. Oh yeah—he has his memories too, and that's where a lot of the sex scenes in *The Wild Breed* come from. There's even a twist at the end that leaves the sad sack Dipper in even worse shape than before. The plot, sets, and acting in this biker epic aren't top-notch, but the sex is luscious and well shot, with loving, gynecological close-ups. If you've ever dreamed of humping on a hog, this vid's for you.

PENTHOUSE PICK
Blue Movie
(Wicked Pictures) ⊥ ⊥ ⊥
Director Michael Zen rarely lives up to his own hype, but *Blue Movie* is an enjoyable version of that old chestnut, the behind-the-scenes-at-the-porno-shoot video. Zen gets a superb performance out of the always-sizzling Jeanna Fine, even though he casts her in the unlikely role of a female bodyguard. And Zen gets cute with cutting back and forth between the actual video action and the video-within-a-video that is supposedly being made. Jenna Jameson is yet another huge-titted Hollywood blonde who makes her debut here, but she airs it out well during a feral coupling with T. T. Boy. Michael Zen is on the cusp of being one of the most dependable directors in porn, although you want to tell him to settle down, concentrate on quality, and leave his stylistic tricks at home. To paraphrase Sergeant Friday of "Dragnet," "Just the fucks, ma'am."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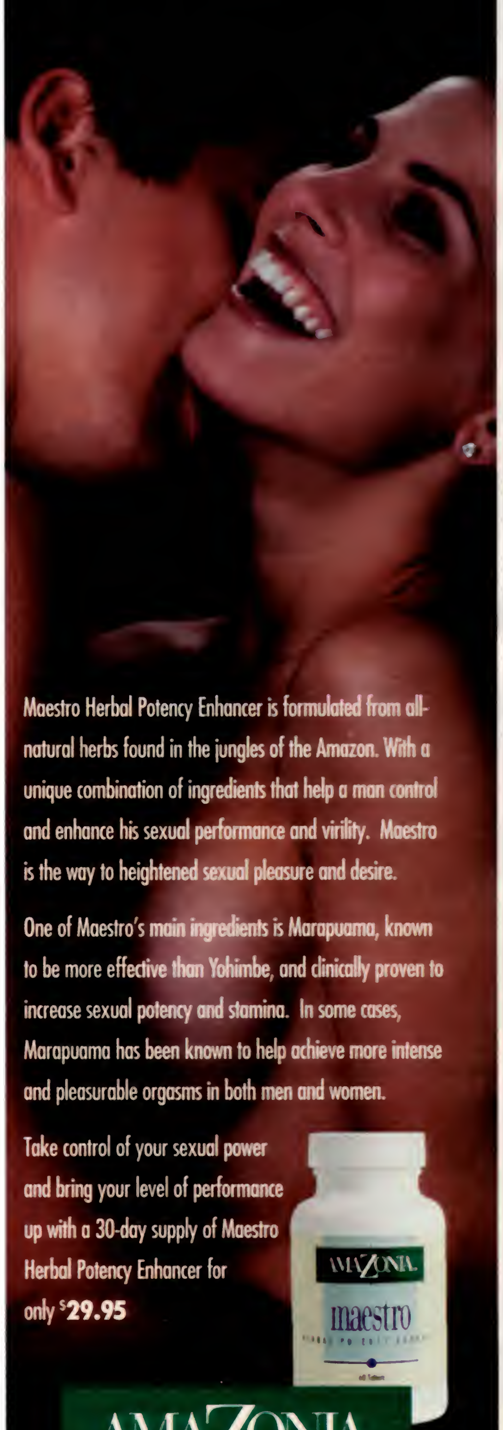

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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

A paranoid lottery winner is a pussycat compared with Sharon Stone and the bodyguards who surround her. Stone has a reputation among the press; they believe her heart is synonymous with her last name. Unlike on screen, where her exhibitionism has vaulted her to stardom via a quick display of a body part seen regularly in the pages of this magazine, Stone is unusually protective of her personal life. No problem, Sharon, but when you agree to head a charity fund-raiser, count on seeing a few reporters and photographers around. That's why they put your name on the press releases.

Let me explain. Washington, D.C., has an annual five-kilometer race for breast cancer that attracts some 25,000 participants. Paula Zahn runs it, Linda "Wonder Woman" Carter is there—lots of celebs, a harmless photo opportunity for the press. When Sharon was billed as its honorary chair, my editor at the *Globe* gave me an assignment cutely slugged: "Wonder Woman vs. Sharon Stone (and let the best gal win!)."

Stone came to Washington in a sulk. Which was bad for me, because I thought it would be a cakewalk, covering a willing star whose sole reason for being there was to attract entrants and attention for the event. My job was to record it, get a nice shot of Stone running, pick up a few quotes. It turned into a three-day nightmare.

The next day Ms. Stone winged a speech at the National Press Club, giving most of the audience the impression that she herself had been diagnosed with cancer, but had cured it by giving up coffee. She later denied she'd said it, but here are her verbatim comments:

"Four years ago I was told I had cancer, lymph cancer. I tested positive twice for lymph cancer. I had lumps in every area of my body. I knew what that meant. Very, very fortunately for me, with a lot of positive thinking, and a lot of holistic healing—I say that in a very personal sense, because I know that's a personal approach—I ended up testing negative for lymph cancer, but it took several months, and those months changed my life. And one of the changes during that time is that I stopped drinking coffee, and when I stopped drinking coffee, ten days later I had no tumors in any of my lymph glands."

Sharon was scheduled to attend a V.I.P. dinner for corporate sponsors. She had the big table. I crashed it. La Sharon snubbed the fat cats, refusing to mix or even get up to greet them unless they approached her table. She chatted most of the time with her companion, Mimi Craven, the ex-wife of "Freddy Krueger" horror-film director Wes Craven.

That night's TV news headlined that Stone had cured her cancer by giving up coffee. And people say tabloids use hyperbole.

The press furor put Sharon in a snit. She canceled her announced plans to "run in the race." A source with the sponsoring cancer charity told me later that the actress wasn't a jogger and never had any plans to run. She'd been going to ride in the pace car, they said, but now it seemed Stone only wanted to get out of town.

With Sharon still the honorary chairperson of a charitable event but avoiding publicity opportunities, my piece-of-cake job was getting more difficult. The next morning I waited at her hotel at seven A.M., knowing her first appearance of the advertised day would start as she left by limo to go to the race. She had to make at least a perfunctory appearance at the opening ceremonies, I reasoned.

Well, she emerged all right, but with a small army of security guards sporting crew cuts who blocked all attempts to get a picture. One of them told me that Stone was being stalked and had security concerns. Would I wait, I was asked, and a posed picture of Stone would take place just for me, later. I actually bit and lowered my camera. Although it didn't make sense, I certainly didn't want to add to her anxiety. I can be *nice*. So I leaped into my car to follow Stone's limousine procession to the race some five miles away.

At the event next to the Washington Monument, Stone again avoided both the press and the V.I.P.'s, who this time included both Vice President Al Gore (with Tipper) and D.C. Mayor Marion Barry (in truth, possibly a good person for a movie star to avoid). Stone ducked into a trailer, perhaps thinking that the thousands of people who'd shown up because of her star billing were extras and she was on a movie set. The shy Sharon had to come out sometime, though, and by now I'd become determined to get my shot even if her guards tried to block me.

A few minutes later she did come out, led by an even larger wedge of beefy security guys, making her way down a path with ropes on both sides. I had already pretty well figured that that was to be her route. Not to boast, but I had been the only person staking out her hotel. Diligence does pay off. I was also the only person aware of her planned path to the stage, and stood next to it, ready. God, I even honored the ropes, only leaning into them. When she saw me waiting, camera poised, she huffed, "Get out of my way." Her guard seemed embarrassed at having to put an arm up in front of me (he knew I'd been the politest paparazzo he'd ever had to push aside on Stone duty). He seemed even more embarrassed when he knocked me back. Though startled, I managed to get two candid shots of the grim-faced Stone—one unflatteringly right up her nose as I was headed backward onto the grass.

Moments later she stepped on stage, sunglassed, and hid behind a lectern before about 10,000 distantly seated racers and walkers—many of whom had paid their $25 thinking they'd somehow be jogging along with her. In her short speech she empathized with the crowd psyched to participate and left the impression she'd be sweating with them as well, saying, "I've been carbo-loading for three years preparing for this race."

Right. Before the starter's gun was fired, Stone's limo could be seen heading toward the airport. She was outta there, leaving the V.I.P.'s who sponsored the race muttering, "Where's Sharon?"

La Stone got a lot of publicity that weekend, but not the kind she'd ever had before. Moral: If you agree to head a charity function, be nice to the people who help you to sell tickets.

Tabloid writing is a combination of the simple and the sensational. A male spouse is called a "hubby," a female companion is a "gal pal." Hollywood is almost always "Tinseltown." Jail can be a "hoosegow," a "slammer," or a "pokey," while an illegitimate baby is always sweetly called a "love child" as a result of "forbidden love." I find the jargon friendly, albeit old-fashioned. But the tabs know their readers, and have no intention of tampering with the formula after 40 years of raking in profits.

Each celeb usually gets an alliterative appellation. Katie Couric of the "Today" show has been called the "bubbly broadcaster." Ted Turner of CNN is the "cable Casanova," and Luciano Pavarotti, the "tumescent tenor." When I wrote a story on a prisoner who'd escaped from a West Virginia slammer by weaving a rope from dental floss, he was dubbed the "hillbilly Houdini."

Anything that's legal or gray-area legal is okay in the tabloid-press world. Have I grabbed the trash put out by celebrities? You bet. I've gathered enough from public streets and alleys to qualify for a performance bonus from several beleaguered sanitation departments.

Are disguises worn? Last May when Chris Reeve had his tragic riding accident in Virginia, a *People* magazine reporter impersonated a doctor to try to get past security as Reeve lay unconscious at the hospital. The reporter was stopped near the door, but I could only marvel at his nerve.

A few months later I was assigned to help cover boxer Mike Tyson when he attended the graduation from medical school of Monica Turner, his "pregnant pediatrician gal pal" (that's what I mean by tabloid language). Fearing the same media frenzy that erupted when William Kennedy Smith walked down the aisle a few years earlier, just after his rape trial, Georgetown University Med School barred the press.

If they really believed that closing the doors of Washington's Kennedy Center to tab reporters dogging the infamous Mike Tyson would work, they were dreaming. A photographer for the *Star* played the role of the proud father in a blue blazer and school tie and smiled his way in without a ticket. A boxing writer for the New York *Daily News* simply whipped out his wallet and went among the students offering a $100 bill for a ticket. He got it. My entry into the ceremonies was a little more elaborate. I made a few alterations to my son's high-school-graduation robe—which just happened to be the same color as the Georgetown grads' gowns—and marched in with the Class of '95. I was able to give a blow-by-blow account of Tyson's reaction to Turner's elevation: "Iron Mike waved both fists in the air as she crossed the stage. It was as if he had just won another ring battle," I reported to the *National Enquirer.*

Tabloids have a better intelligence network than the C.I.A. Aldrich Ames would have been caught right away if he'd tried to pull the same stunts at a tab. Give them a name, and within minutes they can get you the unlisted phone number, the address—a complete dossier on the person. They seem to have every other limo driver, nightclub bouncer, and parking-lot attendant on their payroll part-time. And though a few tabloids may still have a reputation for writing about two-headed space aliens, the tabloid people I work with, who toil in the newsrooms of the magazines in Florida—five tabs are based there—have families, and live numbingly normal lives away from the office. My editor at the *National Enquirer* is a Princeton grad. Many have British accents, escapees from the damp cold of London and its half-dozen daily tabloids—which for pure crass sensationalism put America's to shame.

I picture the readers as mostly blue-collar women who live in small towns. But that's a generalization. Tabloids are sold in nearly every supermarket in the United States, and women who live in Beverly Hills or on the Upper East Side of Manhattan read them too, though they may send the household help out to pick them up with the groceries.

So when my stories appear to take a side, they're usually sympathetic to

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women. I was on the Bobbitt "dismembered penis" case from the start, at one point tipping a 7-Eleven clerk $10 to leave the store to point out *exactly* where on the grassy traffic island the volunteer-fire-department crew had found John's withering willy. I marked the spot with a wad of bubble gum and snapped it for posterity.

Last fall I paid Lorena a few hundred dollars and got the first interview with her since her 1994 acquittal of—as my editors kept inserting in the text—"the unkindest cut of all." Lorena was working in a hair salon as a "nail technician" and going to college. She had taken the straight route—unlike John's budding (if that's the right term) porn-movie career. In the chitchat while trimming my cuticles (sometimes I *love* this job), she told me that Mel Gibson was her favorite movie star, which will probably make Mel's kilted testicles shrivel a little when he reads this. But her big revelation was that she'd been celibate for two years and had no boyfriends. The next week the *Globe* gleefully headlined the story: LORENA'S MAN-ICURE.

Sometimes my job is simply to validate a story—prove what the magazine has heard is true. Regis Philbin has an ex-wife who often makes tabloid headlines simply because she lives in poverty while Regis lives mostly in, well, limousines. REGIS' LONELY EX LIVES IN POVERTY was one recent headline. She bore a son, Danny, who had a birth defect that led to the amputation of both legs when Danny was young. Instead of limos, he lives in a wheelchair and is trying to make his own way in life. Recently I got a startling assignment to verify a phoned-in tip, and the outrageous assignment sheet for it appeared in my fax saying: REGIS' LEGLESS SON JOINS THE CIA!

Wow! My job was to locate Danny, follow him, and see if he indeed worked for the Central Intelligence Agency. Not hard. But the best I could do was tail him until he entered a classified area at the Pentagon, which led to the tab's revised headline: REGIS' TRAGIC SON: I'M A PENTAGON SPY. Following him turned out to be a challenge—he was in terrific shape, zooming along to and from work, almost intimidating people into leaping out of the way. It seems he's an accomplished wheelchair racer.

Tabloid hijinks rarely neatly happen between nine and five, Monday through Friday. So when the rest of the world was downing a toast on New Year's Eve, I was on an island five miles off the coast of Maine checking out a tip (false, as it turns out) that John Travolta's wife, Kelly Preston, was having an affair with a rural handyman while Travolta was off doing publicity for *White Man's Burden.* The source believed the rendezvousers had been in a car accident together. Since Travolta's career was white-hot again, this had to be followed up. Now picture this: New Year's Eve, subzero weather, a lonely island with no winter lodging, no stores or restaurants—this was going to be a beaut.

I was able to rent a house on the island near Travolta's mansion. Since the entire island has fewer than 500 residents and Travolta seems to employ nearly half of them as part-time household help, I thought it would be really hard to obtain untainted answers. Then just as suddenly it became easy. I got a look at the purported "love interest." Not that looks are everything, but he wasn't a hunk even by Neanderthal standards. After interviewing six islanders, I was at least able to get all the details of the car accident and what really happened. Kelly had been rushing to the island's water taxi to get her staff and some friends back to the mainland before it left. It was dark and snowing. She'd slid into a telephone pole—and just missed turning over a steep embankment behind it. There had been no extramarital affair. Still it was good for a KELLY PRESTON CHEATS DEATH exclusive.

Stories beget stories. There's a sequel to the Robert Duvall divorce tale, for example. After it ran, I began to get calls from a different set of sources. Society loves a good scandal. This new set of aging debutantes wasn't disputing the original story at all—but they wondered why certain "more relevant, juicier" details weren't included. I immediately met them in a darkened steakhouse. They turned out to be a shy pair, with one in a wig and dark glasses dolled up as if she were a secret source for "Hard Copy." Later, after knocking back a couple of glasses of wine, I listened to the "relevant details." Sharon Duvall had been battling cervical cancer for two years, and Duvall "hadn't kissed Sharon romantically in that time," according to these close friends.

"He couldn't deal with her illness ... she was starved for love. He went numb on her," they revealed. "She found relief in the pool boy's arms." Now that's a perfect tabloid-story sequel.

I couldn't get a comment from Duvall. He was now off in Argentina, scouting locations for a movie about Adolf Eichmann. His lawyer wouldn't comment. Neither would Jeff Gable, the pool man, although he wondered where we'd gotten the thong-bikini shot of him.

My friends often ask me why I've never watched a soap opera. I tell them that I don't have to—celebrities act out these mini-dramas for me each week in real life. And because they do, my daughter's getting an education.

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TRITT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

Do you think homosexuality is wrong?

According to the way I was raised and my church teachings, it is. It's very much taboo. I can definitely stand up and say, "No, I'm not one, and I would never be one," but I can't really condemn somebody else for being that. But I still have a problem with the homosexual community. I understand that because they've been in the closet for so long, they have a tremendous need to come out and stand their ground, and to be very vocal and graphic about what they are. But I see gay rallies on television and in the streets, and my feeling is that if you're going to be homosexual, that's fine. But keep the sexual act at home, behind closed doors. Regardless of whether you're heterosexual or homosexual, sex is something that's personal and private.

You recently got engaged to a young woman named Theresa Nelson. You used to say you wouldn't get married again. Didn't you have your wedding rings melted down into a medallion to remind you of this?

Yes, but frankly I didn't work as hard as I should have on my marriages. I thought that you meet somebody that you're really crazy about, you get married, and it lasts forever. But marriage is hard work. And I saw two women who once professed love for me take me to court and absolutely burn me at the stake. I was very bitter as a result of it. But I've become more thoughtful of what's going on around me, and I realize there are several things still lacking in my life. One of them is children. I think I could be a very good father. And I hope to have that opportunity. Another factor is simply that I don't want to grow old by myself. I don't think anybody in their right mind would. So I watch the people who have had successful relationships, like Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter, and I try to figure out what keeps them going. I honestly believe that one of the reasons they've stayed together so long is because of what they do on a daily basis. Everywhere you see one, the other one's not far away.

I'm beginning to get the sense that your general rebellious attitude comes from a strong sense of right and wrong—a personal code of behavior.

Basically. If you'd asked me six years ago what my political party was, I would have said, "I vote for the guy I think is going to do the best job." And nowadays I consider myself to be pretty much a right-wing Republican. Just simply because of things as I view them, based on, "This seems right, and this seems wrong to me." I'm not motivated by anything other than my heart.

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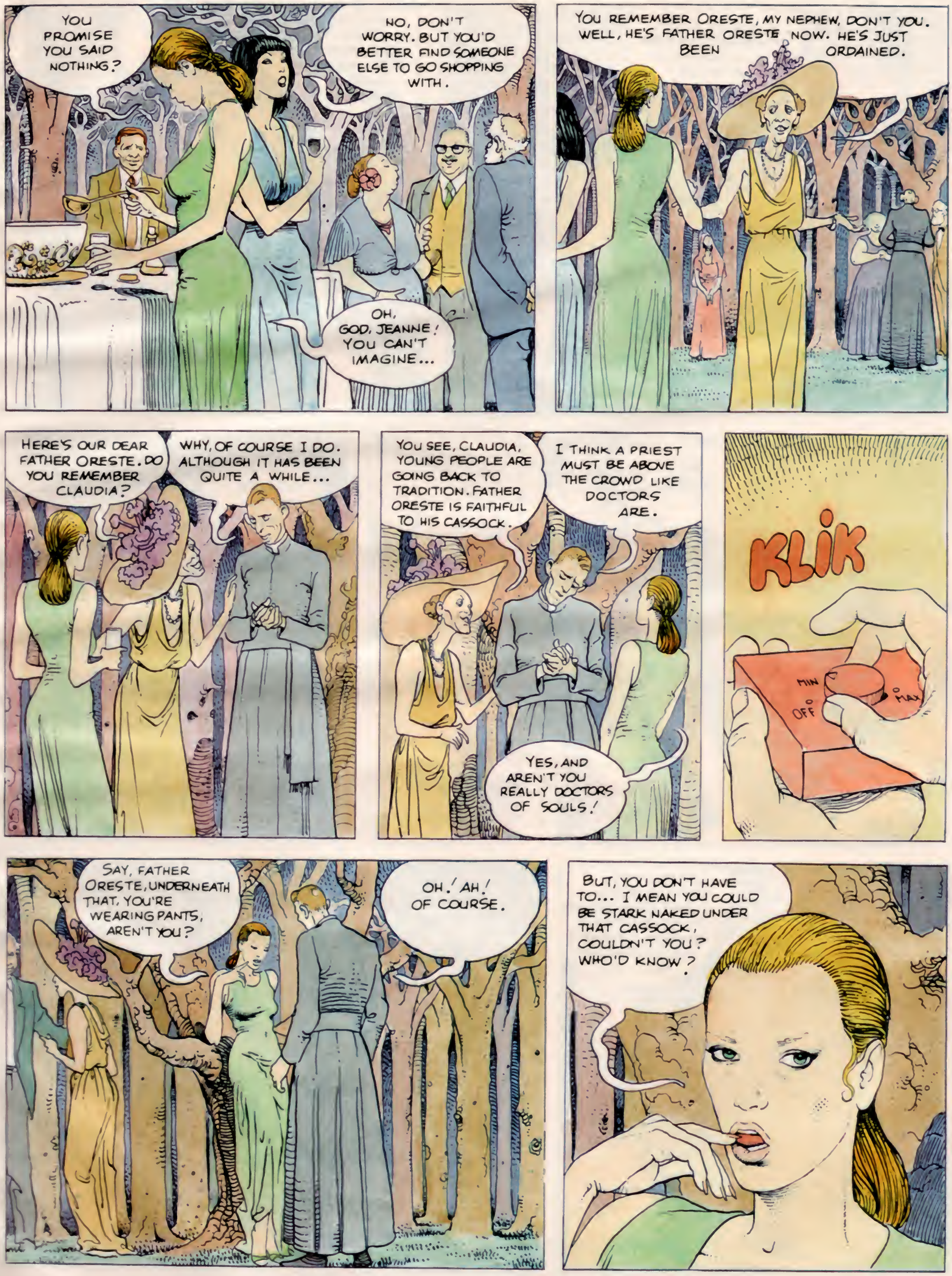
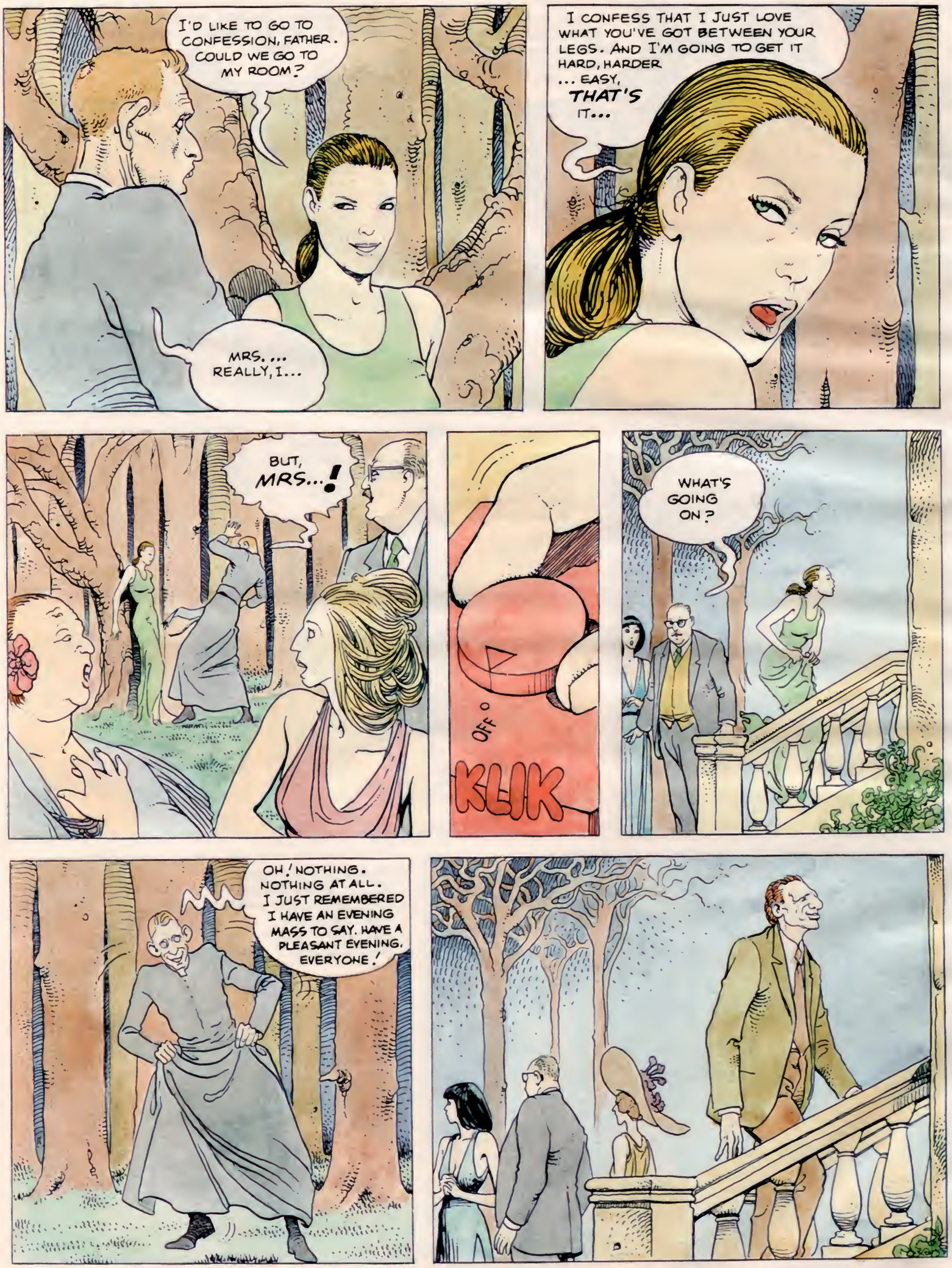
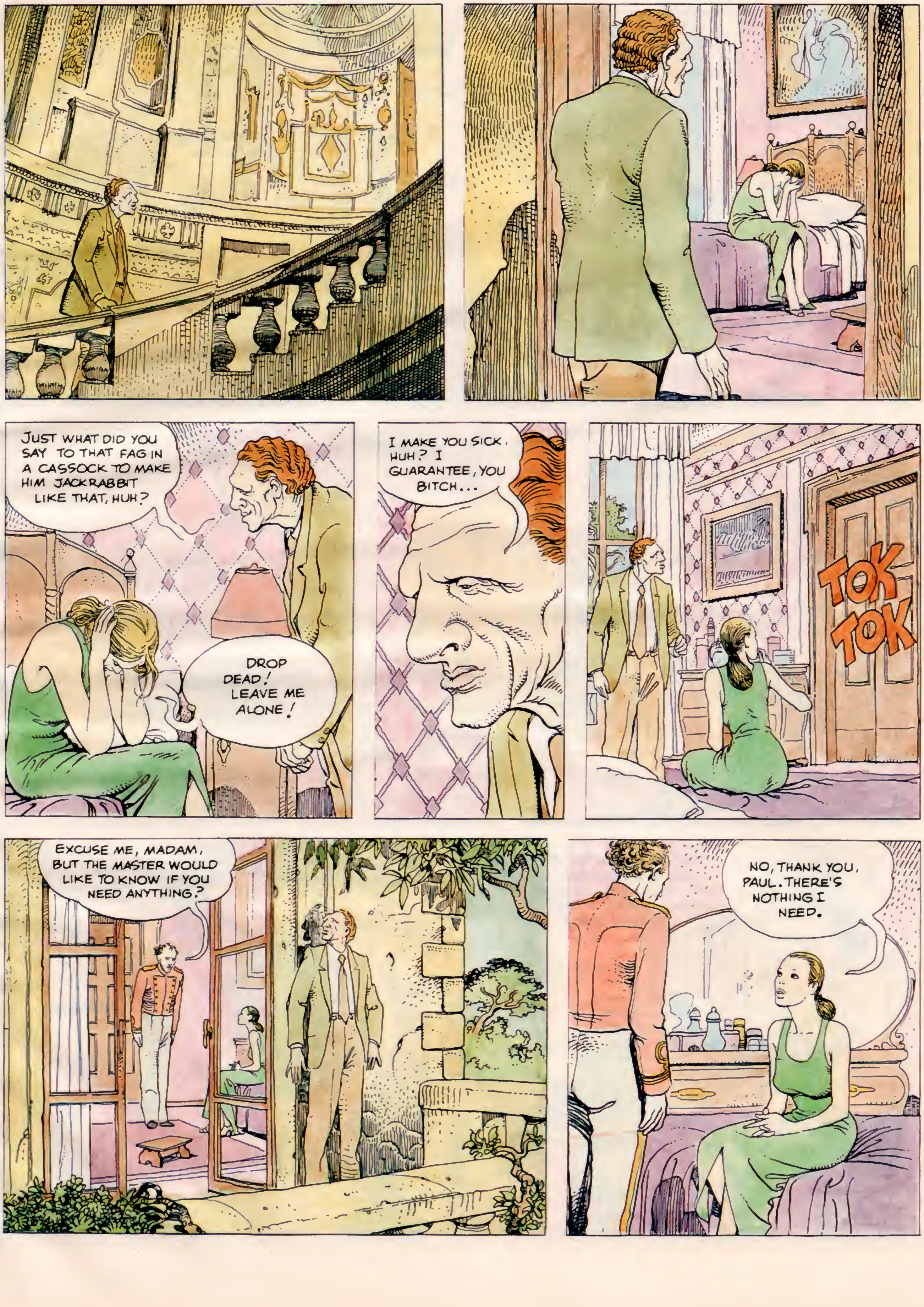
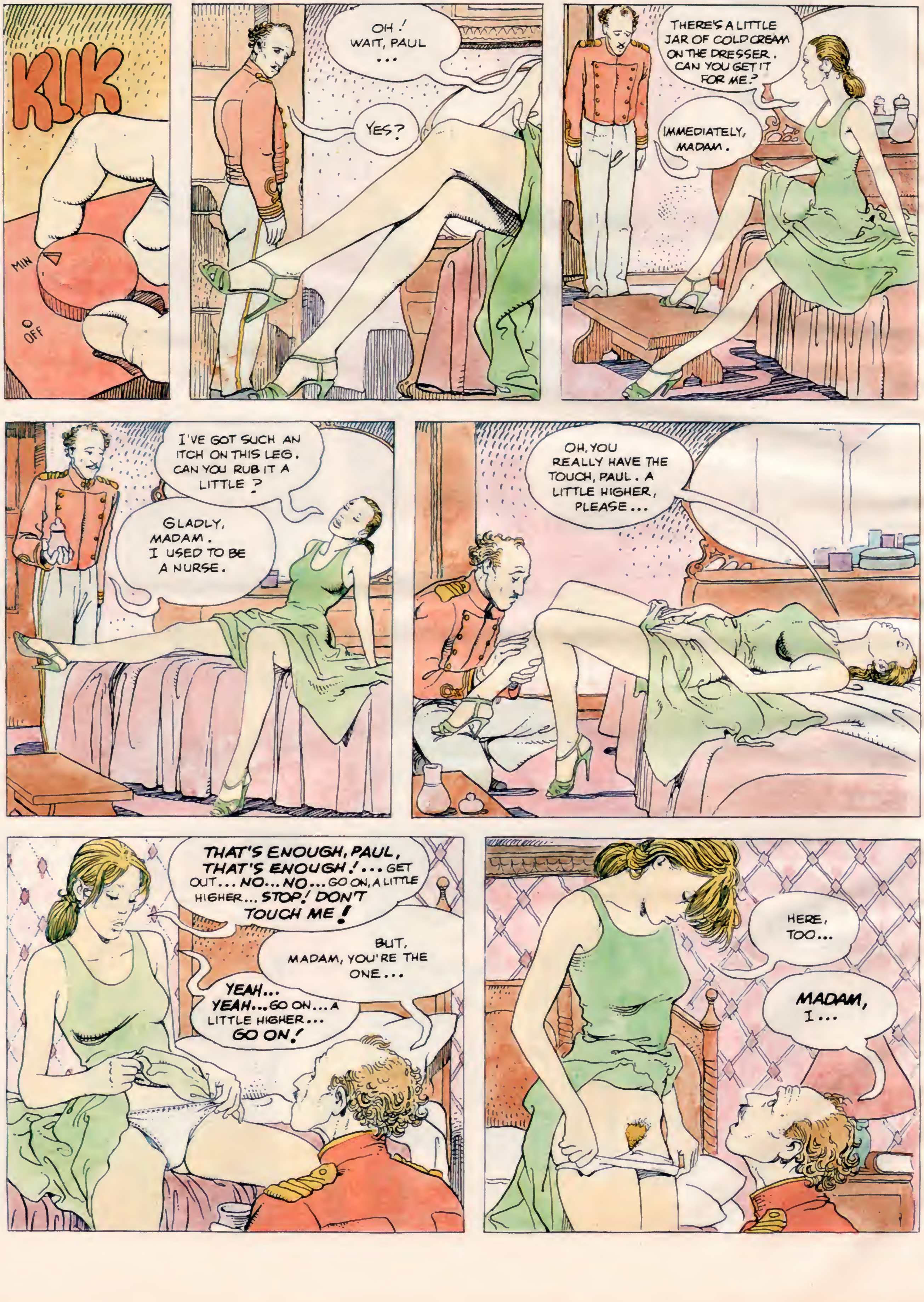
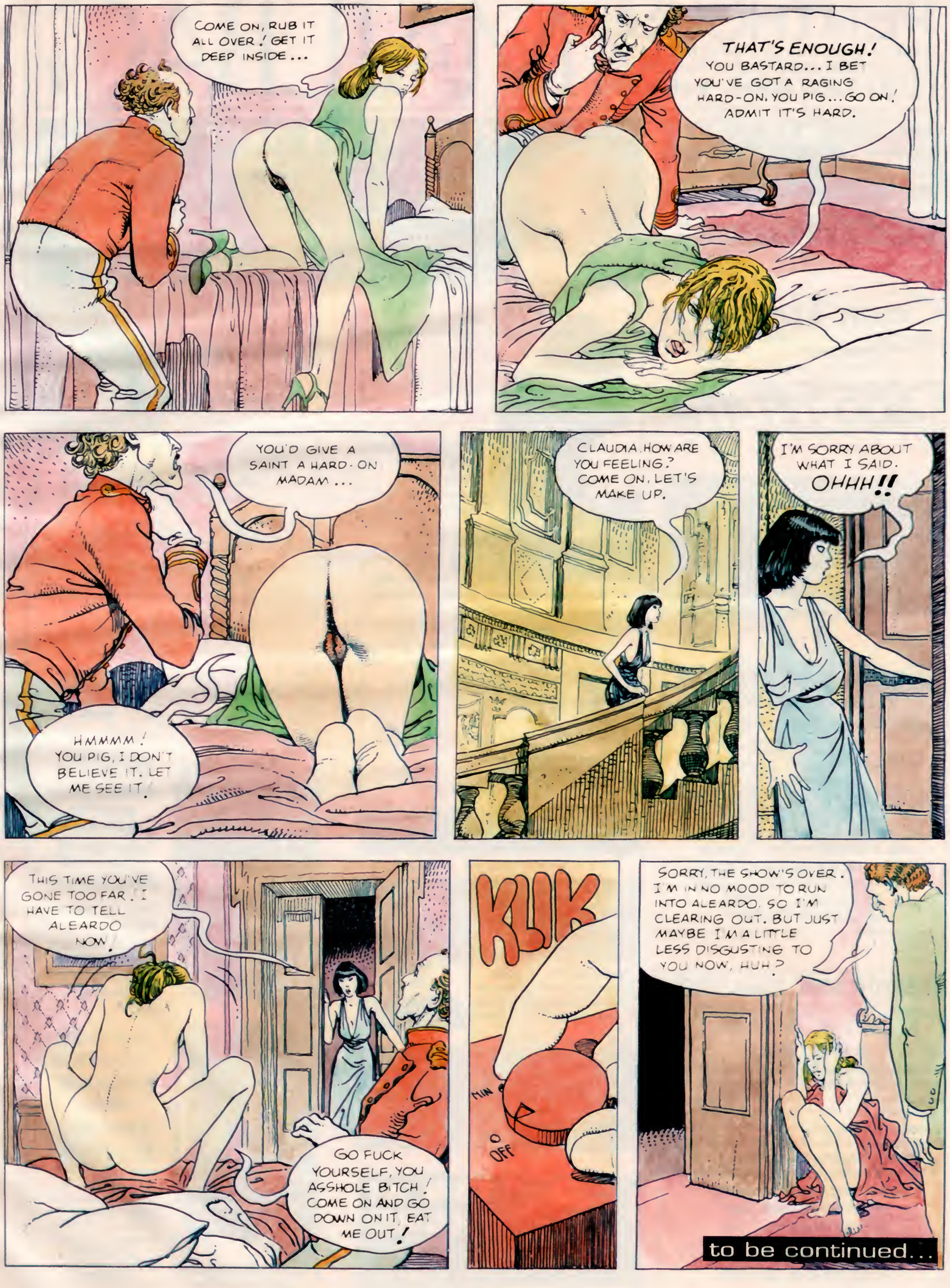

YOU PROMISE YOU SAID NOTHING?
NO, DON'T WORRY. BUT YOU'D BETTER FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO GO SHOPPING WITH.
OH, GOD, JEANNE! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE...
YOU REMEMBER ORESTE, MY NEPHEW, DON'T YOU. WELL, HE'S FATHER ORESTE NOW. HE'S JUST BEEN ORDAINED.
HERE'S OUR DEAR FATHER ORESTE. DO YOU REMEMBER CLAUDIA?
WHY, OF COURSE I DO. ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN QUITE A WHILE...
YOU SEE, CLAUDIA, YOUNG PEOPLE ARE GOING BACK TO TRADITION. FATHER ORESTE IS FAITHFUL TO HIS CASSOCK.
I THINK A PRIEST MUST BE ABOVE THE CROWD LIKE DOCTORS ARE.
YES, AND AREN'T YOU REALLY DOCTORS OF SOULS!
KLIK
MIN
OFF
MAX
SAY, FATHER ORESTE, UNDERNEATH THAT, YOU'RE WEARING PANTS, AREN'T YOU?
OH! AH! OF COURSE.
BUT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO... I MEAN YOU COULD BE STARK NAKED UNDER THAT CASSOCK, COULDN'T YOU? WHO'D KNOW?


I'D LIKE TO GO TO CONFESSION, FATHER. COULD WE GO TO MY ROOM?
MRS. ... REALLY, I...
I CONFESS THAT I JUST LOVE WHAT YOU'VE GOT BETWEEN YOUR LEGS. AND I'M GOING TO GET IT HARD, HARDER ... EASY, THAT'S IT...
BUT, MRS...!
OFF
KLIK
WHAT'S GOING ON?
OH! NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL. I JUST REMEMBERED I HAVE AN EVENING MASS TO SAY. HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING, EVERYONE!


JUST WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THAT FAG IN A CASSOCK TO MAKE HIM JACKRABBIT LIKE THAT, HUH?
DROP DEAD! LEAVE ME ALONE!
I MAKE YOU SICK. HUH? I GUARANTEE, YOU BITCH...
TOK TOK
EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT THE MASTER WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING?
NO, THANK YOU, PAUL. THERE'S NOTHING I NEED.


KLIK
MIN
OFF
OH! WAIT, PAUL ...
YES?
THERE'S A LITTLE JAR OF COLD CREAM ON THE DRESSER. CAN YOU GET IT FOR ME?
IMMEDIATELY, MADAM.
I'VE GOT SUCH AN ITCH ON THIS LEG. CAN YOU RUB IT A LITTLE?
GLADLY, MADAM. I USED TO BE A NURSE.
OH, YOU REALLY HAVE THE TOUCH, PAUL. A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE...
THAT'S ENOUGH, PAUL, THAT'S ENOUGH!... GET OUT... NO... NO... GO ON, A LITTLE HIGHER... STOP! DON'T TOUCH ME!
BUT, MADAM, YOU'RE THE ONE...
YEAH... YEAH... GO ON... A LITTLE HIGHER... GO ON!
HERE, TOO...
MADAM, I...


COME ON, RUB IT ALL OVER! GET IT DEEP INSIDE...
THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU BASTARD... I BET YOU'VE GOT A RAGING HARD-ON. YOU PIG... GO ON! ADMIT IT'S HARD.
YOU'D GIVE A SAINT A HARD-ON MADAM...
HMMMM! YOU PIG, I DON'T BELIEVE IT. LET ME SEE IT!
CLAUDIA, HOW ARE YOU FEELING? COME ON, LET'S MAKE UP.
I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID. OHHH!!
THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR! I HAVE TO TELL ALEARDO NOW!
GO FUCK YOURSELF, YOU ASSHOLE BITCH! COME ON AND GO DOWN ON IT, EAT ME OUT!
KLIK
MIN
0 OFF
SORRY, THE SHOW'S OVER. I'M IN NO MOOD TO RUN INTO ALEARDO. SO I'M CLEARING OUT. BUT JUST MAYBE I'M A LITTLE LESS DISGUSTING TO YOU NOW, HUH?
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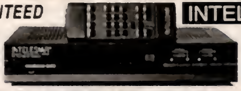

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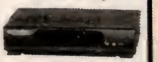

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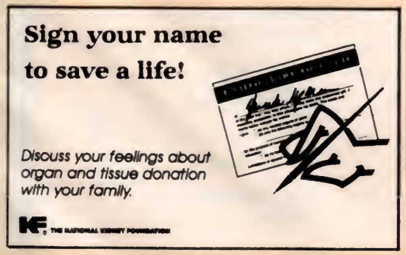

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VACATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

It wasn't necessary. I didn't sleep a wink that night. It was sheer torture waiting for seven A.M., and her, to arrive, especially with the damn sun shining in the window. By the time she knocked on my door, I was a madman. I'd taken off all my clothes in preparation for her arrival. When she timidly stuck her head in the doorway, I lured her in, then lunged for her, the sheets falling off me.

She fled, but fortunately didn't scream. Surprisingly, when I showed up for breakfast a little later, half expecting the cops to be waiting with handcuffs, she was still amiable. That's when I took the snapshots that didn't come out. A few months later I received a letter from her—Agnes was her name—informing me, and I remember her exact words a quarter of a century later, that she'd "entered a school for the study of Jesus Christ." I hope I didn't have anything to do with her decision.

My experience with my beach goddess was hardly more satisfactory. The morning after our initial encounter I rushed to where we'd agreed to meet—just in time to see her running in the opposite direction. When I caught up with her she blurted something about her grandmother forbidding her to meet me. From one second to the next my dreams of the orgasmic consummation of our budding friendship in her cabana withered and died.

I still see her every summer, walking along the beach, though we never speak. She's not 18 anymore, but her body remains superior to almost any 18-year-old's. Men still stop dead in their tracks as she passes. On one occasion she literally bumped into me on the beach—it's a wide beach, so it couldn't have been accidental—but she never broke her stride.

Another time I saw her draped over a chaise longue in some guy's cabana at the most expensive hotel on the beach. Apparently she'd decided to offer her body to the highest bidder. Maybe I'm just bitter.

I spotted her again last summer, sitting on the boardwalk—it might have been with the same guy. She looked at me and said something to him and they both laughed, reawakening insecurities I hadn't felt since adolescence. When they left I followed them for a short distance, drinking in her great walk, half-praying she wouldn't turn around, half-hoping she would. She didn't.

This summer my plan is to show her this article. If everything goes right, as it does in my current fantasy, she'll read it on the spot, carefully fold it, take my hand in hers, and tell me she wants to discuss it further in her cabana.

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BEDTIME STORIES

PORNOPHOBIA

EROTIC FICTION BY MICHELLE STEVENS

It was already dark by the time Emmy and I got home from the rally. I was carrying all the signs, since both her arms were tired from thrusting her fists in the air. She had a sore throat, too, from screaming so much.

Emmy and I had been together about three years, and these weekend rallies had become a way of life. Emmy was a member of NOW, GLAAD, Greenpeace, Eco-Feminists for a NonViolent World, and about 3,000 other activist groups. In the past

PAINTING BY BRUNO BRUNI

six months she'd even added the A.S.P.C.A. to her list.

Today the rally had been an antipornography sit-in at the Playboy mansion. Actually, it was held 200 feet away from the street end of Hugh Hefner's driveway. There were about 12 of us sitting in the ivy, chanting slogans and holding up signs.

Hugh never showed.

When we got home, Emmy took off her boots and plopped down on the couch. I dropped my signs by the front door, along with a stack of the magazines we were protesting—used for display and educational purposes.

I sat down beside her and kissed her feet.

"I'm pooped," she said with the little bit of voice she had left.

"Saving the world is hard work," I said with a laugh, and I kissed her feet again.

When she closed her eyes, I took the chance to take a long look at her. Just 97 pounds, with those tiny little features: a turned-up nose, little baby lips, and the same pixie haircut she'd had since I met her. With the Levi Strauss jeans and the Eddie Bauer shirt, she was, I imagined, the perfect genetic mix of k.d. lang and Katie Couric.

The brown eyes opened sleepily. The little baby lips gave me a grin.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Sex."

She giggled and rolled her eyes. "I'm too tired."

"I know." I got up and kissed her forehead. "I'll make you some tea."

Before I went into the kitchen, I quietly picked up the informative stack of *Playboy*s and *Penthouse*s and *Hustler*s. Emmy was already asleep.

I went into the kitchen and picked up the kettle, dropping the magazines on the table. The top one opened to Seana.

Seana. Beautiful, long-haired, long-legged Seana with the world's most perfect breasts. *Penthouse* Pet of the Month, September 1992. Many a night had I spent with Seana while Emmy was at a meeting. And Brandy and Lacy and Maxine, Mistress of the Night. Oh, if Emmy only knew!

I was deep into Seana's thighs when the kettle brought me back to reality. I put the tools of women's imprisonment into their rightful drawer and brought Emmy her tea. She was still asleep, and I didn't have the heart to wake her. I put the mug on the coffee table, threw the afghan over her, and went back to the kitchen.

Seana was right where I'd left her.

In the bedroom I pulled out my power-packed Panasonic Massager 2000. It hadn't been designed for this purpose, but it did the job anyway. Emmy had a real vibrating dildo that she'd bought at the West Coast Women's Music Festival. It had two speeds and was shaped like a dolphin.

I lay down on the bed, put the Panasonic on my crotch, and opened to the first page of Seana's layout. There she was, in her little white boots with her little white jumpsuit, smiling at me, flirting with me. "The Luck of the Irish," read the caption. I like to read the stupid captions.

As I turned the pages there she was again and again. In her little purple business suit with the skirt missing. In her bad-boy leather biker jacket. Oh, Seana, you have the greatest ...

I heard the doorknob turn. I barely had time to throw Seana under my pillow. The Panasonic was still on my crotch when Emmy walked in. She laughed when she saw what I was doing.

"Ah ha! Now I know what you do at night when I'm not around."

"I never outgrew puberty." I grinned.

"Why don't you use Flipper?" She grabbed my Panasonic, which packs a lot more power than our dolphin-shaped vibrator.

"Not enough voltage." I grabbed it back.

Then she jumped on top of me and gave me a long kiss while she nuzzled her hand between my legs.

"I thought you were tired," I said when we broke for air.

"I got my second wind," she said. She unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them off. "Let's do it Darwin-style."

"Huh?"

"Darwin-style. You know, survival of the fittest." She pulled off my underwear and kissed me.

"Do you want to eat? Or be eaten?" I asked.

She started to laugh, so I tickled her to keep it going. Then I grabbed her by the waist and flipped her over. I jumped on top and started unbuttoning her shirt.

"Hey! What are you doing?" she asked with a laugh as I wrestled with her bra clasp.

"There's no contest," I answered. "I am the fittest."

"Oh yeah?" She picked up the pillow and hit me with it.

I tried to push the *Penthouse* behind the mattress, but it was too late.

"Argh!" she cried out, as she looked right into Seana's package. "Chris! What is—? Christine?!"

She looked at me with confused, pleading, angry little brown eyes—like any wife who has just discovered "the other woman."

"Do you—were you reading this?"

"No," I tried to joke. "I only buy it for the pictures."

I turned my head away, unable to look Emmy or Seana in the eye.

"I don't *believe* this." She tossed the magazine against the wall. "I don't believe this!" She picked up my Panasonic Massager 2000 and threw *it* against the wall. "What were you thinking?"

"It turns me on," I answered feebly.

"It's perverted filth," she screamed.

"But I like it."

Emmy started pacing back and forth in front of our bed. "Chris," she said between gasps, "you cannot *use* that magazine. It's degrading to women."

"But I *am* a woman," I answered quietly. I could look her in the eye now. I was getting my second wind.

"It's a tool of patriarchal oppression!"

"What about *Playgirl*? With all those pictures of naked men? Or the gay ones? *Honcho*? *On Our Backs*?"

"Porn is porn. It takes away the human being and objectifies the body."

"No," I said. "*I* objectify the body when I look at the picture. *It* doesn't do anything. *It's* an inanimate object. The issue is not pornography, Em. The issue is the person looking at the pornography. What's the difference between a naked girl in *Penthouse* and a painting by Manet? They're both just *pictures*."

"But one is meant for sexual—"

"Emmy," I cut her short, "it doesn't matter what it was meant for. People will use whatever they want. Some people get turned on by the pictures in *Playboy*, and some get off on *The Wizard of Oz*."

"That's my point," she said. "It's wrong to get off on *things*. People should love each other."

"But everyone gets turned on by things. Everyone objectifies sometimes. It's a natural part of our sexuality."

"Not me." She shook her head, lifting her chin a few more inches into the air.

"Of course you do," I told her. "When we make love, don't you find yourself, sometimes, just focusing on one part of me? Don't you forget I'm in the bed sometimes when you're sucking on my breast?"

"No," she said.

"But, Emmy, you have to. You must. You're not being honest with yourself."

She gave me her long, pity-filled look. I hate that look.

I walked over to the far wall of our bedroom, picked up the crumpled *Penthouse*, brought it back over to the bed, and put it right in front of her. I opened it to page 42. Seana.

"What do you think you're doing?" she asked.

"I want to show you."

"No!" She slammed her eyelids closed and started to walk out of the room. I grabbed her just as she was about to bump into a lamp

"Emmy," I said, "you protest these magazines every weekend. But have you ever looked at one?"

"Of course not. They're garbage."

"How do you know if you've never even looked at one?"

She let out a long sigh and glared at me.

"Emmy," I kept up, "don't you think you should at least look at one? Just once in your life? You said yourself that these pictures couldn't turn you on."

"Of course they couldn't," she snapped. "Never."

"Then what's the harm in looking?" I added with a smile. "For educational purposes."

Another sigh and a glare. I opened the magazine.

"'The Luck of the Irish,'" I read. Then I showed her Seana. Beautiful, long-haired, long-legged Seana. I took extra care to point out the world's most perfect breasts.

I showed her Seana in her little purple business suit with the skirt missing. In her bad-boy leather biker jacket. In her lacy little negligee two sizes too small. I showed her Brandy and Lacy and Maxine, Mistress of the Night.

Then I closed the magazine, and I started to talk about Emmy's own body. I told her how sometimes, when she was asleep, I would just stare at her turned-up nose for hours. How I loved her tiny lips and her pixie haircut. How sometimes when we made love I forgot who she was or who I was or where either of us were, because all I could think about were her perfect little breasts. How sometimes I got completely lost in her neck or her elbows or her ears. How I would fantasize about parts of her body. The parts that I loved. And how it made me want to make love to her.

As I spoke, Emmy started to cry. Soft and quiet.

I put my hand on her cheek and wiped a tear away. She put her hand on mine and we looked into each other's eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said, still crying.

"No, I'm sorry," I said. I kissed her forehead and wiped some more tears away.

She finally stopped crying and gave me a kiss. That turned into another kiss. Then another.

Emmy slid her hand down between my legs, and we were off.

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PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

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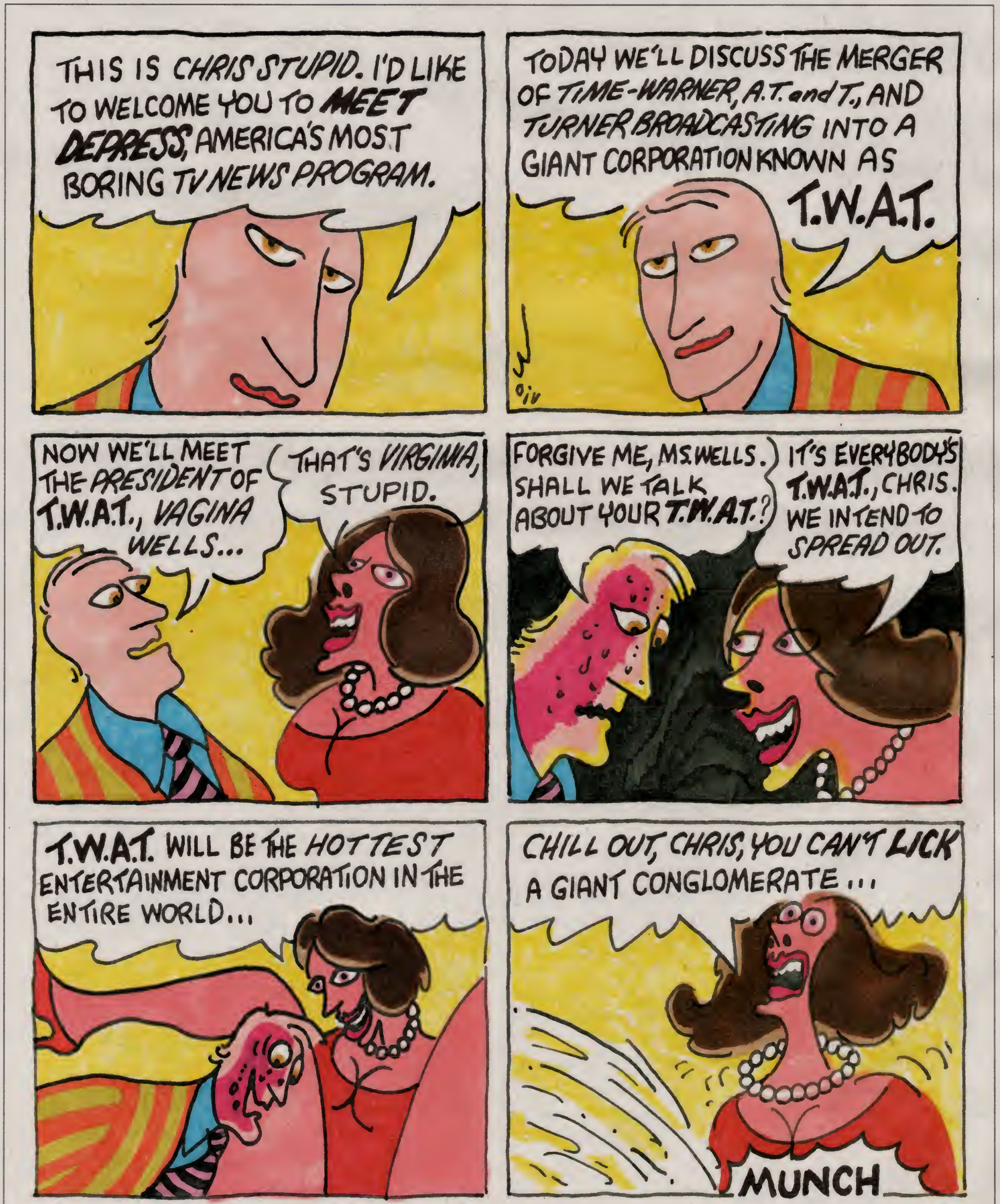
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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

ing sex with me, or should I just keep this between my girlfriend and me?
—M. S., Pennsylvania.

The reason you are in doubt over what to do is that your problem is not really sexual, it is social. There was a recent article in *Newsweek* on bisexuality, and the bottom line was, "Can you really have it both ways?" Most of the bisexuals interviewed agreed that it was best to keep their sexual preferences secret from their families and most everyone else except other bisexuals.

If you go ahead with this desire, you must keep it extremely private or accept the fact that sooner or later someone may blow the whistle on you, give you an opprobrious nickname like "closet queen," and maybe cause problems. The other problem—which is an undeniable fact—is that the threat of AIDS within the gay community is very real. In other words, if you go "bi," you immediately enter the high-risk category. If you take all this heavy stuff into consideration and still want to, there is no reason not to go ahead. If your friend Charles were a dedicated redneck homophobe, you would have a problem, but since he is gay, you'd be missing out on a new and potentially mind-blowing experience if you gave him the go-by.

I have always maintained that everyone is naturally bisexual, and that our inhibitions about sexual relations with one's own gender are as artificial as the American male's extraordinary reluctance to go out without underpants.

PROFESSIONAL VIRGIN

I'm 28 years old, a recent college graduate, and have a sexual problem that I wish to discuss. Simply, I still have my virginity. It's troublesome, because I don't want to be a virgin. The only sexual experience I've had is masturbation. I enjoy it twice a day, but really want to know what sex is like with a beautiful woman. So far, my only experience has been through watching X-rated films and fantasizing about the women in your magazine. Some years ago when I viewed an erotic film, instead of being excited I felt very depressed and even cried. Being able only to watch passively as men and women expressed their sexuality together was painful.

The only woman to see me fully nude (other than my mother) was our new family physician—a woman. Scheduled for a physical at my first visit and not aware of what she looked like, I didn't know what to expect. Wow! What a beautifully dressed woman in her early to mid thirties. A navy-blue dress sheathed a sexy figure and showed some luscious cleavage. But when she crossed her pantyhosed legs while sitting, I could see her upper thighs. During the physical she asked me to undress, and left the room. Automatically my penis became erect. Nervous upon her return, though, I became instantly limp.

While on the examination table I felt her hands over my body as she asked how my sex life was. Also if I was practicing safe sex. To which I answered, "Everything is fine" and "Yes." She warmly smiled and continued. Then she gently asked me to turn over and raise my rear end up to her. She spread my thighs apart. It was the rectal exam, she said, and told me to relax. I felt her left hand rest on my butt cheek and her right middle finger glide deeply into my anus. While her finger slowly pushed in and out a couple of times, I moaned and thrust my pelvis. It was something I had never experienced before, and I really enjoyed it. Later she said in her soft, feminine voice that I was a great patient, in good health, it appeared; that she was pleased to be my new physician; and she shook my hand. Touching the soft skin of her hand made me wonder if her whole body felt the same way.

For months afterward I had sexual fantasies about her, and found myself watching adult films with stars who reminded me of her. I know it sounds like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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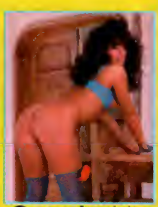
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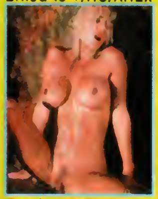
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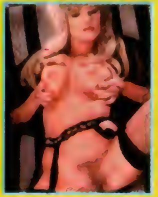
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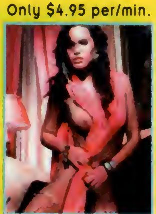
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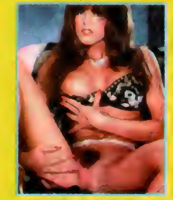
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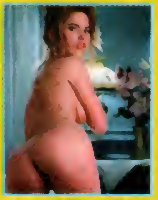
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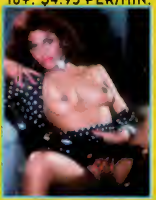
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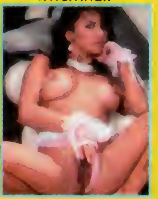
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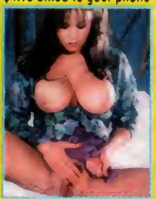
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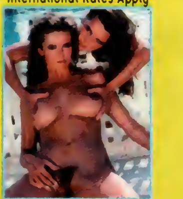
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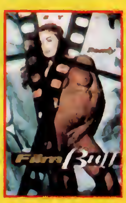
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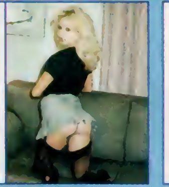

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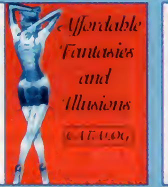

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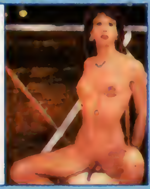

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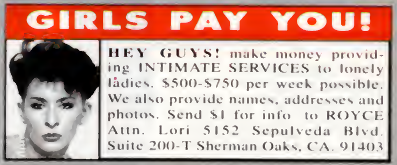

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

all I want is sexual intercourse from women, but that's not totally true. Believe it or not, I also want to wrap my arms around a beautiful woman, bathe her in passionate kisses, watch her undress, caress her body, and so much more. Of course I want to know that someone I really love will have the same feelings for me. Additionally, just being able to hold her warm, soft body close to me, even clothed, would be gratifying. This may sound strange, but I believe the greatest sexual organ is not the penis, breasts, or vagina, but the brain and its potential for creativity. However, it really hurts knowing there's no one here to make love to, let alone openly talk with.

As the years go by it's harder to believe I'll ever have great sex with a woman, whether I want to be monogamous or not. I don't really feel like a man. I'd love to talk to my doctor, but feel embarrassed because for the past five years I've been without health insurance. Do I have strange views on sex? Is the solution for putting an end to my virginity either to visit a prostitute or to commit rape? The first is illegal, and the second is absolutely wrong. Any advice will be greatly appreciated. It's no fun being unemployed and living under the same roof with my parents. It's strange how living with the same people since birth can make me feel so alone. I'm sorry this letter isn't shorter, but thank you for your patience.—D. R., Utah

It is time you decided what you are going to do when you're grown up, because although you write a good letter, with an excellent description of your unhappy situation, it seems to me that your outlook is that of a kid of about 12, and most of your problems stem from a lack of direction.

If by some incredible piece of luck you were to meet the most wonderful girl in the world, who would fall instantly in love with you, cover you with passionate kisses, and demand to be carried off to your mountain fastness on your white stallion, what would you do about it and where would you take her?

So the first thing you have to do is get a job. If immigrants can enter the U.S. illegally and find employment, even if it is underpaid fruit-picking for some penny-pinching farmer, you ought to be able to find some sort of a job that pays enough for you to have your own pad, however humble.

I have initiated various professional virgins, mostly sons of lovers, many of whom had elevated male virginity to an art form, and the topic was dragged in as a conversation piece at the most unlikely moments. Some of these characters lost more than their cherry when I laid them, because they discovered that they had to find something else to talk about and another goal to achieve, which left them at a loss, in the intellectual doldrums as it were, until they got off their ass and came to terms with reality. After the grand climactic moment when they finally got to orgasm inside a real woman's vagina, their comments usually reflected a massive letdown. Most of them said something like "Is that all there is to it?"

But of course they are right. Sexual intercourse is no big deal, especially the first time, when you have hardly any idea what it is all about. When you have more experience, then you get to do all the beautiful things that you described so nicely, "hold her warm soft body," etc. You have described exactly what most men want from a woman, but even competent seducers don't always get that lucky.

If you had a job, you would have to work regular hours five days a week, so set your alarm clock and spend those hours job-hunting until you come up with something worthwhile. As soon as you have work, and two dollars to rub together, then you can devote all your spare time and energy to girl-hunting. Not to mention that working will also give you an opportunity to meet women and men just to be friends with. You should shop around for social activities that involve meeting people, join a dating service or a marriage bureau, and, yes, it might not be a bad idea to find a sympathetic hooker, because you must get over the idea that whatever you do you're going to get rejected.

Don't try it with a cheap, back-street amateur, because that is just the excuse you need to put you off sex for another ten years. Wear a condom, and when you have digested the experience, get your ass out in the world and see if, with your newly acquired self-confidence, you can manage to pick up a reasonably attractive girl. If she says no you have lost nothing, and she could say yes.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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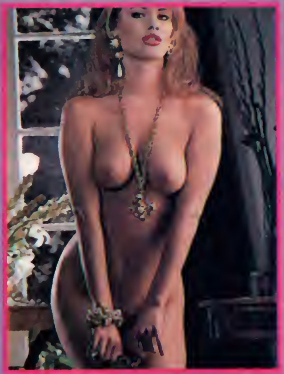

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2 GIRL, 24 HR ORGIES
011-68-FUCK-2
011-592-592-318
011-592-246-478

LET ME DOMINATE YOU!
1-800-766-WETT 9338
YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO
1-800-420-7388

OPEN 24 HOURS!
1-800-770-TWAT 8928
011-592-592-308
LONELY SCHOOL GIRLS 011-592-592-316
INT'L CALL RATES - NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WETT DILDO
$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

SLUTTY HOUSEWIVES
1-800-513
SLUT
(1-800-513-7588)
1-800-285-KINK 5465

JAM MY ASSHOLE WITH YOUR COCK 1-800-354-4 ASS 277
MATURE WOMEN 011-592-246-042 INT'L RATES APPLY.
WE'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN UNDER A MINUTE 1-800-760-7388

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

LEISURE EMPORIUM

TO RUN YOUR AD ON THIS PAGE CONTACT SLG INC. AT 203-622-6669 EXT.25

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How to really get Big & Ripped-FAST!
Availability, prices, dosages, cycles.
Send $18.95 to DSP Box 10033
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Help prevent it!

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STUTTERING FOUNDATION OF AMERICA
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1-800-992-9392

GET THE TONGUE

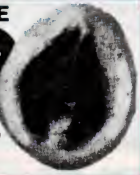
only $64.95

Feels like a real tongue!

Licks up, down, sideways, in & out! Get yours NOW! call **1-800-386-8664 V/MC $64.95 + 4.95 s&h 100% satisfaction guaranteed!**

CUM MACHINE

Reg $19 95
Save $10
ONLY $9^95



SOFT LIPS STIMULATE FULL ERECTION! Vibrating sensation causes complete orgasm every time! Not just a masturbator but an **ELECTRONIC PUSSY** that never says no! **IT'S ALWAYS READY!** No real man should be without one!

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DEPT.PH36• Los Angeles. CA 90072

Hi! I'm LISA, me and my girlfriends love being Gang Banged!

See me swallow it all from 20 men in PH#54 or Debbie Suck 28 men in PH#17A, Mary 37men in PH#31 or Sandy suck 28 cocks in PH#34. Each 2 HR video is $19.95. Buy all 4 for only $39.95 Plus $6 S/H!. Get a 2hr preview video of Girls being **GANG BANGED** by 20-40 guys in **AB#900 for only $9.95 plus $3 S/H.** Want to see girls Flashing in Public, in cars, malls, museums! Then get our Flashing Preview video AB#800 for only $9.95. Want MORE! We have it all from Anal to Oral with girls from 19 - 73 years old. Call -1-800-526-8618 for fast delivery and use MC/VISA! For **FREE** catalog of 500 videos write **A&B Video, 955 West Lancaster RD. STE# 430, Orlando, FL 32809**

OH DARLING! I'M SO LONELY

Sexy Ladies pay YOU for your Special Services, FUN & CASH, Application, $2.00. *Special Services*, Box 100046, (PH796), Ft Laud., FL 33310

CUM-CRAZY HORNY LADIES

Will call or write YOU first! Home Phones, Addresses. Details $2 YES. Box 100534-LE2, Ft. Laud, FL33310

UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF A LONGER PENIS

Open a whole new world and have women at your feet. Starring outrageous Scott Taylor, he shows you in the privacy of your own home how he made his penis grow and grow to it's new huge size. Now you too can take advantage of this revolutionary new way to have a LONGER THICKER PENIS! Order today and get this VHS VIDEO TAPE THAT EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE AND EVERY WOMAN SHOULD SEE! Reg. $29.95 Yours HALF PRICE Only $14.95 plus $2 shipping. ATTENTION! Fast movers, ADD 3" to your penis NOW! Our unique prosthetic device only $9.95 with purchase of video or $19.95 alone. Free Catalog $2 postage DISCREETLY SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER. LONGER ACTION, Box 85097 Dept. PH36 Los Angeles CA 90072

GORGEOUS ASIAN WOMEN

Penpals, Romance, Lifemates, Color Photos
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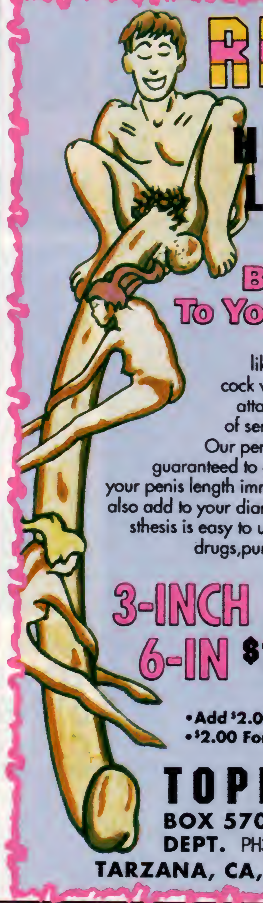

RISE TO HIGHER LEVELS

Add A Big 3-IN. To Your Dick

You'll strut like a proud peacock when your mate attains new heights of sensual pleasures. Our penis lengthener is guaranteed to add 3-inches to your penis length immediately. It will also add to your diameter. Our prosthesis is easy to use & enjoy. No drugs,pumps or weights. Guaranteed!

3-INCH $9.95
6-IN $14.95

- **Add $2.00 Post/Hand.**
- **$2.00 For Rush Service**

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TARZANA, CA, 91357

It's midnight when a sudden downpour takes you by surprise...

Keep your cool. The right technique will help you maintain traction, even on a wet road. And that's what separates advanced riders from the rest. Take a *Motorcycle RiderCourse*®. Call 1-800-447-4700.

Motorcycle Safety Foundation

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

LICK MY JUICES
WHILE I SUCK ON YOUR MEAT!
1-800-HARDCORE
1·800·427·3267
1-800-FREE-F*CK
1·800·373·3382
1-954-450-7880
$2.98 PER MIN./18 YEARS + OVER.

OTHER MEN'S WIVES
BEST PHONE SEX AWARD
1-900-745-1109
1-800-733-7825
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER
CANADA:1-900-870-1099
18+ $1.00 - $2.99 1/2 MIN.

FILL MY ASS & PUSSY
I LOVE HARD MEN . . . CALL ME
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-805-4040
1-702-364-9900
CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-501-2888
V./MC./ $2.99 - $4.99 PER MIN. MUST BE 18+
OTHER OPTIONS: 011-592-565-549
LESBIAN STORIES INT'L L.D. RATES APPLY
1-900-745-7779 $4.99 PER MIN. - LIVE

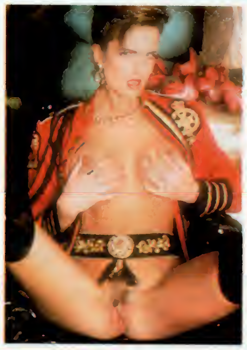
WE DO IT YOUR WAY!
1-800-680-$O_6R_7G_4Y_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 AND ORGY
1-900-537-3030
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

SQUEEZE & CUM ON THESE
1-800-494-$T_8I_4T_8S_7$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
OUR DEEP THROATS ARE WAITING
1-900-993-2252
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

MY GIRLFRIENDS GONE -
I'M HORNY
1-800-677-MENN
CALLS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN BILLED AS [illegible]
MEN-WOMEN-COUPLES
1-800-766-BI-69
BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99 PER MIN

TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
1-800-285-KINK
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
1-800-444-STUD
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-STUD
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

I'M HOTT
67¢ /MINUTE
1-800-666-HOTT
(4688)
ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!
1-800-688-69ME
SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-800-967-ORAL
BANG MY WET CUNT!
1-800-766-WETT
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2

1-800-$H_4O_6T_8$-$S_7L_5U_8T_8$
1-800-$H_4O_6T_8$-$G_4I_4R_7L_5$

18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

TASTE THE EXOTIC
ALWAYS LIVE 1ON 1
1-800-741-$L_5I_4C_2K_5$
1-900-674-2277
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

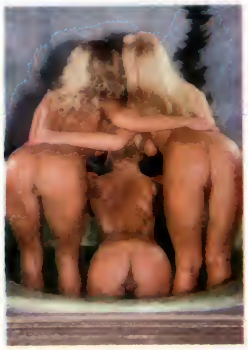
I'M OPEN AND
WAITING FOR YOU!
1-800-999-6666
BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99 PER MIN.

CUM IN ME- I'M WIDE OPEN FOR YOU!
1-800-780-$1 0_6 N_6 1$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-674-1111
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

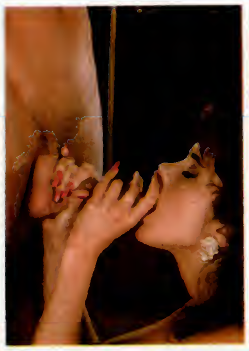
HARDCORE LIVE SEX
IT IS THE BEST!
1-800-839-$M_6O_6N_6A_2$
1-900-674-2299
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

FLAMING DESIRE
WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND THIS!
1-800-407-$C_2L_5I_4T_8$
1-900-674-1144
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

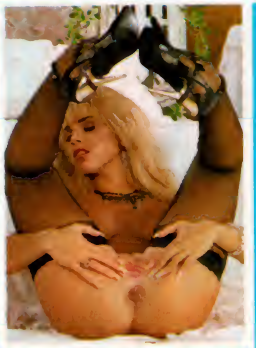
MY WIFE DOESN'T GET IT
1-800-901-$H_4E_3A_2D_3$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
V.I.P. ORGY ACTION...CUM NOW
1-900-993-9690
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



2 HORNY GIRLS + YOU = 3SUM!
1-800-945-3SUM
HOT ANAL FETISHES!
1-800-937-BUTT
BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA.18 OR OLDER.
NO CREDIT CARD CALLERS
011-68-FUCK ASS
INT'L RATES APPLY



WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK
1-800-967-ORAL
WET BLOW JOBS
1-900-WETT-BLOW
WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION
1-900-WETT-ORGY
800#S BILLED/ MIN TO V/MC/AMEX.
900#S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.18+



MY WET PUSSY IS SPREAD & READY FOR YOU!
1-800-248-$4F_3U_8C_2$
1-900-666-1155
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

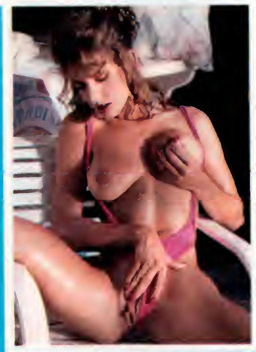
PETITE & INNOCENTS GIRLS
WILL GET YOU OFF FAST
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

1-800-808-**$1\text{-}O_6N_6\text{-}1$**
1-900-666-**2SUM** ⑦ ⑧ ⑥
$2.98/M.

1-800-551-**$4S_7E_3X_9$**
1-900-666-**SEXY** ⑦ ③ ⑨ ⑨
$2.98/M.

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

PHONE SEX
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
011-237-700-004
1-809-563-0635
011-592-565625
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY



KINKY SLUTS TAKE IT IN THE BUTT!
XXX RATED NASTY LIVE TALK
1-800-993-$K_5I_4N_6K_5$
1-900-993-$S_7L_5U_8T_8$
ADULTS ONLY/$2.99 TO $4.99/MIN.
HOT CHEAP PARTY LINE
1-208-630-$S_7L_5U_8T_8$
ADULTS ONLY/REG L.D. TOLL ONLY

ABSOFUCKINGLUTELY
LESS THAN 8¢ ALL REAL! - ALL LIVE! LESS THAN 8¢
HOT PHONE SEX
EVERYONE SAYS WE'RE THE HOTTEST!!!
1-954-927-2000
*PER MINUTE. BASED ON REG US LONG DISTANCE CHARGES. RATES MAY VARY BASED ON CARRIER. ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY ALL BILLING OPTIONS.

CALL THE BEST! LINDA'S LIP SERVICE
1-800-$L_5I_4N_6D_3A_2$-07
BEST PERSONAL SERVICE
(415)-665-5216
COSTS LESS
*1-888-$L_5I_4P_7$-$S_7E_3X_9$-0
*CDN CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE!
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE. EVERY 6TH CALL FREE
1-900-745-2329
$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
$1/MINUTE
1-800-955-5600
LIVE- 24 HOURS
MC/VISA AMEX.

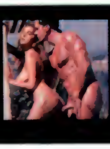
MADE TO BE LAID
1-800-577-4$S_7E_3X_9$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
I'M HOT, YOU'RE HARD...CUM NOW
1-900-993-5538
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

GET OFF WITH 2 KINKY GIRLS!
1-800-947-2on1
LICK OUR LOVE JUICES!
1-800-444-LICK
RAW, UNRESTRICTED SEX!
011-592-590-658
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

1-800-980-4$S_7E_3X_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-900-666-1515
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!
1-800-752-$S_7U_8C_2K_5$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
TELL US HOW-WE'LL DO IT!
1-900-993-2524
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

1-800-$H_4O_6T_8$-4$S_7E_3X_9$
1-800-$H_4O_6T_8$-$S_7T_8U_8D_3$



1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2

18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

LIVE OUT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY!
GET OFF INSIDE MY HOLES!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-702-364-8999
BILLING IS TO YOUR HOME PHONE
1-800-503-2888
VISA/MC $2.99 - $4.99 MIN. MUST BE 18+
OTHER OPTIONS: 1-702-364-1968 DIRECT CALLBACKS
OR 011-592-577-274 INT'L L.D. RATES APPLY

2 HORNY GIRLS & YOU
1-800-WET-F*CK
1-800-938-3825
1-800-WET-SLIT
1-800-938-7548
011-995-328506
V./MC./AMEX./DISCOVER $3.99/MIN. 18+

EXPERIENCE THE NEWEST IN
SEXUAL EXTREMES!
1-800-319-$H_4U_8R_7T_8$
1-900-$W_9E_3T_8T_8$-$D_3O_6I_4T$
LUSTY LESBIANS 011-639-888-888-100
HOT F*CK SLUTS 011-639-888-882-120
INT'L RATES APPLY/18+ ONLY

HOT TRAMPS
NEW SEX SAMPLES
BEST SEX PLEASURE
011-237-737-119
1-809-474-5020
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS
WILL GET YOU OFF.
1-800-605-$O_6R_7G_4Y_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+
1-900-666-4400
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

EROTIC SLUT FEST
1-800-839-$S_7L_5U_8T_8$
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
HORNY 2 GIRL ACTION
1-900-993-4432
$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

SWOLLEN, HOT & PINK!
1-800-955-LIPS
2 HORNY LONG-LEGGED SLUTS!
1-800-759-LEGS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-592-590-650
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET
1-800-365-WETT
SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT HOLE!
1-800-923-2868
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INTL. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-592-590-659
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

ALL ANAL FETISH!
1-800-376-4ASS
STICKY, WET & NASTY!
1-800-WET-4PET
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-592-590-653
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

1-800-$B_2L_5O_6W_9$-$J_5O_6B_2$

18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES

1-800-249-L$_5$A$_2$I$_4$D$_3$

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS

1-900-993-2660

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1-ON-1

1-800-939-1-O$_6$N$_6$-1

$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-P$_7$I$_4$N$_6$K$_5$

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

WANNA CUM?

1-800-757-7C$_2$U$_8$M$_6$

1-900-435-6655

**V/MC/AMEX/CHECKS BY PHONE/
PHONE BILLING/18+/24HRS.**

**DISCREET SEX SERVICE
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

1-800-511-2428

1-800-518-5425

ADULTS 18 & OVER

F*CK ME SILLY!!!

1-800-451-F$_3$*$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

MC/VISA

1-900-360-4646

011-683-8197*

¢99 - $4.99/MIN. 18+ *L.D. RATES MAY APPLY

**I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN
YOUR EAR!**

$1/MINUTE

1-800-274-9999

MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS

LIVE 24 HRS. - 1 ON 1
ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD

1-800-364-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT

1-800-213-4A$_2$S$_7$S$_7$

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

**HOT & HORNY WOMAN
WILL TURN YOU ON**

1-800-294-2-T$_8$O$_6$-1

1-900-666-1199

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!
ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!

1-800-214-1-T$_8$O$_6$-1

1-900-537-1818

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING.18+

1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2

1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-G$_4$U$_8$Y$_9$S$_7$

1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$

18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

NEW

SEX CALL SAMPLES

1-800-488-0514

1-800-495-7710

1-800-501-7825

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

HOT SEX SAMPLES

FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW

1-800-488-0517

1-800-506-5425

1-800-508-8255

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS NEEDED

FETISH CONNECTION

1-800-294-F$_3$♥$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

CHEAP SEX! NO C.C. NEEDED!

011-592-279-997

CALL NOW! I'LL MAKE YOU CUM!

1-900-725-3437

800- MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS. 011-INT'L L.D. APPLIES,
900- FROM $1.99 - 4.99/MIN. 18+

• BEST XXX SEX •

HOT, DRIPPING WET PUSSIES

1-900-745-1816

1-800-859-7877

FROM CANADA:1-900-451-3262

VISA/MC/AMEX/DSCVR/CHECKS/ $1.25 - 2.99 1/2 MIN. 18+

HOT FANTASY

INDULGE YOURSELF

1-800-268-8535

"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"

V./MC/AMEX. MUST BE OVER 18

LET'S RAM EACH OTHER UP OUR ASS! CALL ME...

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH

1-800-815-LISA(5472)

1-702-364-1616

CREDIT CARD USERS: **1-800-280-9388**

VISA/MC $2.99-$4.99 MIN. MUST BE OVER 18

OTHER OPTIONS: **011-592-565-107**

KINKY FETISHES. INT'L L.D. RATES APPLY

DIRECT CALLBACKS: 1-702-364-1745

HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING
FOR YOUR ROCK HARD PIECE

1-800-990-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-674-2020

$2.98- PER MIN. 18+

GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!

1-800-869-X$_9$T$_8$S$_7$Y$_9$

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

KINKY COEDS ON CALL

1-900-993-1800

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

KINKY SEX SAMPLES

HOT SEX FUN

1-800-527-2229

1-800-557-3230

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.

F*CK HAPPY CO-EDS!
1-900-435-0095 2.50/3.99 18+
1-800-540-ORGY V/MC/AMEX/DISC

FREE ***FROM INHIBITIONS*** ***011-239-3826***
Int'l Rates Apply

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LIVE GIRLS ON YOUR PC

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

RAUNCHY SEX CALLS

1-809-474-5006

011-237-774-444

011-592-565635

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

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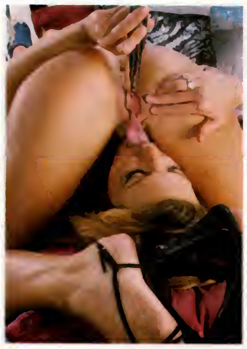

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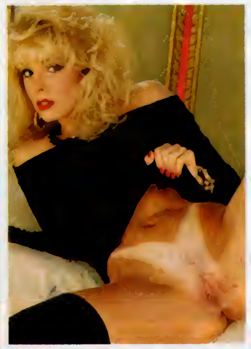

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NIGHTMARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

they are. You couldn't prove thalidomide caused deformities this way—but we know it did."

Others questioned just how seriously the Pentagon was taking this terrible onslaught when Assistant Secretary of Defense for Health Affairs Stephen Joseph, M.D., the D.O.D.'s top doctor, could tell *Life* magazine he'd never even heard of "Goldhavers or Gold Heart—whatever," an amazing admission for a doctor trained as a pediatrician.

That kind of cavalier attitude makes vets feel that no one in the military bureaucracy is actually listening to them, or cares about their mysterious symptoms.

"As a soldier, I'm strong enough to face death, so I want to know what was out there," says the American Legion's Steve Robertson. "If something horrible happened, and it's being covered up, our government owes it to the people who risked their lives in the gulf to tell them the truth. We're sick, and we keep asking what's wrong with us and our families, but no one is willing to give us what we need most, the answers that can help us get our health back."

Editor's note: As this article was going to press, the Pentagon announced that its latest study found "no clinical evidence for a previously unknown, serious illness or 'syndrome' among Persian Gulf veterans." The study, which Dr. Stephen Joseph, assistant secretary of defense for health affairs, said was "the definitive report," claimed that 36 percent of the patients suffered from psychological or ill-defined ailments.

Many veterans, however, probably agreed with Jim Murray, a Vietnam veteran who wrote in the *Boston Herald* this past April: "Surprise.... There is no such thing as Persian Gulf syndrome.... It's all in the mind.... Well, all I can say to my fellow veterans is ... you are well on your way to being forgotten and perilously close to being labled 'whiners,' especially by some who never had their lives disrupted and put on a uniform. Don't take it personally. It's just the way it is."

At about the same time, researchers at the University of Texas and Duke University released studies showing that, according to *The New York Times,* "Gulf War syndrome might have been caused by exposure to ordinarily harmless doses of two or more chemicals that together might cause nerve damage."

Penthouse will continue to monitor this situation and update this report as necessary. We invite veterans and their families to visit our Internet site at http://www.penthousemag.com to comment and contribute information.

EXTREME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

hurt them. So I choke them out."

That may sound cold, but it's not. "There's no injury involved in a choke hold," Gracie explains. "Choke holds have been used in jiujitsu for thousands of years. If you watch the Olympic judo competition this summer, you'll see that many of the bouts will end with choke holds."

Gracie is well aware of the controversy that surrounds Extreme Fighting in the States, where some have depicted the sport as "human cockfighting." Gracie thinks such criticism is baseless. "The worst injury I ever got in no-holds-barred fighting came when I fought one of my cousins. He got me in an arm lock, and when I tried to escape, I hurt my shoulder muscle. But I didn't tear it."

Ah, but what's the worst injury he ever *inflicted*? Gracie mulls that one over and finally shakes his head. "I don't think I've ever left anyone injured. A couple of cuts on the face, but that's all," he says. Gracie grows slightly indignant when Extreme Fighting is portrayed as more dangerous than boxing. He doesn't think there's even a basis for comparison. "Last year in Las Vegas a boxer was killed in a match," he says, referring to the death of junior lightweight Jimmy Garcia. "You'll never hear about a guy getting killed in *vale tudo*, because it's never happened. In boxing, a guy uses gloves to protect his hands, and punches hundreds of times more than in *vale tudo*. I do some boxing in my matches, but I don't use too many punches. I'm famous for my grappling holds."

Gracie's search for new holds has been a lifelong pursuit. "The jiujitsu can never stop," the fighter explains. "Twenty years ago my father and my uncles thought they had it all figured out, but since then my cousins and I have come up with many more wrist locks, neck locks, arm locks, leg and foot locks, and more chokes."

At that point I thank him for his time. As I get up to go, Ralph says, "I think newspaper reporters don't know what they're writing about. Before my first fight in Battlecade, people were told that Extreme Fighting is brutal, but 100,000 homes tuned in and people liked what they saw. They're tired of boxing. Sports fans want to see something new, and what they're seeing isn't violence. It's jiujitsu."

The latest information on Extreme Fighting can be found at: http://www.panix.com/~Battlecd.

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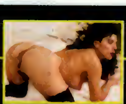

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SOUNDGARDEN'S ENHANCED CD

How do you follow an album that sold five million copies and won two Grammys? After the huge success of *Alive in the SuperUnknown,* that was the dilemma that faced Soundgarden, dubbed "the Seattle band people forgot" before their second album went platinum. Music reporter Barry Harrington gives us Soundgarden's answer: a new album, *Down on the Upside,* plus an "enhanced" CD (also known as CD-Plus) that, in conjunction with your computer's CD-ROM drive, becomes a wild interactive roller-coaster leading the user into a strange world of wonders that only Soundgarden could have created.

THE MOB'S MOLE

Greg Scarpa was a vicious Mafia killer. Lindley DeVecchio was a 25-year veteran with the F.B.I. In the ordinary scheme of things he would have been Scarpa's sworn enemy. But the incredible truth is that DeVecchio acted for many years as Scarpa's "mole" within law enforcement, giving the killer secret information that enabled him to continue his reign of terror. The relationship between Scarpa and DeVecchio, as documented by author Richard Stratton, exposes the corrupt symbiosis that can sometimes develop between cops and their criminal informants: The cop begins to identify with the criminal and his milieu, just as the informant comes to think of himself as an agent of the government.

OLYMPIC BABES

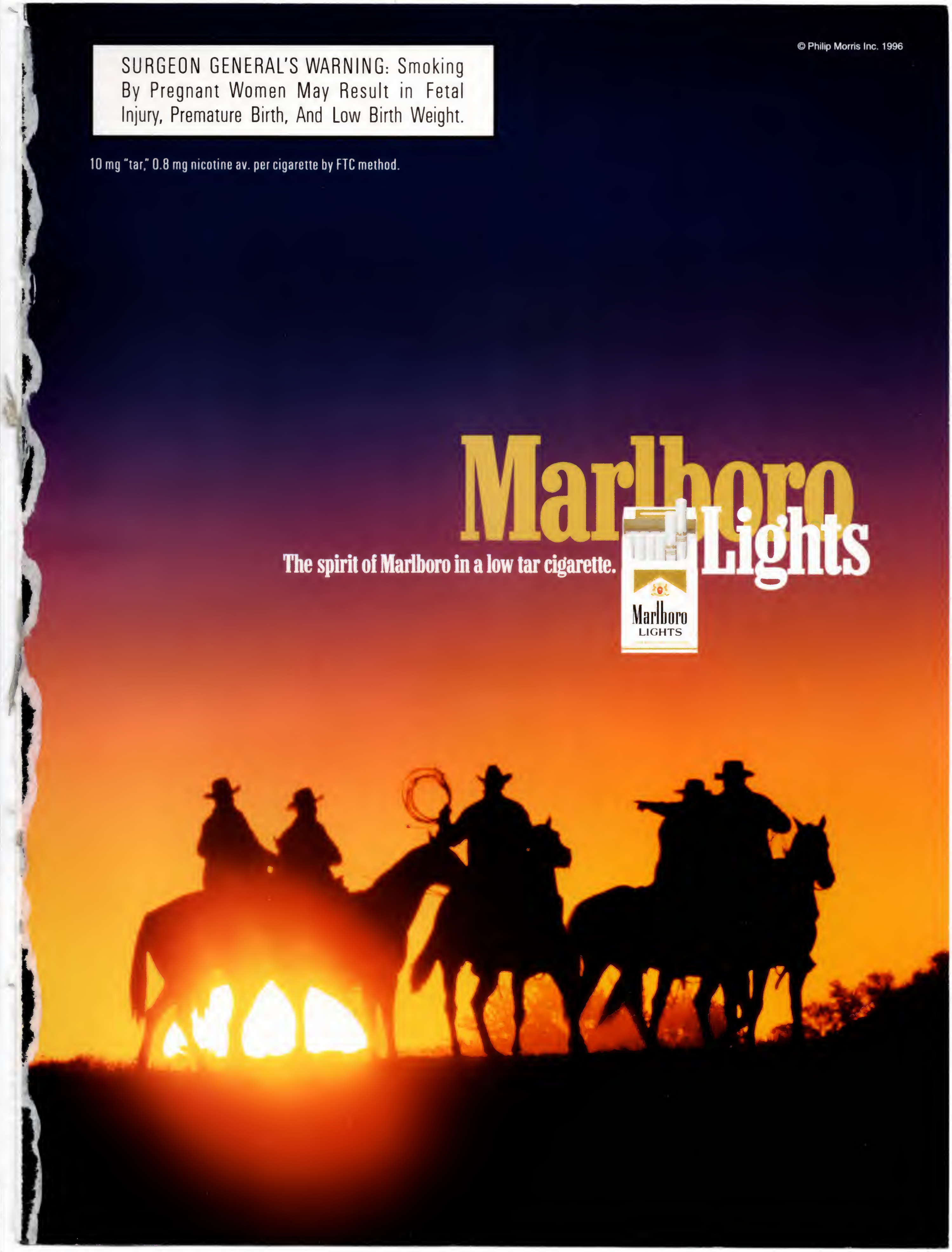
At this summer's games in Atlanta, beach volleyball will, for the first time, be an Olympic event. For fans it's an overdue acknowledgment of their sport's importance. But for *Penthouse*'s Unrepentant Voyeur it's an excuse to ogle some of the loveliest female bodies on earth in action. This Olympiad promises to be the hottest on record, and not just because of the Peach State's sweltering climate. Ralph Gardner, Jr., offers readers a preview of this summer's Olympic Games that you won't find in *TV Guide.*

TALKING TIMBUKTU

No place-name suggests the remote more than Timbuktu. People are genuinely surprised it exists outside of legend. And indeed, the fact that Timbuktu exists at all is remarkable. Situated in the African country of Mali, on the southwest edge of the Sahara's devouring desert dunes, it is saved from oblivion only by the Niger River. Writer Justine Harari takes *Penthouse* readers to the real Timbuktu of today, a trip of a lifetime to a land where dawn arrives over the desert looking like the beginning of the world, and where salt caravans arrive in the Great Market after 21 days in the desert, bearing heavy slabs of salt to exchange for goods.

THE JOY OF UNCIRCUMCISING

Not so long ago a young man snuck into a New York hospital and tried to abscond with a circumcision board. That's a restraining device that holds down a baby while his foreskin is lopped off. When he was caught the young man said that he'd "felt the pain" while being circumcised as a child and had as an adult become radicalized by contacts with anti-circumcision organizations. Jim Bigelow, author of *The Joy of Uncircumcising*, the bible of this movement, says that while it's true that increasing numbers of men wish they'd had a say in their parents' decision to circumcise them, his followers are all law-abiding citizens. On "The Penis Page" we discover some of the less confrontational ways men are finding to deal with their loss and even to remedy the situation.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